

THE
WORKS

OF

Thomas Shadwell, Esq;

VOLUME *the* SECOND

CONTAINING

PSYCHE.

EPSOM-WELLS.

The LIBERTINE.

TIMON *of* ATHENS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JAMES KNAPTON, at the *Crown* in
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17

WORK

OF

THE

VOLUME



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PSYCHE:

A

TRAGEDY.

Ased at the

DUKE'S THEATRE.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

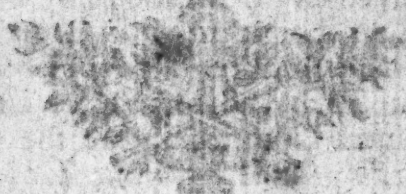
PSYCHE

TRAGEDY

As performed at the



DUKE OF DEVON



Printed in the Year MDCCLXX



To the Most Illustrious PRINCE

JAMES,

Duke of Monmouth, &c.

May it please your GRACE,

YOUR Grace has so nobly Patronized this Undertaking, that I should rob you of your Due, if I should not humbly lay this Play at your Feet; since by your great and generous Encouragement of it, you have made that and the Author eternally your own. But had I never received any Obligation, by my particular Inclination I am bound to your Grace, since I am the most humble Admirer of your Heroick Virtues, who by your early and unimitable Example, and by your eminent Command, are the greatest Patron of Arms; and by your Government of the most famous of Universities, are become the greatest Protector of Arts: Of that University, which I can never mention without Reverence, and from which I have yet another Tie to your Grace, since I had once the Honour to be a Member of that illustrious Society; which, though it be

Epistle Dedicatory.

the most learned in the World, can boast of no greater Honour than that of being commanded by so excellent a Prince; One, who is equally valiant against his Enemies, and courteous to his Friends; whose boundless Courage is always ready to vanquish the one, and whose Princely Generosity is always ready to oblige the other.

I shall not here recite those Heroick Actions, which all *Europe* have celebrated, and none have equall'd: Those are too great for an Epistle Dedicatory, and only fit for solid, lasting History; which certainly must do your Grace that Right, to Enroll you in the foremost Rank of Fame. Nor can we doubt, but the Memory of your Grace's Actions will last, when Time shall have devour'd the Places where they were performed: When *Maeſtricht* shall be a Heap of Rubbish, and the Name might otherwise be swallow'd in the Ruin, it will be remembred by the greatest Action in the World, done there by the greatest and the earliest Hero, and by one, who for all his Fierceness of Courage, has yet that Gentleness to Mankind, that he thinks that Day lost, in which he does not oblige. One, who is not only infinitely bless'd in the most excellent Partner of his Joys and Cares, happy above Measure in the Goods of Mind, the Perfections of Body, and the greatest Splendour and Ornaments of Fortune, but he enjoys all these unenvied; nay, is not only free from every Man's Envy, but has his Love.

I should be afraid of this Boldness, in once mentioning Things so much above my Pen, were I not assured of your Grace's Generosity, that inclines you to pardon, even a well-intended Error, in your humble Creature, who begs Protection from you, and needs it too.

Epistle Dedicatory.

I have, by my Misfortune, not my Fault, met with some Enemies, who are always ready to do me the Irreparable Injury, to blast my Reputation with the King; and when I have the Honour to please him, (which is of all Things in the World my greatest Ambition) endeavour to persuade him, that I do not write the Plays I own, or at least, that the best Part of them are written for me; which is so malicious an Aspersion, that I am sure they themselves believe it not, and they may as well accuse me of firing the City. I am sure (though I may want Wit to write a Play) I have more Honesty than to own what another Man writes. But I am not yet so poor as to borrow; if I should, I should find not many that are rich enough to lend; Wit being much a scarcer Commodity than Money, I am sure with some who have reported this of me; who, whatever they have of one, have scarce enough of the other to supply their own Necessities; and therefore I should be but very slenderly furnish'd from them.

I can never enough acknowledge the Honour done me by your incomparable Dutcheß, in endeavouring to clear me of this Aspersion: And who would not be proud of being aspersed, to be so vindicated? From this and some other Injuries of my Enemies, I humbly beg your Grace's Protection, who, I am sure, have Goodness and Greatness enough to defend me against them: And I had rather owe it to your Grace, than to any Man: For no Man is more than I,

My L O R D,

Your Grace's most

Devoted Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.



P R E F A C E.

IN a good-natur'd Country, I doubt not but this my first Essay in Rhime would be at least forgiven; especially when I promise to offend no more in this Kind: But I am sensible; that here I must encounter a great many Difficulties. In the first Place (though I expect more Candour from the best Writers in Rhime) the more moderate of them (who have yet a numerous Party, good Judges being very scarce) are very much offended with me, for leaving my own Province of Comedy, to invade their Dominion of Rhyme: But methinks they might be satisfy'd, since I have made but a small Incursion, and am resolv'd to retire. And were I never so powerful, they should escape me, as the Northern People did the Romans, their craggy barren Territories being not worth the Conquering. The next Sort I am to encounter with, are those who are too great Admirers of the French Wit, who (if they do not like this Play) will say the French Plyche is much better; if they do, they will say, I have borrow'd it all from the French. Whether the French be better, I leave to the Men of Wit (who understand both Languages) to determine: I will only say, here is more Variety, and the Scenes of Passion are wrought up with more Art; and this is much more a Play than that. And I will be bold to affirm, that this is as much a Play, as could be made upon this Subject. That I have borrow'd it all from the French, can only be the Objection of those, who do not know that it is a Fable, written by Apulejus, in his Golden-

P R E F A C E.

Golden-Affs; where you will find most things in this Play, and the French too. For several things concerning the Decoration of the Play, I am oblig'd to the French, and for the Design of two of the only moving Scenes in the French; which, I may say without Vanity, are very much improv'd, being wrought up with more Art in this, than in the French Play, without borrowing any of the Thoughts from them.

In a thing written in five Weeks, as this was, there must needs be many Errors, which I desire true Criticks to pass by; and which perhaps I see my self, but having much Business, and indulging my self with some Pleasure too, I have not had leisure to mend them, nor would it indeed be worth the Pains, since there are so many splendid Objects in the Play, and such variety of Diversion, as will not give the Audience leave to mind the Writing; and I doubt not but the Candid Reader will forgive the Faults, when he considers that the great Design was to entertain the Town with variety of Musick, curious Dancing, splendid Scenes and Machines; and that I do not, nor ever did intend to value my self upon the writing of this Play. For I had rather be Author of one Scene of Comedy, like some of Ben. Johnson's, than of all the best Plays of this kind, that have been, or ever shall be written: Good Comedy requiring much more Wit and Judgment in the Writer, than any rhyming, unnatural Plays can do. This I have so little valu'd, that I have not alter'd six Lines in it since it was first written, which (except the Songs as the Marriage of Plyche in the last Scene) was all done Sixteen Months since. In all the Words which are sung, I did not so much take care of the Wit or Fancy of 'em, as the making of 'em proper for Musick; in which I cannot but have some little Knowledge, having been bred for many Years of my Youth to some Performance in it.

I shalked out the way to the Composer (in all but the Song of Furies and Devils in the fifth Act) having design'd which Line I would have sung by One, which by Two, which by Three, which by four Voices, &c. and what manner of Humour I would have in all the Vocal Musick.

And by his excellent Composition, that long known able, and approved Master of Musick, Mr. Lock, (Composer to His Ma-

P R E F A C E.

Jeſty, and Organist to the Queen) has done me a great deal of Right; though, I believe, the unskilful in Muſick will not like the more ſolemn Part of it, as the Muſiek in the Temple of Apollo, and the Song of the Deſpairing-Lovers, in the Second Act; both which are proper and admirable in their Kinds, and are recommended to the Judgment of able Muſicians: for thoſe who are not ſo, there are light and airy Things to pleaſe them.

All the Instrumental Muſick (which is not mingled with the Vocal) was compoſed by that great Maſter, Seignior Gio. Baptiſta Draghi, Maſter of the Italian Muſick to the King. The Dances were made by the moſt famous Maſter of France, Monſieur St. Andr  e. The Scenes were painted by the ingenious Ariſt, Mr. Stephenson. In thoſe Things that concern the Ornament or Decoration of the Play, the great Industry and Care of Mr. Betterton ought to be remember'd, at whoſe deſire I wrote upon this Subject.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I Had borrow'd ſomething from two Songs of my own, which, till this Play was Printed, I did not know were publick; but I have ſince found 'em printed in Collections of Poems, viz. part of the Song of the *Deſpairing Lovers*, in the Second Act, and about eight Lines in the First Act, beginning at this Line, *'Tis frail as an abortive Birth*. This I ſay, to clear my ſelf from Thievery; it being none to rob my ſelf.



PRO-



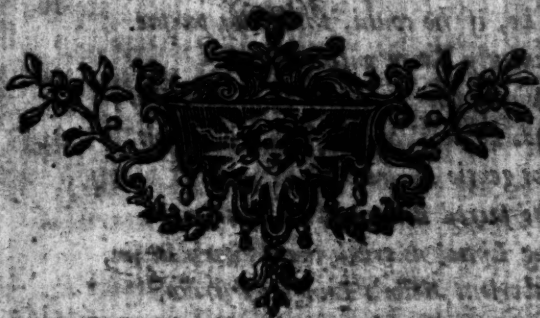
PROLOGUE

AS a young Wanton, when she first begins,
With Shame and with Regret of Conscience sins;
So fares our trembling Poet, the first time
He has committed the lowd Sin of Rhyme,
While Custom hardens others in the Crime.
It might in him that Boldness too beget,
To lay about him without Fear or Wit:
But humbly he your Pardon does implore;
Already he repents, and says he'll Sin no more.
His Business now is to show splendid Scenes,
To interpret 'twixt the Audience and Machines.
You must not here expect exalted Thought,
Nor lofty Verse, nor Scenes with Labour wrought:
His Subject's humble, and his Verse is so;
This Theme no thund'ring Raptures would allow,
Nor would he, if he could, that way pursue.
He'd ride unruly Fancy with a Bit,
And keep within the bounds of Sense and Wit;
Those Bounds no boist'rous Fustian will admit,
And did not gentle Heurters oft dispence
With all the sacred Rules of Wit and Sense;
Such tearing Lines, as crack the Writer's Brain,
And the laborious Actor's Lungs o'erstrain,
Wou'd, on our Stages, be roar'd out in vain.
In all true Wit a due Proportion's found,
To the just Rules of Height and Distance bound.

Wit,

PROLOGUE.

*Wit, like a Falcon, soaring in its flight,
When once it soars above its lawful Height,
Lessens, till it becomes quite out of Sight.
But of such Flights there is no danger now;
He would not soar too high, nor creep too low:
Howe'er, he hopes you will excuse his Haste,
For he this gaudy Trifle wrote so fast,
Five Weeks begun and finish'd the Design,
In those few Hours he snatch'd from Friends and Wine;
And since in better Things he 'has spent his Time,
With which he hopes ere long to atone this Crime.
But he, alas! has several pow'rful Foes,
Who are unjustly so; and yet he knows
They will, whate'er he writes, though good, oppose.
If he the Honour has to please the best,
'Tis not his Fault if he offends the rest:
But none of them yet so severe can be,
As to condemn this Trifle, more than he.*



P S T



PSYCHE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a very deep Walk in the midst of a mighty Wood, through which is seen a Prospect of a very pleasant Country.

Enter Psyche and two Ladies.

PSYCHE



OW charming are these Meads and Groves,
The Scene of Innocence and artless Loves!
Where Interest no Discord moves;
No stormy Passions can the Mind invade,
No sacred Trust is violated here. (fear;

1 *Lad.* Man does not here his own Kind
Traps are for Wolves and Foxes made;
And Toyls for Beasts, not Men, are laid;
Man is not here by Man betray'd.

2 *Lad.* Here no Man's Ruin is with Baseness sought,
For in this happy Place no Court-like Arts are taught.

Psy. How Pleasant is this undisturb'd Retreat,
With harmless Joys and rural Sports,
Free from tumultuous Cares that trouble Courts,
And all the Factions which disturb the Great!

1 *Lad.*

1 *Lad.* How vain their gaudy Pomp and Show,
To which the cheated Vulgar bow!
Their Splendor and their perishing Pride,
Their shining Revels, their adul'tate Joys!
When in the midst of all this Pomp and Noise,
In their unquiet Minds still anxious Thoughts reside.

2 *Lad.* Their Triumphs are disturb'd with Fears,
Their Joys allay'd with Griefs and Cares:
Envy and Pride possess each Breast,
And guilty Dreams distract their Rest.

Psy. From Sleep to dang'rous Arts they 'wake;
To undermine each other all mean Ways they take.
Each strives who shall his Monarch lead,
Though at the Price of his own Father's Head:
Nor care they how much they their Prince misguide,
To serve their Lust, their Avarice, and Pride.

1 *Lad.* Yet there the Mighty are not prosp'rous long,
Though ne'er so cunning; ne'er so strong;
Though ne'er so much inclin'd to th' Crown:
Fresh Favourites succeed, and pull them down.

Psy. As a black Cloud, which the gross Earth exhales,
Swell'd and oppress'd with its own Weight,
Down to the Earth rent with fierce Lightning falls:
So splendid Fav'rites in their cavy'd Height,
Big with the swellings of their Pride and Pow'r,
Do seldom scape the dismal Hour,
When, by some new-rai'd Meteors torn,
They from the highest Pinnacle of Fate
Fall to the most dejected State.

And from the Idols of the World become the Scorn.
These Troubles in my Father's Court I've seen,
And ne'er can wish to be a Queen.

1 *Lad.* Cannot so many pow'rful Princes move
Psyche's obdurate Heart to Love?

2 *Lad.* Not one, who can a Prince in *Greece* be call'd,
Who is not by your Eyes enthral'd;
Each Prince great *Psyche* does adore,
And Pity from her Heart implore.

1 *Lad.*

Lad. But you with all their Charms unmov'd remain,
And smile when every Captive shakes his Chain.

Psy. Not all the Pomp of Courts can e'er remove
Me from the Pleasures of the quiet Grove:
Each pretty Nymph to me her Tribute yields
Of all the fragrant Treasure of the Fields;

Garlands and Wreaths they bring
From the sweet Bosom of the Spring,
And with their rural Numbers sing my Praise,
In soft Delights passing their quiet Days.

Princes, in all the Calms of Peace,
Have no such pow'rful Charms as these,
Shall I for Courts abandon this soft Life,
For splendid Beggary, and for smiling Strife?

[*A Symphony of Recorders and soft Musick.*
What Harmony is this, which fills the Air,
And does my Senses charm?

Lad. Some Entertainment your poor Swains prepare,
Which they each day perform.

Enter Pan with his Followers, and Sings in Recitativo.

Pan. Great Psyche, Goddess of each Field and Grove;
Whom every Prince and every God does love:

To your all-commanding Hand
Pan yields his Sovereign Command,
For you the Satyrs and the Fawns
Shall nimbly trip it o'er the Lawns;
For you the Shepherds Pipe and Sing,
And with their Nymphs Dance in a Ring.

Fruits shall they bring, and pretty Garlands weave,
And shall the Mounds of all their Sweets bereave:

Vestumnus and Flora their Tributes shall pay,
And to Psyche shall dedicate this happy Day.

The Sylvans and Dryads shall dance all around,
And Psyche dread Queen of this Place shall be crown'd.
My lov'd Syrinx and Echo shall sing and shall play,
And to Psyche shall dedicate this happy Day.

Chor. And Pan, who before all here did command,
Now resigns all his Empire to Psyche's fair Hand.

[*They*

[They all kneel, and sing the Chorus.
 [While the following Symphony's playing, Pan
 Crowns her with a Garland, his Attendants
 present her with Fruits, Flowers, &c.]

A) short Symphony of Rustick Musick, representing the
 Cries and Notes of Birds. Then an Entry danc'd by
 four Sylvans and four Dryads to rustick Musick. At
 the end of the Dance, the Dryads upon their Knees
 present Psyche with Fruits and Flowers; and the Syl-
 vans present her with Wreaths of Lawrel, Myrtle and
 Cyprus. Then Exeunt Sylo. & Dryads. Then a short
 Symphony of Rustick Musick, representing an Echo. The
 Dryads and Sylvans presenting their Offerings, One sings.

1 Voice. Great Psyche shall find no such Pleasure as here,
 Echo. no such Pleasure as here

as here.

2 Voices. Where her dearish Subjects shall all stand in awe
 Echo. shall all stand in awe

in awe.

3 Voices. Her Frowns and her Smiles shall give us all Law,
 Echo. shall give us all Law

all Law.

4 Voices. And from us of Rebellion she need have no fear
 Echo. she need have no fear

no fear.

Voices, Flagelets, Violins, Cornets, Sackbuts, Haut-
 boys. All joyu in Chorus.

[Here the Singers mingle with the Dancers.
 Chor. How happy are those that inhabit this Place,
 Where a Sigh is ne'er heard, where no Falshood was
 Where each single Heart agrees with the Face! (meet,
 No Climate was ever so calm and so sweet.

Echo. was ever so calm and so sweet.
 so calm and so sweet
 so sweet.

1 Voice,

1 Voice. *To beautiful Psyche all Devotion is due.*
Echo. *To beautiful Psyche all Devotion is due.*

2 Voices. *Our humble Offerings she will not despise.*
Echo. *Our humble Offerings she will not despise.*

3. Voices. *Since the Tribute is offer'd from Hearts that are true.*
Echo. *Since the Tribute is offer'd from Hearts that are true.*

4 Voices. *From Hearts all devoted to Psyche's bright Eyes.*
Echo. *From Hearts all devoted to Psyche's bright Eyes.*

Chor. *How happy are those, &c.* [They Dance.]

Psy. Oh happy Solitude! Oh sweet Retreat!
Free from the Noise and Troubles of the Great!
Not all the Wealth of all the World shall charm
Me from this calm Retirement here,
Where I enjoy all Pleasure, know no Fear!
No Joy can here surprise, nor Danger can alarm.

*Enter four Women, personating Ambition, Power,
Plenty and Peace?*

What new unwelcome Guests are these,
That would invade my Peace?

Amb. We come t'invite you from your vicious Ease
To Courts, where glorious Actions are perform'd,
Leave lazy Groves for active Palaces,
Where you by great Ambition may be warm'd;
By me to noble Thoughts may be inflam'd
To think of ruling Kings, not silly Swains;
Each Day your Beauty a new Captive gains,
And in all Courts no other Beauty's nam'd.

Power. I from your Solitude do you invite,
And I am she, for whom all Monarchs fight,
Power. Mankind's supreme Delight.

Fair *Psyche*, to the Court come follow me,
Numbers of Tributary Kings shall kneel to thee.

What-

Whate'er can be within the Prospect of thy Thought,
Shall instantly to thee by humble Slaves be brought.

Plenty. Psyche, this lone Desert quit,
The Scene of Homeliness and Poverty;
A splendid Palace does your State besit,

Where you shall be adorn'd by me
With all the Treasures of the East and West:
Thy Life shall be but one continu'd Feast,

And every Prince shall be thy Guest:
All Delicats I'll find for thy Content,
Which Luxury, inspir'd by Wit, can e'er invent.

Peace. And I, to Crown all these,
Will give you everlasting Peace;

Peace, that no Fiends shall ever harm,
Nor the mad Tumults of Mankind alarm:
My Olive still shall flourish where you are;
For Peace should always wait upon the Fair.

Psy. Happy are they, who know Ambition least.
I'm only safe and quiet, while my Breast
Is not with base ambitious Thoughts oppress'd,
Too turbulent to let poor Mortals rest.

O'er all my Tyrant Passions Pow'r I have,
And scorn that Pow'r which can but rule a Slave.

The Use of mighty Riches is but small;
Besides I, nothing coveting, have All.

Peace with such vain Companions never dwells;
She's only safe in humble Groves and Cells.

Envy with six Furies arise, at which Ambition, Power
Plenty and Peace run away affrighted.

Lad. What dreadful Vision does distract our Sight!
Do not these Fiends your mighty Mind surprise?

Psy. Their ugly Shapes bring Wonder to my Eyes,
But nothing can my constant Mind affright.

Envy sings. Envy 'gainst Psyche such black Storms shall raise,
As all her pow'rful Beams shall ne'er dispell:
Beyond her Strength shall be her sufferings;
Her to the greatest Misery I'll bring,
And, e'er I've done, I'll send her down to Hell.

1 Fury. In Hell too late she shall relent,
And all her Arrogance repent.

2 Fury. We Furies will torment your Soul,
And you shall weep and howl;

1 Fury. And at the Sight of every Snake
Tremble and quake.

2 Fury. There you shall mourn eternally,
And so the quick shall feel each lash we give;

1 Fury. There you shall always wish to die,
And yet in spite of you shall always live.

Chor. of all. There you shall always, &c.

[Envy and Furies sink.]

2 Lad. What horrid Words are these we hear?

I am almost dissolv'd with Fear,
Can Envy this sweet Dwelling find!

1 Lad. Envy, the greatest Bane to all Mankind,
What dreadful Fate does she foretell?
What Prophecie is this?

The Gods will sure do much amiss,
Should they permit you to be snatch'd to Hell.

Psyc. Fate! do thy worst, thou never shalt trouble me;
The Innocent within themselves are free:
Envy, I can be valiant against thee.

Enter Prince Nicander.

2 Lad. But see, the Prince Nicander does appear:
Industrious Love pursues you every where.

Nic. Madam, I to this Solitude am come,
Humbly from you to hear my latest Doom.

Psyc. The first Command which I did give,
Was, that you should not see me here:
The next Command you will receive,
Much harsher will to you appear.

Nic. How long, fair Psyc, shall I sigh in vain?
How long of Scorn and Cruelty complain?

Your Eyes enough have wounded me,
You need not add your Cruelty.

You against me too many Weapons chuse,
Who am defenceless against each you use.

Psyc.

Pſyc. Shall no conceal'd Retirement keep me free
From Love's vexatious Importunity?

I in my Father's Court too long endur'd
The Ill, which I by Absence thought I have cur'd.

Nic. Planets, that cause our Fates, cannot be long obscur'd.

Though Comets vanish from our Sense,
When they've dispers'd their fatal Influence,
And nothing but the sad Effects remain;
Yet Stars, that govern us, wou'd hide themselves in vain:
The momentary Clouds must soon be past,

Which would their Brightness overcast.

Pſyc. Why should *Nicander* thus pursue in vain
Her, o'er whose Mind he can no Conquest gain!
For though my Body thus abroad you see,
My Mind shall stay within, and keep its Privacy.

Nic. Blame not the Passion you your self create,
Which is to me resistless as my Fate.

Can *Psyche* own such Cruelties,

As vainly Priests impute to Deities?
To punish the Affections they inspire,
As if they'd kindle to put out a Fire.
If from the Gods we any Gifts receive,
Our Appetites of Nature they must give.
Let Priests for Self-denial then contend;
If we 'gainst Nature go, we Heav'n offend,
Who made that Nature to pursue its End.
Nature's Desires Heaven's known Prescriptions are,
Of greater Certainty than others far;

Priest's Inspirations may but Dreams be found,
Th' Effects of Vapours, or of Spleens unsound;
But Nature cannot err in her own Way,
And though Priests may, she cannot lead astray.

Pſyc. Nature the Gods first uncorrupted made,
But to Corruption 'twas by Man betray'd;
Which when so much exorbitant they found,
What first they had made free, they justly bound.

Nic. If Nature be not what the Gods first meant,
Then pow'rful Man defeated Heaven's Intent.

If

If the God's Engine of the World must be
Mended by them, how did they then foresee?
Must Men, like Clocks, be alter'd, to go right?
Or though wound up by Nature, must stand still?
Must we against our own Affections fight,
And quite against the Byass bend the Will?

Psy. Against your self you've pleaded all this time;
If not to follow Nature be a Crime;
Mine so averse to Love by Heav'n is made,
She above all by me shall be obey'd.

Enter Polynices.

Nic. Nature incites all humane Kind to Love;
Who deny that, unnatural must prove.
How, *Polynices*, my great Rival, here!
This is the only Way I him can fear:
His Arms are far less dreadful than his Love.

Psy. Sir, what could your injurious Kindness move
Thus to disturb the Quiet of my Life?
In vain, great Princes, is your am'rous Strife.

Polyn. If I were singular, you might think me rude:
But I can many dangerous Rivals find,
A violent Passion makes me thus intrude:
Be but to me, as you're to others, kind;
Let not my Death alone be here design'd.

Too fatal was the first Surprise
I suffer'd by your conqu'ring Eyes:
Your pow'rful Charms no Mortal can resist;
I in an Instant lov'd, and never can desist.

Nic. Such violent and sudden Love
Perhaps must soon remove:
'Tis frail as an abortive Birth,
And as it soon approach'd, it soon may fly:

As when too early Flow'rs come forth,
From the first Moment of their Birth they die.
Mine by Degrees did to Perfection grow,
And is too strong to be resisted now.

Polyn. That which I have for that illustrious Face,
Is Sympathy, not lazy Love;

This

The Steel the Loadstone does as soon embrace;
And of it self will ne'er remove.

Nic. The Steel you speak of may be snatch'd from thence,
With very little Violence.

Polyn. Who shall commit that Violence on me?

Nic. He, who before has conquer'd thee:
Thou didst my Empire, dost my Love invade;

My Love shall be my only Aid:
And I again thy Conqueror can be.

Polyn. I was by Fortune then betray'd,
But now by Love am much more pow'rful made.

Oh that the Way for *Psyche* to be won
Were for me to possess thy Throne!

I wou'd believe't already done:
And when with Ease I'd triumph'd over thee,

Thou on thy Knees shouldst beg her Love for me.

Nic. Did not her sacred Presence guard thy Life,
This fatal Place should soon decide our Strife;

I on thy conquer'd Neck would tread,
And make thee forfeit soon thy useless Head!

I'd put an End now to your Love and you:

And when perhaps I'd nothing else to do,

I might vouchsafe to take your petty Kingdom too.

Polyn. Should my Death soon ensue,

Which never can be caus'd by you,

It might to you some bold Presumptions give;

You dare not think such Thoughts, while yet I live.

For what thou hast already said;

Shouldst thou escape me with thy Head,

Yet I will soon depopulate thy Land,

And leave thee none but Beasts for thy Command;

Or may be, if thou fall'st into my Hand,

I openly will thee in Triumph lead:

Thy Cities into Desarts I will turn,

And thou in Chains shalt tamely see 'em burn.

Nic. Gods! —————

Psyc. Princes, let your untimely Discord cease;

If my Esteem you'd gain, conclude a Peace.

Each

Each to the other must become a Friend:

Though Rivals, yet you must agree;

You but for something in the Clouds contend,

If thus you think to conquer me.

Polyn. So absolute is your Command,

That I my Rival will embrace;

Your Will no Lover can withstand.

I can do any Thing but give my Rival Place:

Nic. Your Voice may still the Fury of the Winds,

Or calm the most distemper'd Minds:

Wild Beasts at your Command in Peace would be,

When you make Rivals thus agree.

Psyc. I ne'er can value Birth, or State, [They embrace.]

'Tis Virtue must my Heart obtain:

You may each other emulate

In glorious Actions; but must quit all Hate,

E'er either of you my Esteem can gain.

The next Command I give, must be;

Not to invade my Privacy.

Princes, farewell; you must not follow me.

Nic. So sacred are the dread Commands you give,

From you my Death I humbly would receive:

For I can scarce hear this and live.

Polyn. Your Breath Mens Minds to any Thing may move,

When you make Rivals one another Love. [Ex. Psyc.]

But see! Her envious Sisters do appear,

Whose Anger less than Love we fear.

[As they are going off in haste,

Enter Cidippe and Aglaura.

Cid. Great Princes, whither do you fly so fast?

Aglau. 'Tis to their Idol *Psyc.* by their Haste:

What Prince-like Virtue can you find

In her poor and groveling Mind?

Aglau. Heav'n did her Soul for Cottages create,

And for some vulgar Purpose did design:

Her Mind's too narrow for a Prince's State;

She has no Virtues, which in Courts may shine.

Cid.

Cid. Her Beauty, like her Mind, is vulgar too;
Like the dull Offspring of some Village Pair;
She might perhaps some Shepherd's Heart subdue,
But should, poor Thing, of Princes' Looks despair.

Aglau. A thousand times more Charms they here might
Beauty, that's fit to attract great Prince's Eyes. [find;
But silly Love, forsooth, hath struck them blind;
For could they see, they would their Love despise.

Nicm. Farewell— Such Blasphemies we must not hear
Against the Goddess we adore.

Poly. So beautiful to us she does appear,
That none shall ever charm us more.

[*Exeunt Nicander and Polynices.*

Cid. Blasted be her Beauty, and her Charms accurs'd,
That must our Ruin bring;
I am almost with Envy burst,

To see each Day she can command a King.

Aglau. And whilst she lives, we can no Lovers have:
Oh that her Cradle had become her Grave!

Cid. She by each Prince is idoliz'd,
Whilst our neglected Beauties may grow old,
And not be sought by them she has despis'd.

Aglau. Oh! That I live to hear this Story told:
This Theme has made my Anger bold:

I on her Beauty will revenge our Cause.
We are not safe whilst Breath she draws;

Her an Example of Revenge I'll make.

Cid. Must we be thus neglected, for her sake?

Venus! redress the Wrong which she has done:
She may in time insult your Son.

She such an Idol by Mankind is made,

Your Pow'r no more will be obey'd;

Your Sacred Beauty they'll neglect,

Your Deity will have no more respect.

Aglau. No Incense more will on your Altars smoke,

No Victims more will burn;

Each Prince her Worshipper will turn.

Let this your great Divinity provoke;

Revenge

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Revenge your self, and take our Part.

Punish her stubborn Heart, And by your utmost Fury, let her smart.

[A Symphony of soft Musick.]
 What divine Harmony is this we hear?
 Such never yet approach'd my Ear!

[Venus descends in her Chariot, drawn with Doves.]
 See, Venus' Chariot hovering in the Air,

The Goddess sure has heard our Pray'r.

Venus sings. With Kindness I your Pray'r receive,
 And to your Hopes Success will give.

I have with Anger seen Mankind adore

Your Sister's Beauty, and her Scorn deplore

Which they shall do no more.

For their Idolatry I'll so resent,

As shall your Wishes to the full content.

Your Father is with Psyche now;

And to Apollo's Oracle they'll go,

Her Destiny to know.

[By the God of War shall be obey'd.]
 For War to Beauty still is subject made;

Hell so resent your Cause and mine,

That you will not repine,

But will applaud the Oracle's Design.

Cid. Great Goddess, we our Thanks return;

We, after this, no more shall mourn.

Aglau. Your sacred Pow'r for ever we'll obey,

And to your Altars our whole Worship pay.

[Venus ascends with soft Musick.]
 Enter Theander with his Followers, and Psycho with two Ladies.

Then. Daughters, no more you shall contend;

This happy Day your Strife shall end:

The Oracle shall ease you of your Care.

We to the Temple will repair,

And Psyche will obey,

Whate'er the Dalphick God shall say.

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And
Where'er Apollo shall command shall be,
I swear by all the Gods, perform'd by me.

Pythe. And on my Knees I make this solemn Vow,
To his Decree I will devoutly bow;

Let his Commands be what they will,
I cheerfully will them fulfill.

Then. Let's to Apollo's Temple then repair,
And seek the God with Sacrifice and Prayer.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE is the Temple of Apollo Delphicus, with Columns of the Dorick Order, enrich'd with Gold; in the middle a stately Cupola, on the Top of it the Figure of the Sun; some Distance before it an Altar lin'd with Brass; under it a large Image of Apollo, before which stands the Tripod.

Enter in a solemn Procession, the Chief Priest crown'd with Laurel, in a white Vestment, over that a Purple Gown, over that a Cape embroidered with Gold, over all a Lamb-Skin Hood with the Wool on; He has four Boys attending, two before, two behind, clad in Surplices, and girt with Girdles of Gold; the first carrying a golden Censer with Myrre, Frankincense, and sweet Gums, &c. The Second a Barley Cake, or Barley-Meal, with Salt, upon a golden Service; The third, a golden Cuisse, full of Honey and Water; The fourth, a large gilt Book emboss'd with Gold. After them six Priests, with Books of Hymns, clad in Surplices and embroider'd Capes. Then Men with Wind-Instruments, clad in Surplices, all crown'd with Wreathes of Laurel. After them Nicander, Cidyppe, Polynices, Aglaura,

glaura, Theander, Psyche. Then a Train of Ladies; All the Women with their Faces cover'd with white Veils. After all, Theander's Attendants and Guards in their Procession. This following Hymn is sung in Chorus.

Chor. **L**et's to Apollo's Altar now repair,
And offer up our Vows and Pray'r;
Let us enquire fair Psyche's Destiny.

Repeat. **S** The Gods to her will sure propitious be,
If Innocence and Beauty may go free.

Ch. P. Go on, and to the Altar lead.

[Chief Priest turns to the People, and sings on.
This hallow'd Ground let no one tread,
Who is defil'd with Whoredom, or with Blood;
Lest all our Pray'rs should be for them withstood.
Let none be present at our Sacrifice,
But of an humble uncorrupted Mind:
The God for wicked Men will all our Vows despise,
And will to all our Wishes be unkind.]

[By this time they come near the Altar; they all bow, and divide, and stand on each Side of the Altar, and the Chief Priest before. The Chief Priest kneels and kisses the Altar. The Priest and Boys kneel, with him; they rise; and he, holding the Altar in his Hands, sings alone, as follows.]

Ch. Pr. Son of Latona and great Jove,
In Delos born, which thou so much dost love;
Great God of Physick, and of Archery,
Of Wisdom, Wit, and Harmony;
God of all Divinations too,

Choir of Voices. To thee our Vows and Pray'rs are due;
and Instruments. To thee our, &c.

[Chief Priest kneels, kisses the Altar, then rises and sings.

Ch. Pr. Thou gav'st the cruel Serpent Python Death;
Depriv'd'st the Giant Tyron of his Breath;
Thou didst the monstrous Cyclops too destroy,
Who form'd the Thunder, which did kill thy Son.

Chor. *Thou Light of all our Life, and all our Joy,
Our Offerings with our Hearts are all thine own.*
[Chief Priest kneels, and kisses the Altar again.]

Ch. Pr. *By sacred Hyacinth, thy much lov'd Flower,
By Daphne's Memory, we thee implore,
Thou wouldst be present at our Sacrifice,
And not our humble Offerings despise:*

Chorus of } *And we for ever will thy Praise advance,*
Voices and } *Thou Author of all Light and Heat;*
Instrum. } *Let Pipes and Timbrels sound, and let them dance:
Each Day our worship we'll repeat;
Each Day, &c.*

[A Dance of Priests entring from
each side of the Stage, with
Cymbals, Bells, and Flambeaux.]

*After the Dance, they all kneel, and the Chief-Priest begins
with a loud voice; All answer as follows.*

Ch. Pr. *Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Saturnus, Cibeles,*
Resp. *Be propitious to our Vows and Prayers.*

Ch. Pr. *Mars, Bellona, Venus, Cupido, Vulcanus,*
Resp. *Be propitious, &c.*

Ch. Pr. *Bacchus, Pan, Neptunus, Sylvanus, Faunus, Ver-*
tumnus, Palamon,

Resp. *Be propitious, &c.*

Ch. Pr. *All ye Gods, Goddesses, and all the Powers,*

Resp. *Be propitious, &c.*

*They rise: The Chief-Priest turns to the left Hand, and
runs, or dances about the Altar, Priests and Boys following
him, all the Instruments sounding. They sing, as follows:*

Chor. *To Apollo, our Celestial King,*

We will Io Pzan sing;

Io Pzan, Io Pzan,

Io Pzan will we sing:

[The Dancers mingle with the Singers.]

The Chief-Priest kneels at the Altar. The Boys stand about him. The Priests take the Libamina from the Boys. After a little Pause, One Priest rises and waves a Wand. Then all fall on their Knees.

1 Pr. Favete linguis, favete linguis, favete linguis.

2 Pr. (*rises, waves a Wand*) Hoc agite, hoc agite, hoc agite.

[*Ch. Pr. rises, and turns to the People.*]

Ch. Pr. (with a loud Voice) ΤΙΣ ΤΗΔΕ;

Response of all.

ΠΟΛΛΟΙ ΚΑΤΑΘΟΪ.

Chief-Priest turns and kneels at the Altar again. The Boys run out and fetch, one a Flambeaux, the other little Faggots of Cedar, Juniper, &c. The Priest rises, and lays them on the Altar. All but the Chief-Priest and Boys are kneeling, intent upon the Altar, without Speech or Motion. As soon as the Fire is kindled, which the Priest does himself with the Flambeaux,

Ch. Pr. (with a loud voice) Behold the Fire.

All but the Chief Priest fall flat on their Faces, then rise again. The Boys reach the Libamina to the Chief Priest:

1. *The Censor, with Gum, which he offers.* 2. *The Barley Cake, which he strews with Sals, then lays it on the Fire: Then sprinkles the Honey and Water on the Fire. Chief-Priest waves his Wand to Theander and Psyche, who draw near, and kneel just behind.*

Ch. Pr. Now ask the God the Thing for which you came, And after that we'll sacrifice a Ram.

Thean. That we may know, we humbly pray, Who shall Psyche's Husband be:

She will most cheerfully obey

Her Destiny, and your Decree.

As the Priestess Pythia is mounting the Tripod it Thunders and Lightens extremely. Apollo's Image trembles, at which they all rise affrighted.

Ch. Pr. O Heaven! what Prodigy is this?
 Something is in our holy Rites amiss.

It Thunders and Lightens again; the Image trembling, and in Convulsions, with a very loud and hollow Voice utters these following Lines:

Apollo. **Y**OU must conduct her to that fatal Place,
 Where miserable Lovers, that despair,
 With Howls and Lamentations fill the Air;
 A Husband there your Daughter shall embrace,
 On Venus' Rock upon the Sea
 She must by you deserted be;
 A poy'snous Serpens there she'll find:
 By Heav'n be Psyche's Husband in design'd.
 [*As this they all start affrighted.*]

These. Gods! that I e'er should live to see this Day!
 'Tis for some great Offence
 Of mine, that thou art to be snatch'd from hence.
 Oh take my Life, and let her stay.
 But 'tis in vain to ask; we must obey;
 For which I'll weep my hated Life away.
Cyâp. Venus has kept her Word, and she shall be
 Much more ador'd by me,
 Than any other Deity.

Aglau. Now my fair Sister must a Serpent have;
 'Ste'd of a Nuptial Bed, a Grave.
 Now she shall suffer for her Pride;
 Our Love and Hate will now be satisfy'd.

Psy. To whatsoe'er the Oracle thinks fit
 I cheerfully submit:
 I have not liv'd so ill, but I
 With ease can die:

I with a willing Heart
Can with my Life, as with a trifle, part;
As no Joy yet could ever fill my Mind,
I from no Danger can Distraction find.

Then. Lead on; and with a Funeral pace
For I in that unhappy Place

Must bury all my joy, and leave my Life behind.

Nican. Stay but a Moment, stay;

You will not sure this Oracle obey.

Consider and be wise:

If it be good *Psyche* to sacrifice,

You were oblig'd to't without this Command,

And we the Action should not then withstand.

Polyn. If bad, then Heav'n it self can't make it good;

All good and ill's already understood.

Heav'n has forbid the shedding guiltless Blood.

If good and ill a-new it has design'd,

The Gods are mutable, and change their Mind.

Nican. Be not by this Imposture, Sir, betray'd,

By this dull Idol, which the Priests have made;

Too many Cheats are in the Temple found,

There Fraud does more than Piety abound;

They make the senseless Image speak with ease,

Whatever themselves shall please.

Ch. Pr. Do not the sacred Image thus profane,

Which will revenge it self, and all its Rites maintain.

Polyn. If that be sacred, and you that adore,

Then him that made it you should worship more:

To th' poor Mechanick you give no Respect;

Y' adore his Workmanship, but him neglect.

Nican. For sacred you impose what you decree,

And the deluded Multitude believe;

By boasting of Infallibility,

Th' unthinking Rabble you with ease deceive.

Polyn. Whatever in Divinity you know,

In all Concernments of Mankind below,

In all the Objects of the Mind,

And in all humane Science, we can find

In Priests more Errors than in all Mankind.

Nican. In Sacred Things yet you so much excel
All others, in your Sleeps you can foretell;
When after Surfeits in your holy Feasts
You sleep in Skins of sacrificed Beasts,
The troubled Dreams you from those Fumes receive,
To the unheedful World for Oracles you give.

Thean. In holy Mysteries, you must lay by
Your intricate Philosophy.

After the dreadful Cloud with Thunder broke,
It was some loud immortal Voice that spoke.

Ch. Pr. The holy Rites you saw perform'd,
By Miracles were now confirm'd.

Nican. Miracles! Your holy Cheats, t'advance your Mystery.
The noblest Science is Divinity,
But when become a Trade, I see, 'twill be,
Like other Trades, maintain'd by Knavery.

Ch. Pr. By Miracles the Pow'r of Heav'n is known;

Polyn. Heav'n's Pow'r is more by settled Order shown.
The Beauty of that Order, which is found
To govern the Creation in a round,
The fix'd uninterrupted Chain, whereby
All things on one another must depend,
This Method proves a wise Divinity,
As much as should the Gods on Earth descend.

Ch. Pr. You speak from Nature, which is Ignorance;
But we to Inspiration must Advance.

Nican. If, Priest, by Means not natural Heav'n declares
Its Will, and our Obedience so prepares;
The Gods by this their weakness wou'd confesse:
What you call Miracles, wou'd make them less.
If something without Nature they produce,
Nature is then defective to their Use:
And when by that they cannot work their End,
By Miracle their Instrument they mend:

Polyn. If this be granted, Priest, by this we find,
The Gods foresee not, or else change their Mind,
But Heav'n does nothing to our Sense produce,
But it does outward Natural Causes use.

Fools

Fools trust in Miracles, and Fools ne'er doubt:
'Tis Ignorance of Causes, Priest, makes Fools devout:

[Thunder again:]
Ch. Pr. Be gone, profane and wicked Men,

You have provok'd Heav'n's Wrath again;
Heav'n does again to you in Thunder speak!

Nicm. 'Twas nothing but a petty Cloud did break;
What, can your Priesthood's grave Philosophy
So much amaz'd at common Thunder be?

Pst. We should obey without these Prodigies;
I to Heav'n's Will my own will sacrifice.

Cydr. Must I then with my much lov'd Sister part?

Agla. The dismal loss will break my tender Heart.

Thoen. Joy of my Life, let's to the fatal Place,
Where thine and all my Sorrow is design'd:

When thee the poysonous Serpent shall embrace,
Assure thy self, I'll not stay long behind.

Polym. Thus the great *Agamemnon* was betray'd,
And *Iphigenia* thus a Victim made:

Such horrid Ills Religion can persuade.
[Exeunt omnes.]

*The SCENE changes to a Rocky Desert full of
dreadful Caves, Cliffs, and Precipices, with a
high Rock looking down into the Sea.*

Enter two despairing Lovers.

1 *Lov.* Ah what a dreadful Rocky Desert's this,
The Melancholly Region of Despair!
Where-e'er I turn me, poysonous Serpents hiss,
And with their venomous Breaths infect the Air.

2 *Lov.* Here pestilential Vapours do abound,
And killing Damps the Vabls and Caverns breathe;
From dreadful gapings of the craggy Ground,
The fatal Desert seems to yawn forth Death.

1 *Lov.* A gloomy Darkness hovers o'er this Place;
Here sure the Sun ne'er shews his joyful Face.

Nature this Place for Horror did design.

No beam of Comfort here can shine.

2 Love. Nothing but Howls of sad Despair,
And dismal Groans of Wretches fill the Air,
Who 'in Agonies their hated Lives resign.

1 Love. How many various Ways to Death we have!
Some from that Rock have plung'd into the Deep;
And in the Sea we saw 'em find a Grave.

2 Love. Some by their Poyniards meet Death's easy Sleep:
Some desperate Lovers find out Death
By wilful stopping their own Breath.

1 Love. Nature this Place did for my Grief intend.

2 Love. And here my fatal Life and Love shall end.

1 Love. Psyche is hither by Apollo sent,
Here to fulfill the Oracle's Intent.

Two despairing Men and two despairing Women
sing, as follows.

1 Man. **B**reak, break, distracted Heart; there is no Cure
For Love, my Mind's too raging Calenture.

1 Wom. Sighs, which in other Passions vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the Bellows to my hot Desire.

2 Wom. And Tears in me not quench, but nourish Fire.

2 Man. Nothing can mollify my Grief,
Or give my Passion a Relief.

1 Man. Love is not like our earthly Fire.
You soon may smother out that Flame:
Concealing does increase Desire,
No Opposition Love can tame.

2 Wom. Despair in Love transcends all Pain;
Lost Hope will ne'er return again.

1 Wom. In Hell there's no such Misery,
As now oppresses me.
I thin one Pang alone

Wou'd change for Sisyphus his Stone.

2 Man. I would the Torments which I feel
Change for Ixion's Wheel.

2 Wom.

1 Wom. *The Vulture should on me for ever feed,
Rather than thus my Heart for Love should bleed.*

1 Man. *Oh Tantalus! for all thy eternal Thirst,
I'm more on Earth than thou in Hell accurst.*

1 Wom. *Was ever Grief like mine?*

2 Wom. *Like mine?*

1 Man. *Like mine?*

2 Man. *Like mine?*

Cho-*Was ever Grief like mine?*

rus. *Was ever, &c.*

2 Wom. *Nothing but Death can cure our Misery.*

1 Wom. *I'll die.*

1 Man. *I'll die.*

2 Man. *I'll die.*

Cho-*Nothing but Death can cure our Misery.*

rus. *Nothing but, &c.*

1 Man speaks. *How long shall I for this dull Serpent stay,
Ere I become his Prey?*

*Come forth from out thy poisonous Den:
Dost thou despise the Flesh of Man?*

2 Man. *The lazy Serpent breakfasted to-Day;*

I will not for his waking Stomach stay:

I'll be 'Author of my Fate, and make my self away.

[Falls on his Sword]

1 Wom. *Your Sex no more in Courage shall excell;
For I can die as well.*

I in this Dagger my Relief will find,

And kill my Body thus, to ease my Mind. *[Kills her self.]*

1 Man. *I to the top of all the Rock will climb;*

And if in little time

The Serpent there I cannot see,

I'll find a way to follow thee.

2 Wom. *My Heart that Office will perform for me:*

A death-like Pang I feel;

I have no need of Steel:

A faint cold Sweat besmears my Face;

I can make haste, and die apace.

And

And these are the last Words I e'er shall speak;
Farewell, my cruel Love, for thee my Heart does break.

[She dies.

Then he on the top of the Rock falls headlong into the Sea.

Enter Theander, Psyche, Cydippe, Aglaura, Psyche's two Women, and other Attendants, in Funeral Habits, weeping; then the Guards.

Psyc. Oh! stop these Royal Fountains: Tears are things,
Which ill become the Majesty of Kings.

Thean. But they become a Father, who must lose
The only Comfort of his fading Life;
Who barbarously must his Child expose,
By Heaven's Command, to be a Serpent's Wife.

Psyc. That dread Command I'm ready to obey;

I beg you will no longer stay.

Death's cold Embraces I will court;

I can my Fate, but not your Tears, support.

Thean. Ye Gods, why did ye ever bless
Me with this Gift, to snatch it back again?
My Burden's greater than I can sustain!

Psyc. I never could deserve such Tenderness;
Nay, good Sir, dry your Eyes, my Heart will break;
To bear your Grief I am too weak.

Thean. Oh that I'd never seen thy much-lov'd Face,
And that thou'dst perish'd in the Womb!
I had not led thee to this fatal Place,

Thy Father had not brought thee living to thy Tomb.

Psyc. Your sad Complaints so soften me,
My Heart will melt to that degree,

That I shall have none left when Death I see.

Thean. Heav'n! what could thus your Cruelly provoke?
Your Altars by my Bounty daily smoke,

With Fat, with Incense, and with Gums;
Nor have you wanted *Hecatombs*.

And must I thus rewarded be?

Cydip. See! how the Dotard weeps, while we
Rejoyce at this her Destiny.

Oh

Oh how it would my Envy feed,

Could my glad Eyes behold her bleed!

Agla.

O good dear Serpent, make Her ~~live~~ ^{live}

Her Death, our Grief can only cure.

Oh that she were at my Command,

And that her Heart were throbbing in my Hand!

Some Miracle may else relieve

Her from this Death; and we afresh may grieve.

Pfyc. Good Sir, be gone; the Will of Heav'n obey:

Besides, if you should longer stay,

Before the Serpent comes my Life will steal away.

Weigh not your loss, but what you have remain;

You have the Comfort of my Sisters left,

Who will your drooping Age sustain,

When y'are of me bereft.

Sisters, be good, and to my Father give

All Comfort, and his Grief relieve;

He from you Two much Pleasure may receive.

Cydip. Our Grief, as much as his, Relief will need.

Oh that I might with *Pfyc* bleed!

Did not the Gods Self-murder hate,

I would accompany your Fate.

Agla. Oh that the Gods would suffer me

To be exchange'd for thee!

Pfyc.

Sisters, farewell, pray dry your Eyes;

[*Kisses her Sisters.*]

I am for you a Sacrifice.

You may your Choice of many Princes have,

When I am cold, forgotten in my Grave.

Thean.

Gods! can I yet hear this and live?

Oh take my Life, or me my *Pfyc* give.

Pfyc.

Sir, if you longer stay,

You'll cause my Death, not they.

I on my Knees beseech you, quit

This fatal Place, and to Heav'n's Will submit.

Farewell: 'tis time

I now the Rock my fatal Tomb must climb

Farewell for ever.

Thean.

Then. Say not so.

But I to Death will go.

My Soul to-Morrow shall meet thine below.

[Exeunt all but Psyche.]

Psyche. Even now grim Death I slightly did esteem;

With the wrong end o'th' Glass I look'd on him,

Then afar off and little he did seem:

Now my Perspective draws him near,

He very big and ugly does appear.

Away——it is the base false Glass of Fear.

Enter Nicander and Polynices.

Why do you come to see me wretched here?

What can you hope from her, whose death's so near?

Polyn. To save your Life our Lives we will expose.

Pfyc. Can mortal Men the heav'nly Pow'rs oppose?

Nican. What Heav'n commands is surely good,
Heav'n has declar'd gainst shedding human Blood.

Boars, Rams and Bulls will serve *Apollo's* turn,

Whilst Gums and Incense on his Altars burn:

'Tis to the Priests that you are sacrific'd.

Pfyc. I must not hear the Oracle despis'd.

Nican. In vain 'gainst Prejudice we still dispute:
Our Swords shall this great Oracle confute.

No Serpent, whilst we live, shall you embrace,

Nor any other Rival in this Place.

Pfyc. He carries deadly Venome in his Breath,

Which certainly will give you Death.

Polyn. *Cadmus* without Love's Aid the Dragon slew;
Inspir'd by Love, what cannot Princes do?

Pfyc. Why for my Preservation shou'd you strive?

For neither my Affection e'er cou'd move

Though Heav'n for that wou'd suffer me to live,

No Prince on Earth cou'd ever make me love.

Nican. 'Tis time we both of us should die,

Since we from you no Pity can deserve.

Yet——

Had we no love for Generosity,

Spight of your self we wou'd your Life preserve.

Polyn.

Polyn.

You have made Rivals thus agree,
Though could you Love, but one could happy be,
Each will assist the other, and you'll see
In spite of Oracles we'll set you free.

Psy. Farewell: I must not hear this Blasphemy.

Nicm.

We cannot leave you till you die,
No Oracle shall that deny.

*[The Earth opens, infernal Spirits
rise and hurry the Princess away.
Two Zephyri descend and take
Psyche by each Arm, and fly
into the Clouds with her.]*

Cupid descends a little way, hanging in the Air.

Cap. Be gone, you Rivals of an angry Deity:

Shall I by insolent Princes rivall'd be?

Shall Mortals for my Psyche strive with me?

Palam! make haste, prepare

My costly Palace for my Fair;

I in that splendid Place

My Love, my Dear, my Psyche will embrace.

Enter Nicander and Polynices.

[He flies away.]

Nicm. By what Enchantment were we hurry'd hence?
Psyche is gone. Let's use all Diligence

Soon to prevent her Fate,
Or we shall come too late.

Polyn.

We will our much-lov'd Psyche find,

Or we will leave our hated Lives behind.

[Exeunt.]

A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is the Palace of *Cupid*, compos'd of wreath'd Columns of the *Corinthian* Order; the Wreathing is adorn'd with *Roses*, and the Columns have several little *Cupids* flying about 'em, and a single *Cupid* standing upon every Capital. At a good Distance are seen three Arches, which divide the first Court from the other Part of the Building: The middle Arch is noble and high, beautified with *Cupids* and *Festoons*, and supported with Columns of the aforesaid Order. Through these Arches is seen another Court, that leads to the main Building, which is at a mighty Distance. All the *Cupids*, Capitals and Inrichments of the whole Palace are of Gold. Here the *Cyclops* are at work at a Forge, forging great Vases of Silver. The Musick strikes up, they dance, hammering the Vases upon Anvils.

After the Dance, Enter *Vulcan*.

Vulcan YE bold Sons of Earth, that attend upon Fire,
sings. Make haste with the Palace, lest *Cupid* should
stay;
You must not be lazy, when Love does require,
For Love is impatient, and brooks no Delay:
When *Cupid* you serve, you must toil and must sweat,
Redouble your Blows, and your Labour repeat.

TO A The vigorous young God's not with Laziness serv'd,
He makes all his Vassals their Diligence shew,
And nothing from him but with Pains is deserv'd;
The brisk Youth, that falls on, and still follows his Blow,

*Is his Favourite still: The considerate Fool
He, as useless, lays by for a pitiful Tool.*

1 Cycl. *This Palace is finish'd, and the other shall be
Made fit for his small Deity.*

2 Cycl. *But Fire makes us choleric, and apt to repine,
Unless you will give us some Wine.*

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls
Let's refresh our dry Souls,
And then we'll to work with a clink, clink, clink;
But first let us drink, but first let us drink.*

Vul. *Let each take his Bowl, then, and hold it to his Nose,
Then let him redouble his Blows.*

Cycl. *Nay, stint us not so, but let each take his two,
And twice as much then we can do.*

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls
Let's refresh, &c.*

Vul. *O Slaves, will you never from Drunkenness refrain?
Remember Ulysses again!*

Cycl. *Ulysses is a Dog: were he here, he shou'd find
We'd scold him, and drink our selves blind.*

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls
Let's refresh, &c.*

[They take their Cans in their Hands.]

Pyra. *Here, Harpes, to you. Harp. Here, Brontes, to you;
And so take each Cyclops his due.*

Bron. *To thee, Steropes. Ster. Pyracmon, to thee.*

Omn. *And thus in our Cups we'll agree.*

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls
Let's refresh, &c.*

Vul. *Be gone, or great Jove will for Thunder-Bolts stay,
The World grows so wicked each Day.*

Cycl. *He has less need of Thunder than we have of Wine:
We'd drink, though great Jove shou'd repine.*

Chor.

Chor. *With singing great Bards
Let's refresh, &c.*

[The Cyclops dance again.

Enter Cupid and Zephyrus, at which they all run away.

Cup. You are my best of Servants, you've done well.
Say, Zephyrus, how do you like my Love?

Zeph. Her Beauty does all mortal Forms excell;
She should be snatch'd from Earth to reign above.
But why do you a humane Shape now wear?
Why will you not your self a God appear?

Cup. At first invisible I'll be,
Then like a Prince I will be seen;
Me like a God when she shall see,
I'll make her my immortal Queen.
When Love thus sly his Approaches makes,
He takes fast Hold, and long will stay;
But if by Storm he once Possessor takes,
His Empire in the Heart will soon decay.

Here comes my Love! Away,
And to her Honour dedicate this Day.
[Exit Cupid and Zephyrus.

Enter Psyche.

Psy. To what enchanted Palace am I brought;
Adorn'd beyond all humane Thought?
Here Art and Nature's utmost Powers conspire
To make the Ornament entire.

Where'er I turn me, here my dazzl'd Eye
Does nought but Gold or precious Gems defy:
This sure is some divine Abode,

The splendid Palace of some God;
And not a Den where Humane Blood is spilt:
This sure was never for a Serpent built.

I am at this no less amaz'd,
Than at my sudden Passage to the Place.

With Wonder round about I've gaz'd,
And, which is strange, I've seen no humane Face.
'Tis sure some airy Vision which I see,
And, I to this imaginary Height

Was

Was rais'd by Heav'n in Cruelty,
That I might suffer a severer Fate;
I on a Precipice of Hope was plac'd.

That so my Fall might greater be:
And down with Violence I shall be cast
To th' Bottom of Despair, th' Abyss of Misery.
Where is the Serpent? When will he appear?

Cup. The Serpent, which you must embrace, is near.

Psy. What divine Harmony invades my Ear?
This is a Voice I cou'd for ever hear.

O speak again, and strike my ravish'd Sense
With thy harmonious Excellence!

What Pow'r Divine provokes within my Blood,
I know not what, that cannot be withstood?

Cup. Whatever can be pleasant, but in Thought,

[*Within.*

Shall for my Love be sought:
This shall her Palace, here her Empire be;

She shall have Sovereign Command o'er that and me.

Psy. No Object of my Sense could e'er
Transport me 'till this Hour.

I feel a Passion mixt with Joy and Fear,

That's caus'd by this unknown invifible Pow'r.

Who are you, that does charm me so?

Such Pain and Pleasure I ne'er felt before;

You are by this some God, I know.

And I must you adore.

[*She kneels.*

Enter Cupid, and takes her up.

O Heav'n! What glorious Thing is this I see!
What unknown Deity?

His Shape is humane, but his Face divine;

He calls me Love: But ah! 'would he were mine.

Cup. I am the Serpent Heav'n for you design'd,
Which shou'd on you his Poison breath.

Psy. This Poison ne'er can cause my Death;

For such a Serpent I wou'd quit Mankind.

Yours is the pleasant'st Poison e'er was felt.

My Eyes drop Show'rs of Joy, my Heart will melt.

My

My Mind was never full before,
But now my swelling Joys run o'er;
My Heart does pant like a feald Dove's:
What is it thus my Pallion moves?

Cup. How does my charming Fair, my Dove!
Let me approach my Dear, my Love:
Let me but touch thy snowy Hand,
And thou shalt all my Heart command.

Pfyc. There's no Request of yours I can withstand,
Oh I am stung! What's this I feel?
It is no pointed Steel;

'Tis such a pretty tingling Smart:

Now it invades my Heart.

Oh! it increases on me still,

And now my Blood begins to chill.

But Oh! the Pleasure! O the Pain!

And, Oh! might both a thousand Years remain!

Cup. Courage, my Dove; I have thee here;

[Embraces her.]

Thou needst no Serpent fear:

For I am all the Serpents thou shalt see,

And Love is all the Poison I'll infuse in thee.

Pfyc. What can it be my Senses thus alarms?

What have you done to your Hand, that thus it charms?

But, Oh! your powerful Eyes bewitch me more,

I never saw or felt such Eyes before,

Nor know I now what 'tis I feel or see.

[He turns his Head aside.]

Turn not away those Eyes, that poison me,

Those sweet, those piercing am'rous Eyes,

That can so easily a Heart surprise,

O, may my Breast this Poison ne'er forsake?

I'm sure, no Antidote I'll take.

Why do you sigh? Are you transported too?

Cup. As you by me, so I am charm'd by you.

Oh let my wandering Heart find rest

Within thy soft and snowy Breast:

Thou must to me thy Heart resign,

And in Exchange I'll give thee mine.

And

PSYCHE

And when my Heart within thy Breast does sit,
Thou must be kind, and nurse, and cherish it.

Psy. Oh! how mine Hurters; yet I hold it fast,
It beats 'till it it self will tire;

'Twill lose it self with violent desire:

Do what I can, it will be gone at last.

Oh give me thine, for mine will fly away;

Ah give it me! for if you longer stay,

Mine will be gone, and I shall die:

Pray let your Heart the want of mine supply.

Cup. Thou through thy Lips, my Love, must mine,
And the same Way thine to my Breast convey; [receive,

And when to me that pretty Thing thou'lt give,

I'll us't so kindly, 't shall not fly away.

Psy. Then take it, for with me it will not stay.

[*They kiss.*

What have I done! I am to blame;

I blush and feel a secret Shame:

But I feel something, which o'er-comes that Sense.

I'm charm'd with so much Excellence!

Some Power divine thus animates my Blood,

And 'twere a Sin, if that shou'd be withstood.

Your sacred Form so much does move,

That I pronounce aloud, I love.

How am I rapt! What is it thus does force

My Inclination from its proper Course?

I was to Love an open Enemy;

But now the more I look on Thee,

The more I love. My first Surprise

Is heighten'd still by thy bewitching Eyes.

Cup. Love's Debt was long deny'd by thee,

But now he has paid himself with Usury.

Psy. Should I to one I know not be thus kind,

To one, who will, perhaps, unconstant be;

Pray let me so much Favour find,

To let me know who 'tis has conquer'd me.

Cup. Do not suspect my Constancy;

Believe my Sighs, and then trust me.

Words

Words may be false and full of Art,
Sighs are the natural Language of the Heart.
But pray beware of Curiosity,

Left it shoud ruin Thee and Me.

You must not yet know who I am;

I will in Time disclose my Name.

I in this Region a vast Empire have;
Each Prince you've seen, compar'd to me's a Slave;
To me all *Grecian* Princes Tribute owe,

Which they shall pay to you.

A thousand Beauties shall be full at Hand,
Waiting for thy Command;

And, without Envy, they shall thee adore.

The Pomp, which here thou shalt enjoy, is more
Than e'er was seen in Earthly Prince's Courts:

And Pleasures here shall be

Beyond all mortal Luxury;

Our Recreations shall be heavenly Sports,

And to such splendid Joys I thee invite,

As do the Gods on Festivals delight.

But first thy Palate thou shalt satisfy,

Thy Ear shall then be ravish'd, then thy Eye;

And all thy other Senses thou shalt feast:

Here I will entertain, and thou shalt be the Guest.

This following Song is sung by invisible Singers.

ALL Joy to fair Psyche in this happy Place,
And to our great Master, who her shall embrace!
May never his Love nor her Beauty decay,

But be warm as the Spring, and still fresh as the Day.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,
If still, while they liv'd, they'd be always in love.

There's none without Love ever happy can be,

Without it each Brute more as happy as we.

The Knowledge Men boast of does nothing but vex,

And their wandering Reason their Minds does perplex.

But no Mortals &c.

Love's.

PSYCHE

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*Love's Sighs and his Tears are mix'd with Delights,
But were he still posset with Care, and with Brights,
Should a thousand more Troubles & Loves invade,
By one happy Moment they'd fully be paid.*

Chor. No Mortals &c.

*Thou' life not a Moment, but in Pleasure employ it,
For a Moment once lost will always be so;
Thou, Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,
And push on your Nature as far as you will go.*

Chor. No Mortals, &c.

Psy. How am I rept! What Pleasures do I find!

My Love, I have but one Request to thee;

Two Sisters I have left behind,

I hope my Love will be so kind,

That they the Witnesses may be

Of all my Poins and my Felicity.

Enter Zephyrus.

Cup. My Zephyrus is still at hand

To wait for thy Command.

Be gone—

Zeph.

I'll fly as quick as Thought,

They suddenly shall to this Place be brought.

[Exit Zephyrus.]

Cup. My Dear, let them not here much Time employ,

For I must thy whole Heart enjoy.

From me, my Love, not one poor Thought must stray,

For I have giv'n thee all my Heart away.

But now prepare thy Ears and Eyes,

For I thy Senses will surprize.

Along with me, and thou shalt see

What Miracles in Love there be.

[Exeunt.]

**The SCENE changes to the principal Street of the City, with vast
Numbers of People looking down from the Tops of Houses and
out of the Windows and Balconies, which are hung with
Tapestry. In this Street is a large Triumphant Arch, with
Columns of the Dorick Order, adorned with the Statues of
Fame**

Fame and Honour, &c. beautified with Festoons of Flowers; all the enrichments of Gold. Through this Arch, at a vast Distance, in the middle of a Piazza, is seen a stately Obelisk.

Enter two Men.

1 *Man.* What Shouts are those, that echo from the Plain?

2 *Man.* The Stranger Princes have the Monster slain:
The People the victorious Champions meet,
And them with Shouts and Acclamations greet.

1 *Man.* Our Freedom these brave Conquerors have re-
The Blood of Men no more shall be devour'd; (stor'd;
No more young Ladies shall be snatch'd away,
To be the cruel Serpent's Prey.

2 *Man.* For this the large Triumphal Arch was built,
For this the joyful People meet in Throngs,
The Princes Triumph for the Blood they spilt,
And celebrate the Conquest with loud Songs:
They in this Place a Sacrifice prepare,
To pay their Vows and Thanks to th' God of War.

[A Consort of loud Martial Musick.

Enter the Priests of Mars, one carrying the Serpent's Head upon the Spear, all of them having Targets, Breast-plates, and Helmets of Brass. Then the Praeful, having a Trophy of Arms carry'd before him. Then Nicander, Polynices, Cydippe, Aglaure, Train and Guards. The Priests sing this following Song, and dance to it.

LET us loudly rejoyce,
With glad Hearts and with Voice;

For the Monster is dead,

And here is his Head.

No more shall our Wives

Be afraid of their Lives,

Nor our Daughters by Serpents miscarry;

The Oracle then

Shall bestow them on Men,

And they not with Monsters shall marry.

Let

PSYCHE.

49

*Let us loudly rejoice
With glad Heart and with Voice;
For the Monster is dead,
And here is his Head.*

Præful Sings. *Great God of War, to thee
We offer up our Thanks and Pray'r;
For by thy mighty Deity
Triumphing Conquerors we are.*

Chor. *Thou'rt great among the heav'nly Race,
And only to the Thunderer giv'st Place.*

Præful. *Jove is thy Father, but does not exceed
Thy Deity on any Score.
Thou, when thou wilt, can'st make the whole World bleed,
And then canst heal their Breaches by thy Power.*

Chor. *'Tis thou that must to Armies give Success,
Thou that must Kingdoms too with Safety blest,
Thou that must bring, and then must guard their Peace.*

*They dance, striking their Swords upon the Targets,
shewing the Postures of their Swords, Kettle-Drums
beating, and Trumpets sounding: Whilst the Præful and
the rest prepare the Altar, and kindle the Fire. After
the Dance——*

Præf. sings. *While we to Mars his Praises sing,
A Horse, th' appointed Victim, bring.
[Mars and Venus meet in the Air in their
Chariots, his drawn by Horses, and
hers by Doves.*

Venus sings. *Great God of War, if thou dost not despise
The Pow'r of my victorious Eyes,
Reject this Sacrifice,
My Deity they disrespect,
My Altars they neglect,
And Psyche only they adore;
Whom they shall see no more.*

P-S-Y-C-H-E.

*Have I yet left such Influences on your Hearts,
As to enjoy what you won't take my Part?
By some known Token punish their Offence,
And let them know their Insolence.*

Mars.

*So much your Influence on me remains,
That still I glory in my Chains.
Whatever you command shall be
A foreign Law to me.*

*These sassy Mortals soon shall see
What 'tis to disrespect your Deity.*

*To show how much for you I them despise,
Since they with Venus dare contend,
To Pow'rs of Hell, your Furies send,
And interrupt their Sacrifice.*

[Mars and Venus fly away.]

*Furies descend and strike the Altar, and break it, and every
one flies away with a Fire-brand in his Hand.*

1 Pr.

What dreadful Prodigies are these!

*Hence, from his bloody Rage let's fly,
And in his Temple let us try*

If we his angry God-head can appease.

Nican. *What magick Charms do this sad Place infest,
And us in all our Actions thus molest?*

Polyn.

*The pow'r of Hell it sure must be,
That thus against us wages War;
For when Fair Psyche we wou'd free,*

It still does Mischiefs against us prepare.

But no Enchantment yet our Courage binds,

No Accidents can alter valiant Minds.

Nican. *In spite of Hell, we will go on in Quest
Of our lov'd Psyche, who is charm'd from hence.*

Aglau. *You might from all your fruitless Toyls have rest,
If of your present Fortune you had a Sense.*

Cydip. *Our Father, who is now at point of Death,
Does in his Will us two to you bequeath.*

Aglau. *Envy it self will sure confess
Our Beauties and our Virtues are not less,*

Than

Than the mean Idol's you so much adore,
And whom you never can see more;

The Monster you have slain did her devour.

Polyn. We by his ravenous Maw did find to Day,
The Monster had not yet made her his Prey.

Cydip. What if he had; we two are left behind,
And by the Gods you are for us design'd.

Nican. Heav'n has not yet to me reveal'd that Mind,
My Inclinations still are here, I find.

The Honour's great we might by you enjoy,
But it would all our Vows and all our Love destroy.

Polyn. To *Psyche* I have offer'd my whole Heart,
Sh'has for no other left me the least Part.

Pardon, that I the Honour must refuse;
No Mortals can their own Affections chuse:

Love, Heav'n's high Power does into us infuse.

Nican. When we lost *Psyche*, solemnly we swore,
The Search of her we never wou'd give o'er.

Polyn. Should we not find her, we our lives must spend,
Which in th' unwearied search of her must end.

Aglau. Think you with Safety you shall us despise?
Though we're too weak to wound you with our Eyes,

Our full Revenge shall both of you pursue,
And give what to your Insolence is due.

Cydip. Your Heads shall pay for the Affront you give,
And you shall die, or we will cease to live.

Nican. If Danger cou'd our Courages remove,
We were not fit t'aspire to *Psyche's* Love.

Polyn. Our Absence now you must excuse;
We in our search no farther Time must lose.

[*Exeunt Nican. and Polyn.*]

Aglau. I have a trusty Villain, which I'll send,
Who in Disguise shall their unwary Steps attend;
And then an Ambush shall for them be laid,
That their base Lives may be to us betray'd.

Cydip. The Pow'rs of all this Kingdom we'll engage,
To sacrifice their Lives to our insatiate Rage.

Aglau. They dearly shall by their Example show,
How soon rejected Love to dangerous Rage can grow.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a stately Garden, belonging to the Magnificent Palace seen in the former Act. The great Walk is bounded on either side with great Statues of Gold standing upon Pedestals, with small Figures of Gold sitting at their Feet: And in large Vases of Silver are Orange, Lemon, Citron, Pomegranate; and behind Myrtle, Fessamine, and other Trees. Beyond this a noble Arbour, through which is seen a less Walk, all of Cypress-Trees, which leads to another Arbour at a great Distance.

Enter Aglaura, Cydippe, and Psyche with her Train.

Aglau. Enough the Splendor of your Court we've seen;
Such ne'er was known by any earthly Queen.

Cydip. But we your conqu'ring Lover wou'd behold,
Of whom such charming Stories you have told.

Psyc. Oh! he's the brightest thing your Eyes e'er saw;
Beauty he has might give the whole World Law.

And then such tender Kindness you shall see;
For he delights in nothing but in me.

We sport and revel all the Day,
In soft Delights melting the Hours away.

And such resistless Ways he has to charm;

We kiss, embrace, and arm in arm,
With am'rous Sighs, and soft Discourse,

Our fainting Passions still we reinforce.

When I would speak, my Words he does devour;

And when he speaks, I kiss him o'er and o'er;

And when from kissing we our Lips remove,

He tells a thousand pretty Tales of Love,

And all the while his Beauty I survey,

And he so greedily beholds my Eyes,

As

As he'd devour them. But a Moment stay,
And he will you, as he did me, surprise. [Ex. Psyche.

Aglau. What cursed Fate is this, that did ordain,
That she should have such Pleasure, we such Pain?
Oh that I had Infection in my Breath;
I my own Life would lose to give her Death.

Cydip. Base Fortune! that on *Psyche* would bestow
So vast a share of Happiness,
And give her elder Sisters so much less;
That she should be so high, and we so low.

Aglau. Such Glory yet no Monarch ever saw;
Such humble Vassals, such obedient Awe,
Such shining Palaces yet ne'er have been,
Such Pomp the Sun in all his Progress ne'er has seen.

Cydip. A thousand Beauties wait for her Command,
As many heav'nly Youths are still at Hand;
And to our envious Eyes she chose
These hated Objects to expose.

Aglau. When we, to our great Joy, believ'd
That she destroy'd had been,
Oh how the Ridling God has us deceiv'd!
We see her here like some immortal Queen,
Whom all her Subjects serve not, but adore.

Cydip. Oh! I shall die with Envy: Say no more,
But of some quick Revenge let's meditate,
To interrupt their happy State:
Let's by some Art, cause fatal Jealousies
Between these prosperous Lovers to arise.

Enter Cupid and Psyche, with many Attendants.

Aglau. They're here! What divine Object strikes my
Eyes?

Cydip. What heav'nly Thing does my weak Heart sur-

Aglau. Her hated Sight I can no longer bear. (prise?

Cydip. Oh with what Joy I could her Heart-strings tear!

Aglau. This is the goodliest Creature Heav'n e'er made;
And I will summon Hell up to my Aid,

But I will *Psyche's* Life destroy;
And I will then this God-like Youth enjoy.

Cydip. When I am dead, he may be had by thee:
But know, *Aglaure*, I'll ne'er live to see
This goodly Thing enjoy'd by any one but me.

Cup. Ladies,——

You such a welcome in this Place shall find,
As fits the Greatness of your Sister's Mind;
And by your Entertainment I will show,
What I to my lov'd *Psyche* owe:
For her shall Choirs of *Cupids* sing,
For her the Sphæars shall their loud Musick bring.

S O N G.

LET old Age in its Envy and Malice take Pleasure,
In Business that's sower, and in hoarding up Treasure:
By Dullness seem wise, be still peevish and nice;
And what they can't follow, let them rail at as Vice.

Wise Youth will in Wine and in Beauty delight,
Will revel all Day, and will sport all the Night:
For never to love, wou'd be never to live,
And Love must from Wine its new Vigour receive.

How insipid were Life, without those Delights,
In which lusty hot Youth spend their Days and their Nights!
Of our nauseous dull Beings we too soon should be cloy'd,
Without those bless'd Joys, which Fools only avoid.

Unhappy grave Wretches, who live by false Measure,
And for empty vain Shadows refuse real Pleasure!
To such Fools, while vast Joys on the Witty are waiting,
Life's a tedious long Journey, without ever baiting.

Cup. Now see what is to *Psyche's* Beauty due,
And what th' Almighty Pow'r of Love can shew:
These senseless Figures Motion shall receive;
Psyche's bright Beams can Life to Statues give.

PSYCHE.

35

[Ten Statues leap from their Pedestals and dance. Ten Cupids rise from the Pedestals, strew all the Stage with Flowers, and fly all several ways. During the Dance, Cupid and Psyche retire.]

Cydip. With what divine Magnificence
They in this Place treat every Sense!

Aglau. Excess of Love and Hate disturbs my Rest,
Which equally divide my Breast.

Cydip. You may hate her, and other Princes love;
But your Affection must from him remove,
Or th' utmost Rage of a revengeful Rival prove.

Aglau. Mountains shall sooner leap or fly;
The Sun may prove inconstant, but not I.

All my presumptuous Rivals I'll destroy;
I cannot live, unless I him enjoy.

Cydip. Then suddenly resign your hated Breath;

You shall not live to cause my Death.

Your fruitless Love shall soon be lost.

You to your elder Sister shall give place,

For I will this Celestial Youth embrace,

Tho' it the Lives of half the World shou'd cost.

Aglau. The Pow'r of Hell shall ne'er change my Design;
I wou'd a thousand Lives before one Love resign.

Cydip. But *Psyche's* Life and Love must have an end,

Or we in vain for him contend:

Whate'er against each other we design,

Against the common Enemy let's joyn.

Aglau. Should we kill her, it would provoke his Hate,
And on our selves pull down a certain Fate.

Let's poison them with Jealousie;

And Lovers had much better die,

Than suffer that Extremity.

Enter Psyche.

Psyc. Now, Sisters! how do you approve my Dear!

Cydip. You are secure: but give us leave to fear.

Psyc. Fear not: you are in my Protection now.

Aglau. We fear not for our selves, but you.

Psyc. For me! I am so full of Joy,
That nothing can my Happiness destroy.

I have my Love, and that's enough for me.
My Life is one continu'd Ecstasie.

His Love to me is infinite,
Each Moment does transcend
Ages of common gross Delight,
For which dull sensual Men so much contend.

Cydip. Why does he still conceal his Name?
It argues little Love, or else much Shame.

Pfyc. You cannot doubt his Love, he is so kind;
Envy in him no cause of Shame can find:
What need I care who 'tis I love,
Since all that see him must my Choice approve?

Aglau. This violent Love may soon decay,
And he, for some new Mistress, may

Your easie Heart betray.
Cydip. When he shall please to frown,

You from this Heighth are suddenly thrown down;
And when he thus shall have abandon'd you,
On whom will you inflict the Vengeance due?

Pfyc. Could I this fatal Change survive,
I sure should be the wretched'st Thing alive.

Aglau. True Love has no reserve; this is some Cheat;
Your Wisdom's small, though your Affection's great.

Cydip. Th' Impostor does by Magick Art surprise,
And this is all Delusion of our Eyes:
The Miracles each Moment does produce

Sufficiently may make this clear,
Your Lover does no natural Causes use.
All Nature's Order is inverted here.

Aglau. You see that his Attendants are
The winged Spirits of the Air,
He's sure some Dæmon, which commands the Winds,
And him the Clouds obey:

How easily may he delude our Minds,
Who'our Bodies can by Winds and Clouds convey!

This must be some enchanted Place.
Cydip. [Aside.] Let him be what he will, I'll him embrace.
[To her] How soon may Fate your seeming Heav'n destroy,
Which like a Dream reflects imaginary Joy!

Pfyc.

Psy. Oh! I am seiz'd with an unufal Fright;
A sudden Stop is put to my Delight.

Aglau. This still may be the Serpent you did fear,
Tho' with a humane Shape he cheats your Eyes;
And Heav'n by this more cruel will appear,
After this Joy to ruin by Surprise.

Cydip. In wrath the Oracle thy Doom declar'd;
Here no Effects we of its Anger see:
Thou know'st not yet what Ruin is prepar'd,
What dreadful Fate Heav'n does reserve for thee.

Psy. How I'm amaz'd! Oh my poor trembling Heart!
Enter Zephyrus.

Zeph. My Lord commands your Sisters must depart,
And none must his Commands deny.

Aglau. What is't I hear! I dye! I dye!

Cydip. But if I dye, I will not dye alone;
She shall not here remain, when I am gone.

Aglau. Hold! take me with thee in thy brave Design;
I'll in the noble Execution joyn.

*[Both offer to stab at Psyche, as
she looks another way, and are
snatch'd away by Zephyri.]*

Psy. Ah! what unwelcome Change is this I see?
Must they so suddenly be snatch'd from me?

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Now let's enjoy our selves; the Time invites;
True Love alone in Privacy delights.

What is't disturbs my *Psyche's* Mind?

What fatal Change is this I find?

Such a black Storm methinks hangs on thee now,
As I have seen upon the Morning's Brow;
Which blushing first had promis'd a fair Day,
But strait did nought but dark-swoln Clouds display:
Is it your Sister's Absence makes you grieve?
All such Relations you shou'd now forget;
Lovers should for each other only live.
And, having one another, should have no regret.

Psy. So small a thing cannot afflict my Mind.

Cup. 'Tis for some Rival then your Grief's design'd.

Psyc. This mean Suspicion proves my Lord unkind!
Ah! did your Charms but to your self appear,
You'd know that I no other Chains cou'd wear.
No Rhetorick can paint my Love's Excess;
Ere mine can be describ'd, it must be less.

Cup. I love thee too at such a Rate,
No Mortal can approach my Heighth.
What is it can produce thy Grief?

Psyc. I fear you'll not afford it your Relief.

Cup. If thou by any thing my Wrath cou'dst move,
'Twould be by thy Suspicion of my Love.
Thou o'er my Heart art grown so absolute,
That no Commands of thine I can dispute:
Thou of thy Pow'r know'st not the large Extent:
To ease thy Doubt, make an Experiment.

Psyc. No: I shall find a harsh Repulse, I fear.

Cup. By thy victorious Eyes,
Which govern now the Heart they did surprize;
By th' God's inviolable Oath I swear,
By *Sisyx*, all thy Commands shall be to me
Sacred, as Heav'n's Decree.

Psyc. I with these am'rous Vows am doubly pleas'd,
I am of half my Grief already eas'd.
By this all fear of Coldness you remove,
And then you'll tell me now, who 'tis I love.

Cup. Heav'n!

Psyc. 'Tis fit that I, who did great Kings refuse,
Shou'd know who is the charming Youth I chuse.

Cup. What do I hear!

Psyc. 'Tis true, I love, and glory in my Chains;
But to compleat my Joys, it yet remains,
That thou, my Love, wou'dst thy dear Name expose,
And my illustrious Choice to me disclose.
Why dost thou frown? thou must my Doubts secure;
I by my Love and by this Kiss conjure,
If thou dost love me, this Assurance give:
'Tis Love, my Dear, makes me inquisitive.
Thou shou'dst all Secrets to my Breast resign.
Besides, thou' hast sworn, this is no longer thine.

Cup.

Cup. I've sworn; and, if you will, I must comply:
But then thy fatal Curiosity
Inevitably ruins Thee and Me.

Psy. Is this my Sov'reign Empire over thee?

Cup. You must whate'er's within my Power command;
But your extravagant Desires withstand:
Unless you will abandon him you love,
And will for ever from my Sight remove.

Psy. You found a Heart too ready to believe,
And wou'd you still that poor weak Heart deceive?

Cup. Must I my fatal Secret then resign?

Psy. Can you keep back your Heart, and yet take mine?

Cup. Consider yet what 'tis you do.

Psy. I fear'd I shou'd be thus refus'd by you.

Cup. Let me not yet my Name declare.

Psy. Oh unkind Youth! thou mak'st me now despair,
That thou'lt reward my Love, or ease my Care.

Cup. Consider yet, and let me hold my Peace.

Psy. Will your unkind Denials never cease?

Cup. Knew then, my self a God I must declare,
Whom all the other Deities obey:

All things on Earth, Hell, Water, Air,
Must to my God-head their Devotion pay.

I am the God of Love, whom, to thy Cost,
Thy foolish Curiosity has lost.

By this thou dost my Love to Anger turn,

And must in fatal Desolation mourn.

I from thy once lov'd Eyes must fly:
For 'tis ordain'd by cruel Destiny,

Which rules o'er all the Gods and me,

That for thy Folly I shou'd thus abandon Thee.

Cupid flies away. The Garden and Palace vanish, and Psyche is left alone in a vast Desert, upon the brink of a River in a Marsh full of Willows, Flags, Bulrushes, and Water-flowers; beyond which is seen a great open Desert.

Psy. Oh! whither art thou fled, my Dear?
Why hast thou left me here?

Of all my glorious Pomp I am bereft,
And in Despair am in a Desert left.

Oh my Misfortune! Oh my Crime!
I lov'd a God, and was ador'd by him.
My self I banish'd, and am left forlorn,
A fatal Subject of injurious Scorn;
A Scorn to all the Princes I've refus'd.
By my own Folly I my self abus'd.

Yet sure the God is much unkind,
To fly himself, yet leave his Pow'r behind.
My Love remains still to increase my Care,
And heighten all the Torments of Despair.

[Psyche retires to the River side.

Enter Aglaura, and Cydippe, with a Soldier.

Sold. We of your Royal Father are bereft,
Who you the Heirs of this great Kingdom left;
So much he for the Loss of *Psyche* griev'd;
That he by Death his fatal Grief reliev'd.

Aglau. But are not yet the Rival Princes slain?

Sold. We have not follow'd your Commands in vain;
The Princes are in Sight upon the Plain:
In quest of *Psyche* they each Path will trace,
And their unwearied Search will bring them to this Place.
So many of us here in Ambush lie,
As soon as they approach us, they shall die.

Cydip. Be gone; we largely will reward your Loyalty.

[Exit Soldier.

How luckily did *Zephyrus* convey

Us to this Desert, where we may,

To our great Pleasure, standing by,

Behold these insolent Rivals die!

Aglau. Since of all hopes of Love we are bereft,
Revenge is all the Pleasure we have left.

Oh my bless'd Eyes! behold yon Face!

Psyche is thrown upon this desert Place!

Cydip. With Pleasure I my Sufferings embrace,
Since her an equal Sufferer I find.

Is all your splendid Pomp to this declin'd?

[To *Psyc.*

Fate

P S Y C H E

Fate did your Palace to a Desert turn,
And you for all your Arrogance shall mourn.

Psyche. Am I the Object of my Sister's Scorn?
Ah, had I there your fatal Eyes ne'er seen,
I still had prosperous in my Palace been:

You urg'd that Curiosity,
Which brought this dreadful Ruin upon me.

Aglau. How well did our first Artifice succeed!
She, like a Prince when he's depos'd, should bleed.

Cyd. Under our Pow'r you now a Slave remain;
Our Father's dead, and has left us to reign.

Psyche. No: A more glorious Fate for me's design'd:
Since he is gone, I'll not stay long behind.

Aglau. She shall not, if she wou'd;
We, to be safe, must shed her Blood.

Cyd. Her with her Lover's Heads we'll first surprise,
Then to our Rage her Life we'll sacrifice.

[*Ex. Aglaura and Cydippe, smiling on Psyche.*
Psyche. No longer these Misfortunes I'll endure;

Of all such Wounds Death is the sovereign Cure,
In this deep Stream, that softly by does glide,

All my Misfortunes and my Faults I'll hide.
[*She offers to throw her self into the River. The God of the*

River rises upon a Seat of Bulrushes and Reeds, leaning
upon an Urn. The Naiades round about him.

The God *S*ay, stay; this Act will much defile my Streams:
fings. With at short Patience suffer these Extreams.

Heav'n has for thee a milder Fate in Store;
The Time shall be when thou shalt weep no more.

And yet fair Psyche ne'er shall die.

1 Nymph: She ne'er shall die.
2 Nymph: She ne'er shall die.

Chor. She ne'er shall die;
But shall be crown'd with Immortality.

But shall be, &c.

The

The Gods sing again.

Venus approaches; from her Anger flie;
More Troubles yet your Constancy must try;
But th' happy Minute will e'er long arrive,
That will to you eternal Freedom give;

And yet fair Psyche ne'er shall die.

1 Nymph. She ne'er shall die.

2 Nymph. She ne'er shall die.

Chor. She ne'er shall die;

But shall be crown'd with Immortality.

But shall be, &c.

Psy. I need not fly, I have done no Offence;
I'm strongly guarded by my Innocence.

[Venus descends in her Chariot.

Ven. Dares Psyche before me appear?
From my dread Wrath you scorn to flie:
'Tis Impudence, not Constancy.

I'll bend your stubborn Heart, and make you fear.

Psy. Dread Goddess! How have I
Provok'd so your unwonted Cruelty?

Venus. You did usurp my Honours; Men to you
Did give that Worship, which to me was due:
For you they did my Deity despise,
And wou'd have rais'd up Altars to your Eyes.

Psy. Is Beauty then (Heaven's Gift) a Fault in me?
It is a Fault I cannot help; you see.

Ven. Your Pride did first all Earthly Kings refuse.

And then my Son, a God, must chuse.
How durst you thus my heav'nly Race abuse?

Psy. Against all Kings he harden'd my poor Heart,
And for himself he struck me with his Dart:
His Beauty wou'd make Hearts of Stone to melt,
And his Almighty Pow'r your self have felt.

Ven. Dare you with me expostulate?

I'll make you feel the worst Effects of Hate:

My Pow'r you fatally shall know.

And for your Insolence to Hell shall go. [Venus flies away.

Enter Nicander and Polynices.

Nican. How long shall we our Search pursue,

With-

Without all Hope that we shall *Psyche* find?

Polyn. Each Day our weary Labour we renew,
And all our Life must be for that design'd.

Nican. What happy Vision does salute my Eyes!

Polyn. It must be *Psyche's* Face, that can so much surprise.

Nican. At length the Joy of both our Lives is found;
Blest Fate! that brought us to this sacred Ground!

Polyn. Oh Divine *Psyche*! you're at length restor'd;
We will defend you now from future Harms.

Nican. Now we have found the Goddess we ador'd,
We will protect her against all Hell's Charms.

Psyc. Oh come not near; Heav'n does not me restore:
I have committed an unknown Offence,

For which I must be snatch'd from hence;
And, Princes! I shall never see your more.

[*Furies rise, and then descend with Psyche.*]

Nican. Oh cruel Fate!

Polyn. Oh my curst Stars!

Enter Soldier.

Sold. Fall on, fall on! —

*Enter Soldiers, who lay in Ambush, and fall upon the Princes,
who kill four or five of them, the rest fly.*

Nican. This from the envious Sisters must proceed.

Polyn. 'T must be their Stratagem to make us bleed.

Nican. Why should we thus our Lives defend,
Since *Psyche* we've for ever lost?

Polyn. 'Tis fit our hated Lives should end,
But not that Slaves shou'd of the Victory boast.

Nican. I am resolv'd I'll not this Loss survive.

Polyn. Nor should you think I am so tame to live.

Nican. Let's Hand in Hand go plunge into the Deep;
There all our Sorrows may for ever sleep.

Polyn. Agreed: and our immortal Souls shall that Way go,
And meet our much lov'd *Psyche* down below.

[*They Arm in Arm fling themselves into the River.*
Enter Aglaura and Cydippe, with Soldiers.

Aglau. Villain, what Cowards did you entertain,
That two weak Men could not by you be slain?

Cyd.

Cyd. Oh Heav'n! The Princess are with *Psyche* fled.
Base Slave! thou hast forfeited thy Head.

[*Soldier runs out.*]

Cupid descends.

Cup. Oh envious Fools, that *Psyche* thus pursue!
You both shall soon a deserv'd Vengeance find;
Hell's everlasting Pangs to you are due;
Since she is gone, you shall not stay behind.
'Gainst *Psyche* you provok'd my Mother's Rage;
And your Destruction must my Wrath assuage.
When from below my *Psyche* shall return,
You with damn'd Spirits shall for ever mourn.
Arise, ye Furies, snatch 'em down to Hell;
No Place becomes such envious Hags so well.

[*Aglaure and Cydippe sink.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE represents Hell, consisting of many burning Ruins of Buildings on each Side: In the foremost Pieces are the Figures of *Prometheus* and *Sisyphus*, *Ixion* and *Tantalus*. Beyond those are a great Number of Furies and Devils, tormenting the Damned. In the Middle arises the Throne of *Pluto*, consisting of Pillars of Fire; with him *Proserpina*; at their Feet sit *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*. With the Throne of *Pluto* arise a great Number of Devils and Furies, coming up at every Rising about the House. Through the Pillars of *Pluto's* Throne, at a great Distance, is seen the Gate of Hell, through which a Lake of Fire is seen; and at a huge Distance, on the farther Side of that Lake, are vast Crowds of the Dead, waiting for *Charon's* Boat. The following Song is sung by Furies and Devils.

TO

TO what great Distresses proud Psyche is brought!
 O the brave Mischief's our Malice has wrought!
 Such Actions become the black Subjects of Hell:
 Our great Prince of Darkness whom we will serve well.
 Chor. } Must to all Mortals, nay, Gods, show their Spight,
 } And in Horror and Torments of others delight.

How cool are our Flames, and how light are our Chains,
 If our Craft or our Cruelty Souls enow gains!
 In perpetual Howlings and Groans we take Pleasure;
 Our Joys by the Torments of others we measure.
 Chor. } To rob Heav'n of the Fair is our greatest Delight,
 } To Darkness seducing the Subjects of Light.

How little did Heav'n of its Empire take care,
 To let Pluto take the Rich, Witty, and Fair:
 While it does for it self Fools and Monsters preferre,
 The Blind, Ugly and Poor, and the Cripple reserve!
 Chor. } Heav'n all the worst Subjects for it self does prepare,
 } And leaves all the best for the Prince of the Air.
 [A Dance of Furies.

Cydip. Some Ease they find 'th' midst of Pain,
 When Hell does a new Subject gain.

Aglau. But in the hottest Flames this Sight would please,
 And Psyche's Howling will our greatest Torments ease.

Cyd. Were mine the hottest Furnace of all Hell,
 If she were there, my Flames I could bear well.

Aglau. Were I into some dreadful Cavern tost,
 Where the damn'd are bound in eternal Frost;
 Where gnashing Teeth and shuddering they lie,
 Cursing their Births, wishing in vain to die;
 To see her there would warm my icy Chain,
 And her extream Damnation thaw my Pain.

Cydip. But Oh! our Hell is yet to come!
 With Horror I expect my Doom.

Aglau. There our eternal Judges are!
 By their stern Looks, of Mercy I despair.

Psy. Does my too criminal Love deserve this Pain?
 Circled with Horror must I here remain?
 Through thousand Terrors I have been convey'd,
 With dismal Yellings, Shrieks and Groans dismay'd:
 O'er troubled Billows of eternal Fire,
 Where tortur'd Ghosts must howl, and ne'er expire:
 Where Souls ne'er rest, but feel fresh Torments still,
 Where furious Fiends their utmost Rage fulfil,
 Tossing poor howling Wretches to and fro,
 From raging Fires into eternal Snow;
 From thence to Flames, from thence to Ice again.
 In these Extreames they encounter equal Pain,
 And no refreshing Intervals can gain.
 The curst Fiends still laughing at their Moans,
 Hugging themselves to hear their Shrieks and Groans,
 Upbraiding them with all their Crimes on Earth.
 Each miserable Ghost curses in vain his Birth.

Encompass'd with these Horrors round,
 No Beam of Comfort have I found.
 Oh cruel *Venus*! Wilt thou ne'er relent?
 Canst thou of Love such an Example make?
 Can Love deserve such Punishment?
 Oh cruel *God*! thus to forsake
 Me at the Moment when I need him most!
 I fear he is for ever lost:
 I could endure the Horrors of this Place,
 Could I again behold his much lov'd Face.

Pluto sings. **R**efrain your Tears; you shall no Prisoner be,
 Beauty and Innocence in Hell are free:
 They're Treasons, Murders, Rapes and Thefts, thus
 Subjects to the infernal King. [bring
 You are no Subject of this Place:
 A God you must embrace.
 From Hell to Heav'n you must translated be,
 Where you shall live and love so all Eternity.

Proserp. Psyche, draw near: with thee this Present take,
Which, giv'n to Venus, soon thy Pains will make:
Of Beauty 'tis a Treasury divine,
And you're the Messenger she did design:
Lost Beauty this will soon restore,
And all Defects repair.

Mortals will now afresh her Beams adore,
And ease her Mind of Jealousie and Care.
No Beauty that has this can e'er despair.

Pluto. Here are your Sisters, who your Life once sought:
Their Malice to this Place has Psyche brought,
And against her all those dire Mischief's wrought.
For ever here they shall remain,
And shall in Hell suffer eternal Pain:
But Psyche shall a Deity embrace.

Proserp. Be gone, fair Psyche!

Pluto. Be gone, fair Psyche!

Both. Be gone, fair Psyche, from this Place!

Chor. of } For Psyche must the God of Love embrace.
all. For Psyche must the God of Love embrace.

Aglau. O Mercy, Mercy, Sister! we implore
You'll intercede for a Reprieve.

Cydip. No more our Malice can fair Psyche grieve;
You'll be a Goddess, we must you adore.

Minos. No Grace for you she shall obtain,
For you must here remain.

Yet for her sake we'll ease you of some Pain:
No raging Pangs of Sense here you shall know,
But must eternal Labours undergo;

And with the Belides for ever live,
Still shall with Death, but never die;

Each of you must draw Water in a Seive
To all Eternity.

[The envious Sisters sink, with all the Devils and Furies, and
the Throne of Pluto vanishes.

Psy. In vain, poor Sisters, I deplore your Fate,
Though living you pursu'd me with your Hate:

'Tis

'Tis a dark Cloud upon my Happiness;
 But I'll strive to forget what's past redress.
 Were't not for this, my Joys I could not bear;
 Immoderate Joy would overthrow,
 Were it not ballasted with Care.
 My Love! I shall enjoy thee now,
 Together we shall happy be,
 And live and love to all Eternity!

Enter the Ghosts of Polynices and Nicander.

[Psyche starts.

This was a dismal Tragedy!
 These are the Prince's Ghosts we see.
 Oh! what sad Chance has brought you down to me?

Nicand. We felt th' Extreams of Love and Grief,
 Which never cou'd have found Relief:
 And Hand in Hand we plung'd into the Deep,
 To seek Repose by Death's last Sleep.

Polyn. Since you were lost; to ease us of our Care,
 We both obey'd a generous Despair:

For since we could not live for you,
 Our miserable Lives we could not bear.
 To all th' insipid World we bad adieu,
 Since nothing that remain'd could please us there.

Nic. Death we enjoy'd, and heavy Life remov'd,
 For we in Death behold your Charms again:
 Those Charms, which both in Life and Death we lov'd;
 Which we had sigh'd and wept for there in vain.

Psyche. Poor Ghosts! Why would you suffer for my Sake?
 In vain too was your Death design'd,
 Now I no Recompence can make;
 And then by Force I was ungrateful and unkind.
 Could I have lov'd, your Merits were so much,
 Your equal Greatness and your Virtues such,
 I ne'er had fix'd my Choice on one of you,
 But must eternally have waver'd betwixt two.

[She Weeps.

Nic. Who would not willingly resign his Breath,
 Who by a glorious Death

The

Polyn.

The Honour of your Tears might gain?
I cannot now of Fate complain,
Nor would with tedious Fools above remain:
Nor can your Pity now or Love implore,

Since you from hence must mount above,
And must embrace th' all pow'rful God of Love,
And at an humble Distance we must you adore.

Nic. Nor can we you of Cruelty accuse,
Who for a God all mortal Kings refuse.

Polyn. Farewell: Our Destiny recalls us now,
And we t'immortal Happiness should go,

If without you it could be so.
Psy. Stay, Princes! and declare where, and what 'tis,
This everlasting Place of Bliss?

Nic. In cool sweet Shades, and in immortal Groves,
By Chrystal Rivulets, and eternal Springs;
Where the most beauteous Queens and greatest Kings
Do celebrate their everlasting Loves.

Polyn. In ever peaceful, fresh, and fragrant Bowers,
Adorn'd with never fading Fruits and Flowers;

Where perfum'd Winds refresh their Heat,
And where immortal Choirs their Loves repeat:

There your great Father we have seen,
Where he afresh enjoys his beauteous Queen.

Nic. Who did for hopeless Loves themselves destroy,
Are there the greatest Hero's far;

Your God with infinite and endless Joy
Rewards their meritorious Despair.

Polyn. Each Moment there does far out-go
The happiest Minute earthly Lovers know.

With soft eternal Chains of Love combin'd,
There they are ever youthful, ever kind:

Their endless Pleasure is all Ecstasie,
And not, like earthly Joys, disturb'd with Care;

Each fruitful Minute does new Pleasures bear,
From all unwelcome Interruption free;

Each Moment there more Pleasure is design'd,
Than mortal Lovers can, when first united, And,

Psy.

Pfyc. 'Tis fit that you those glorious Crowns should wear,
Of Friends and Rivals the unequal'd Pair.

Nic. The splendid Crowns of Lovers we've receiv'd;
But are by Heav'n of you bereav'd;
Strangers to Love we are alone;

Our Love is up to Adoration grown;
Our Hours in Contemplation we'll employ,
Of the transcendent Glory which you share;
Our am'rous Sighs shall turn to holy Pray'r;
While we that Friendship, which you made, enjoy.

Polyn. For ever without you we must remain.

And now we must no longer stay,
Lest we contribute to your Pain,
And your immortal Happiness delay.
Farewell for ever, and remember me.

Nic. Farewell for ever, and remember me!

[*Ex. Nic. and Pol.*]

Pfyc. Farewell! Such Friends and Rivals ne'er were found.
How much am I by Love and Honour bound! [*Ex. Pfyc.*]

*The SCENE changes to the Marsh, which was
in the former Act.*

Enter Psyche.

Pfyc. These Lovers must for ever in my Thoughts re-
And would for ever give me Pain, (main;
Did not the Thoughts of him my Mind employ,
Who'll banish all my Cares, and will compleat my Joy.
But ah! my Sufferings have transform'd me so,

My decay'd Face and languid Eyes,
My ruin'd Beauty he'll not know;
Or if he does, he will my Looks despise.

But I have here a sacred Treasury,
Which all my Ruins may repair,
Since it can make *Venus* her self more fair,

Is't an Offence if it be us'd by me? [*She opens the Box.*]

Oh! What dark Fumes oppress my clouded Brain!

I go, and never shall return again.

Farewell, my Love, for ever fare thee well. [*She swoons.*
Cupid

Cupid descends.

Cup. Love o'er my Anger has the Victory gain'd;

Thy Pardon is at Length obtain'd:

Thy Dangers and thy Sufferings I've known.

My Love has made them all my own:

With thee I languish'd, with thee did complain,

With thee I sigh'd and wept, and suffer'd all thy Pain.

Why dost thou hide thy conqu'ring Eyes?

Dost thou a Lover and a God despise?

Open thy pretty Eyes; I'm still the same,

I still retain my unresist'd Flame;

And all my Vows are still paid to thy sacred Name!

She's dead! she's dead! O whither art thou gone?

O Tyrant Death! what has thy bold Hand done?

O cruel Mother, whose insatiate Rage

Could thee against such Innocence engage!

Thou hast by this all Ties of Duty broke;

No longer I'll endure thy Yoke:

My filial Duty to Revenge shall turn,

You soon shall feel what to my Pow'r you owe;

With hopeless Love you shall for ever burn,

Your unregarded Pains no Ease shall know:

You still shall rage with Love, and to Despair shall bow.

Venus descends in her Chariot.

Ven. What Insolence is this I hear?

This from a Son I can no longer bear.

Resume your Duty, and put on your Fear.

Cup. Duty to her, who has made *Psyche* die!

Revenge shall Piety succeed,

Revenge shall make your cruel Heart to bleed.

And by your Torments you shall find that I

Am much the greater Deity.

Ven. Sure the great Thunderer asleep does lie,

Or does not hear this Blasphemy.

Cup. My Pow'r can make the Thund'rer bow;

You all the dire Effects of it shall know.

For thee, dear *Psyche*, full Revenge I'll take,

And of my Mother first I'll the Example make.

Who

What hellish Rage provok'd you to this Deed?
Whom Monsters would have spard, you have made bleed.

Ven. You suffer'd her my Glory t' invade;
And when I call'd *Apollo* to my Aid,
You did the fraudulent God suborn.
For you he that ambiguous Riddle made,
And promis'd Judgment did to Mercy turn:
And by that Oracle I was betray'd.
Now to deceive me is beyond his Pow'r,
Not all his Art can make her live one Hour;
For none but I cou'd *Psyche's* Life restore.

Cup. Can you? Oh do, and punish me;
If there were any Crime, 'twas mine;
For her I'd lose my Immortality.
Oh give me her, I'll all my Pow'r resign.

Here take my Quiver, take my Darts;
You, when, you please, shall rule all Hearts:
You shall the pow'r of Love to that of Beauty join.

Ven. *Psyche* and you have so provok'd my Hate,
Your Pray'rs as soon may alter Fate.

Cup. Behold the all-commanding Deity [Kneels.]
A humble Suppliant on his Knee!

Look on my Love! can you this Form destroy?

Oh my lov'd *Psyche*! Oh my only Joy!

Oh give me her! my Duty I'll retain;

Your Son for ever shall your humblest Slave remain.

Ven. I must be gone; you sigh and beg in vain.

Cup. Oh hear my Pray'rs! do not my Tears despise;
Behold the humble Off rings of my Eyes.

If ever yet true Grief you've felt,
Your marble Heart will at this Object melt.

Ah think what Pity to your Son is due!

Think but what Wonders he has wrought for you!

How many Hearts he has wounded for your sake!

Remember this, and then some Pity take.

Ven. No more for her will I neglected be,

Nor will I be affronted more by thee:

I'll be reveng'd on all your Insolence,

And with eternal Death I'll punish her Offence.

Cup.

Cup. Oh cruel Murtheress! I will take her Part,
And will revenge my self upon your Heart;
Against your Breast I'll sharpen every Dart.
You in Despair shall languish and decay;
Those feeble Charms y' have left shall fly away:
Languid shall be your Looks, and weak your Eyes,
Your former Worshippers shall your faint Beams despise.

No Lover more you e'er shall gain,
I will be deaf, when ever you complain;
Without Love's Pow'r, all Beauty is but vain.
Its seeming Essence Beauty does derive
Only from the Reflection which Love makes,
Like that——

Which from reflected Light a Colour takes:
The Body does no being to it give.
Tremble at my Revenge, for well you know
What I by my resistless Pow'r can do.

Ven. Farewell, you insolent and daring Boy:
A living *Psyche* you shall ne'er enjoy.

[She mounts her Chariot, and flies away.]

Cup. Oh cruel Mother! do not fly;
Oh think how great must be that Misery
Makes an Immortal Being wish to die!
Spight of my self I must for ever live,
And without her eternally must grieve:
You I conjure by all the heav'nly Race,
By all the Pleasure of each stol'n Embrace;
By the most ravishing Moment of Delight
You ever had, free from your Husband's Sight,
By all the Joys of Day, and Raptures of the Night,
Return, return.

*[Venus being almost lost in the Clouds,
Cupid flies up and gets into her
Chariot, and brings her back.]*

Do but my *Psyche's* Life restore,

And I will never ask you more:

Do it; and all your Pleasures I'll renew,
And add a Thousand which you never knew.

Vol. II.

D

Ven.

Ven. At length your sad Complaints have soften'd me—
Psyche shall live.

Cup. Oh Heav'n!

Ven. But not for thee;
 Nature returns, and I forgive my Boy.
 Restor'd you her shall see, but never shall enjoy.

Cup. What dreadful Words are these I hear!

Jupiter appears upon his Eagle.

But lo! the mighty Thund'rer does appear,
 To him your Cruelty I will reveal:

To the great *Jupiter* I now appeal.

Soul of the World, I beg you'll do me right,
 Against my savage Mother's Rage and Spight.

Jup. Goddess of Beauty, you must gentle grow,

And your severe Decree recall;

T'almighty Love the Universe must bow,

And without him must to confusion fall:

On Earth no Prince, in Heav'n no Deity,

Is from his pow'rful Scepter free.

Do not the God of Union provoke,

Lest Heav'n and Earth feel his revenging Stroke.

Should he the utmost of his Rage employ,

He might the Frame o'th' Universe destroy.

Ven. Should he a Mortal for his Wife embrace,
 And by this hated Match blemish my heav'nly Race?

Jup. *Psyche* to him shall equal be,

She is no Mortal, she shall never die;

For I will give her Immortality.

Ven. This puts a happy end to all our Strife.

Psyche, arise; from seeming Death return,

And with my Son enjoy immortal Life,

Where you shall ever love, and never mourn.

[*Psyche revives.*

Psys. Who is it calls me from Death's silent Night,

And makes me thus revisit Light?

Oh Gods! am I again blest with thy Sight!

Cup. For ever both your God-heads I'll adore,

Who did my *Psyche* to my Arms restore;

Nor Hell nor Heav'n shall make me quit thee more.

Psysc.

Psy. Do I again view thy Celestial Face!

Cup. Do I again my Dear, my Love embrace!

Jup. Come, happy Lovers, you with me shall go,
Where you the utmost joys of Love shall know:
Amongst the Gods I *Psyche* will translate,
And they shall these blest Nuptials celebrate:
In Honour to them, I will summon all
The Pow'rs of Heav'n to keep a Festival.

The SCENE changes to a Heaven. In the highest Part is the Palace of Jupiter; the Columns and all the Ornaments of it of Gold. The lower Part is all fill'd with Angels and Cupids, with a round open Temple in the midst of it. This Temple is just before the Sun, whose Beams break fiercely through it in divers Places. Below the Heavens, several Semicircular Clouds, of the Breadth of the whole House, descend. In these Clouds sit the Musicians, richly Habited. On the front Cloud sits Apollo alone. While the Musicians are descending, they play a Symphony, till Apollo begins, and sings, as follows.

Apollo Sings.

Assemble all the Heavenly Choir,
And let the God of Love inspire
Your Hearts with his Celestial Fire.

The God of Love's a happy Lover made,
His ravishing Delights shall never fade.

[Chorus of Apollo's Followers with Flagellets and Recorders.
With his Immortal *Psyche* He
Now tastes those Joys, which ought to be
As lasting as Eternity.

Apollo. Come, Lovers, from the Elysian Groves,
And celebrate these heavenly Loves.

[A Symphony of Pipes, then Enter six
Princes of Elysium, with six Ladies.

Apollo. Bacchus, with all your jolly Crew,
Come revel at these Nuptials too.

[A Symphony of Hautboys: Then enter Bacchus,
with the Menades and Egiphanes.]

Apollo. *Come, all ye winged Spirits of the Skies,
And all ye mighty Duties.*

[A Symphony of Recorders. Cupids and Spirits
descend, hanging in the Skies, Gods and God-
desses in Chariots and Clouds.]

Apollo. *You all his humble Vassals are,
And in his Joy should have a Share.*

Chor. *With his immortal Psyche he
Now tastes, &c.*

1 Elysian Lover sings a Treble.

*On Earth by Unkindness are often destroy'd
The Delights in the Nymphs, who are so much ador'd;
Or else the poor Lovers by Kindness are cloy'd,
So faint are the Pleasures their Love does afford.*

2 Treble. *With Sighs and with Tears,
With Jealousies, Grievs, and with Fears
The wretched poor Lover is tost;
For a few moments Pleasure his Liberty's lost.*

3 Treble. *How short are those Moment's, yet how few they
Ah how short! ah how short is the Joy! (employ!)*

2 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the Joy!*

1 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the Joy!*

Chorus of three Trebles to the Recorder, Organ,
and Harpsicord.

*Thus wretched Mankind does suffer below,
And in Heav'n each Godhead to Cupid does bow;
But Love, Love, was ne'er perfect till now.*

[A Symphony of soft Musick of all the Instruments. Then
Jupiter descends in a Machine, with Cupid on one
side, and Psyche on the other. Then a Dance of six
Elysian Princes, gloriously habited.]

Mars sings to a Warlike Movement.

*Behold the God, whose mighty Pow'r
We all have felt, and all adore;*

PSYCHE.

77

To him I all my Triumphs owe,
To him my Trophies I must yield:
He makes victorious Monarchs bow,
And from the Conqueror gains the Field.

Chorus to Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, Flutes, and
Warlike Musick.

He turns all the Horrors of War to delight;
And were there no Love, no Heroes would fight.

[A Returnello by Martial Instruments, &c.

Mars. Honour to battle spurs them on,
Honour brings Pow'r, when War is done:
But who would venture Life for Pow'r,
Only to govern dull Mankind?
'Tis Woman, Woman they adore;
For Beauty they those Dangers find.

Chorus to warlike Musick.

No Princes the Toys of Ambition would prove,
Or Dominion would prize, if it were not for Love.

[A Returnello again.

Bacchus. The Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of good
(Wine
To the Pow'r and the Pleasures of Love must resign:
Though the Night in the Joys of good Drinking be
(past,
The Debauches but till the next Morning will last.

Chorus to Hautboys and Rustick Musick of Menades
and Egipanes.

But Love's great Debauch is more lasting and strong;
For that often lasts a Man all his Life long.

[A Returnello again.

Bacchus. Love and Wine are the Bonds, which fasten us all,
The World but for these to confusion would fall:
Were it not for the Pleasures of Love and good Wine,
Mankind for each Trifle their Lives would resign.

Chorus. *They'd not value dull Life, or would live without*
(thinking;
Nor would Kings rule the World but for Love and
(good Drinking.
 [A Returnello again.

Apollo. *But to Love, to Love the great Uaion they owe;*
All in Earth and in Heav'n to his Scepter must bow.

A general Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments. The
 Dancers mingle with the Singers.

All Joy to this Celestial Pair,
Who thus by Heav'n united are:
'Tis a great Thing, worth Heav'n's Design,
To make Love's Pow'r with Beauty's joy.

[Six Attendants to the *Elysian* Princes bring in Por-
 tico's of Arbours, adorn'd with Festoons and Gar-
 lands, through which the Princes and they dance,
 the Attendants still placing them in several Figures.

Jup. For ever happy in your *Psyche* be,
 Who now is crown'd with Immortality;
 On Earth Love never is from Troubles free,
 But here 'tis one eternal Exaltie:
 'Mongst all the Joys which Heav'n and Earth can find,
 Love's the most glorious object of the Mind.





EPILOGUE.

W *Hate'er the Poet has deserv'd from you,
Would you the Actors for his Faults undo,
The Painter, Dancer, and Musician too?
For you those Men of Skill have done their best;
But we deserve much more than all the rest.
We have stak'd all we have, to treat you here,
And therefore, Sirs, you should not be severe.
We in one Vessel have adventur'd all;
The loss, should we be Shipwreck'd, were not small.
But if it be decreed that we must fall,
We fall with Honour. Gallants, you can tell,
No Foreign Stage can ours in Pomp excel,
And here none e'er shall treat you half so well.
Poor Players have this Day that Splendor shown,
Which yet but by Great Monarchs has been done.
Whilst our rich Neighbours mock us for't, we know
Already th' utmost they intend to do.
Yet all the Fame you give 'em we allow,
To their best Plays, and their best Actors too.*

But, Sirs——

*Good Plays from Censure here you'll not exempt,
Yet can like Farces there below Contempt;
Drolls which so coarse, so dull, so bawdy are,
The dirty Rout would damn 'em in a Fair:*

EPILOGUE.

Yet Gentlemen such Stuff will daily see;
Nay, Ladies too will in the Boxes be:
What is become of former Modesty?

Yes: —————

Best Judges will our Ornaments allow,
Though they the wrong side of the Arras show.
But Oh! a long farewell to all this sort
Of Plays, which this vast Town cannot support.
If you could be content th' Expence to bear,
We would improve and treat you better, ev'ry Year.



THE
LIBERTINE:
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by His

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

THE
LIBERTINE

TRAGEDY

IN TWO ACTS

MASTERY



PRINTED BY J. W. MASON



To the Most Illustrious PRINCE
WILLIAM,
Duke, Marquess and Earl
of Newcastle.

May it please your GRACE,



HE Favours have been so many and
so great, which your Grace's unwea-
ried Bounty has conferred upon me,
that I cannot omit this Opportunity
of telling the World, how much I
have been obliged, and by whom.

My Gratitude will not suffer me to smother the
Favours in Silence; nor the Pride, they have rais'd
me to, let me conceal the Name of so excellent a
Patron. The Honour of being favour'd by the
Great Newcastle is equal with any real Merit;
I am sure, infinitely above mine. Yet the Encou-
rage-

Epistle Dedicatory.

ragement I receive from your Grace, is the certain Way to make the World believe I have some Desert, or to create in me the most favourable Thoughts of my self. My Name may thus, when otherwise it would perish, live in after-Ages, under the Protection of your Grace's, which is famous abroad, and will be eterniz'd in this Nation, for your Wit beyond all Poets; Judgment and Prudence, before all Statesmen; Courage and Conduct, above all Generals; Constancy and Loyalty, beyond all Subjects; Virtue and Temperance, beyond all Philosophers; for Skill in Weapons, and Horsemanship, and all other Arts besitting your Quality, excelling all Noblemen: And lastly for those Eminent Services in defence of your King and Country, with an Interest and Power much exceeding all, and with Loyalty equalling any Nobleman. And indeed the first was so great, that it might justly have made the greatest Prince afraid of it, had it not been so strongly secured by the latter.

All these Heroick Qualities I admired, and worshipp'd at a Distance, before I had the Honour to wait upon your Grace at your House. For so vast was your Bounty to me, as to find me out in my Obscurity, and oblige me several Years before you saw me at *Welbeck*; where (when I arrived) I found a Respect so extreamly above the Meanness of my Condition, that I still received it with Blushes; having had nothing to

Epistle Dedicatory.

recommend me, (but the Birth and Education, without the Fortune, of a Gentleman) besides some Writings of mine, which your Grace was pleas'd to like. Then was soon added to my former Worship and Admiration infinite Love, and infinite Gratitude, and a Eride of being favour'd by one, in whom I observ'd a Majesty equal with greatest Princes, yet Affability exceeding ordinary Gentlemen; a Greatness, that none e'er approach'd without Awe, or parted from without Satisfaction.

Then (by the great Honour I had to be so daily admitted into your Grace's publick and private Conversation,) I observ'd that admirable Experience and Judgment surmounting all the Old, and the Vigoroufness of Wit, and Smartness of Expression, exceeding all the Young I ever knew; and not only in sharp and apt Replies, the most excellent Way of pursuing a Discourse; but (which is much more difficult) by giving easie and unforced Occasions, the most admirable Way of beginning one; and all this adapted to Men of all Circumstances and Conditions: Your Grace being able to discourse with every Man in his own way; which, as it shews you to be a most accurate Observer of all Mens Tempers, so it shews your Excellency in all their Arts. But when I had the Favour daily to be admitted at your Grace's more retir'd Conversation, when I alone enjoyed the Honour, I must declare, I never spent my Hours
with

Epistle Dedicatory.

with that Pleasure, or Improvement; nor shall I ever enough acknowledge that, and the rest of the Honours done me by your Grace, as much above my Condition as my Merit.

And now, my Lord, after all this, imagine not I intend this small Present of a Play (though favoured here by those I most wish it should be) as any Return; for all the Services of my Life cannot make a sufficient one. I only lay hold on this Occasion to publish to the World your great Favours, and the grateful Acknowledgments of,

My most Noble Lord,

Your Grace's most Obligated,

Humble and Obedient Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.



THE PREFACE

THE Story, from which I took the Hint of this Play, is famous all over Spain, Italy, and France: It was first put into a Spanish Play (as I have been told) the Spaniards having a Tradition (which they believe) of such a vicious Spaniard as is represented in this Play. From them the Italian Comedians took it; and from them the French took it, and four several French Plays were made upon the Story.

The Character of the Libertine, and consequently those of his Friends, are borrowed; but all the Plot, 'till the latter End of the fourth Act, is new: And all the rest is very much varied from any Thing, which has been done upon the Subject.

I hope the Readers will excuse the Irregularities of the Play, when they consider, that the Extravagance of the Subject forced me to it: And I had rather try new Ways to please, than to write on in the same Road, as too many do. I hope that the severest Reader will not be offended at the Representation of those Vices, on which they will see a dreadful Punishment inflicted. And I have been told by a worthy Gentleman, that many Years ago (when

P R E F A C E.

(when first a Play was made upon this Story in Italy) he has seen it acted there by the Name of *Athello Fulminato*, in Churches on Sundays, as a Part of Devotion; and some, not of the least Judgment and Piety here, have thought it rather an useful Moral than an Encouragement to Vice.

I have no Reason to complain of the Success of this Play, since it pleased those, whom, of all the World, I would please most. Nor was the Town unkind to it; for which Reason I must applaud my good Fortune, to have pleased with so little Pains: There being no Act in it, which cost me above five Days Writing; and the last two, (the Play-house having great Occasion for a Play) were both written in four Days, as several can testify; and this I dare declare, notwithstanding the foul, coarse, and ill-manner'd Censure passed upon them, (who write Plays in three, four, or five Weeks time) by a rough hobbling Rhymers, in his Postscript to another Man's Play, which he spoil'd, and called *Love and Revenge*; I having before publicly owned the writing two Plays in so short a Time. He ought not to have measured any Man's Abilities, who writes for the Stage, with his own; for some may write that in three Weeks, which he cannot in three Years. But he is angry that any Man would write Sense so easily, when he finds it so laborious a Thing to write even Fustian, that he is believed to have been three Years drudging upon the Conquest of China. But he ought not to be called a Poet, who cannot write ten times a better in three Weeks.

I cannot here pass by his sawey Epistle to this Conquest, which (instead of Expressions of just Respect due to the Birth and Merit of his Patron) is stuffed with Railing against others. And first he begins with the Vanity of his Tribe. What Tribe
that

P R E F A C E.

that really is, it is not hard to guess; but all the Poets will bear me Witness it is not theirs, who are sufficiently satisfied, that he is no more a Poet than Servant to his Majesty, as he presumes to write himself; which I wonder he will do, since Protections are taken off: I know not what Place he is sworn into in Extraordinary, but I am sure there is no such Thing as Poet in Extraordinary.

But I wonder (after all his Railing) he will call these Poets his Brethren; if they were, methinks he might have more natural Affection than to abuse his Brethren: But he might have spared that Title, for we can find no Manner of Relation betwixt him and them; they are all Gentlemen, that will not own him, or keep him Company: And that perhaps is the Cause, which makes him so angry with them, to tax them, in his ill-manner'd Epistle, with Impudence, which he (having a particular Affection for his own Vice) calls by the Name of Frailty. Impudence indeed is a very pretty Frailty!

But (whatever the Poets are guilty of) I wish he had as much of Poetry in him, as he has of that Frailty, for the good of the Duke's Theatre; they might then have Hopes of gaining as much by his good Sense, as they have lost by his Fustian.

Thus much I thought fit to say in Vindication of the Poets; though, I think, he had not Authority enough (with Men of Sense) to fix any Calumny upon the Tribe, as he calls it. For which Reason I shall never trouble my self to take Notice of him hereafter, since all Men of Wit will think, that he can do the Poets no greater Injury, than pretending to be one. Nor had I said so much in answer to his coarse Railing, but to reprehend his Arrogance, and lead him to a little better Knowledge of himself; nor does his base Language in his Postscript deserve a better Return.

P R O.



PROLOGUE.

OUR Author sent me hither for a Scout,
To Spy what bloody Criticks were come out;
Those Piccaroons in Wit, who infest this Road,
And snar both Friend and Foe, that come abroad.
This Savage Party crueller appears,
Than in the Chancel Ostend Privateers;
You, in this Road, or sink or plunder all;
Remorseless as a Storm on us you fall:
But as a Merchant, when by Storms distress'd,
Flings out his bulky Goods to save the rest,
Hoping a Calm may come, he keeps the best;
In this black Tempest, which o'er us depends,
Near Rocks and Quick-sands, and no Ports of Friends,
Our Poet gives this over to your Rage,
The most irregular Play upon the Stage.
As wild, and as extravagant as the Age.
Now, angry Men, to all your Spleens give vent;
When all your Fury has on this been spent,
Else-where, you with much worse will be content.
The Poet has no Hopes you'll be appeas'd,
Who come on Purpose but to be displeas'd:
Such corrupt Judges should excepted be,
Who can condemn before they hear or see.
Ne'er were such bloody Criticks yet in Fashion,
Yas damn'd by absolute Predestination.

But

PROLOGUE.

But why, so many to run one Man down?
It were a mighty Triumph, when I have done!
Our scarcity of Plays you should not blame,
When by foul poaching you destroy the Game.
Let him but have fair Play, and he may then,
Write himself into Favour once again.
If after this your Anger you'll reveal,
To Cæsar he must make his great Appeal;
There Mercy and Judgment equally do meet,
To pardon Faults, and to encourage Wit.



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Don John, The Libertine; A rash fearless Man, guilty of all Vice.

Don Antonio,
Don Lopez, } *His two Friends.*

Don Oclavio, Brother to Maria.

Jacomo, Don John's Man.

Leonora, Don John's Mistress, abused by him, yet follows him for Love.

Maria, Abused by Don John, and following him for Revenge.

Flora, Her Maid.

Don Francisco, Father to Clara and Flavia.

Clara,
Flavia, } *His Daughters.*

Six Women, All Wives to Don John.

Hermite.

Two Gentlemen, Intended for Husbands to Clara and Flavia.

Ghosts.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Old Woman.

Officer and Soldiers.

Singers, Servants, Attendants.

THE



THE LIBERTINE

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio,
and Jacomo.*

DON JOHN.



HUS far without a bound we have enjoy'd
Our prosperous Pleasures, which dull Fools
call Sins;

Laugh'd at old feeble Judges, and weak Laws;
And at the fond fantastick thing, call'd Con-
science,

Which serves for nothing but to make Men Cowards;
An idle Fear of future Misery;
And is yet worse than all that we can fear.

D. Lop. Conscience, made up of dark and horrid Thoughts,
Rais'd from the Fumes of a distemper'd Spleen.

D. An. A senseless Fear, would make us contradict
The only certain Guide, infallible Nature;

And at the call of Melancholy Fools,
(Who stile all Actions, which they like not, Sins)

To

To silence all our natural Appetites. (swade us

D. John. Yet those conscientious Fools, that would per-
To I know not what, which they call Piety,
Have in Reserve private delicious Sins,
Great as the happy Libertine enjoys,
With which, in Corners, wantonly they roll.

D. Lop. Don *John*, thou art our Oracle; thou hast
Dispell'd the Fumes, which once clouded our Brains.

D. Ant. By thee we have got loose from Education,
And the dull slavery of Pupillage,
Recover'd all the Liberty of Nature,
Our own strong Reason now can go alone,
Without the feeble Props of Splenetick Fools,
Who contradict our common Mother, Nature:

D. John. Nature gave us our Senses, which we please:
Nor does our Reason war against our Sense.

By Nature's Order, Sense should guide Reason;
Since to the Mind all Objects Sense conveys.

But Fools for Shadows lose substantial Pleasures,
For idle Tales abandon true Delight,
And solid Joys of Day for empty Dreams at Night.

Away, thou foolish Thing, thou Cholick of the Mind,
Thou Worm by ill digesting Stomachs bred:

In spight of thee, we'll surfeit in Delights,
And never think ought can be ill that's pleasant.

Jacom. A most excellent Sermon! and no doubt, Gen-
tlemen, you have edify'd much by it.

D. John. Away! thou formal phlegmatick Coxcomb;
Hast neither Courage, nor yet Wit enough (thou
To Sin thus. Thou 'rt my dull conscientious Pimp,
And when I'm wanton with my Whore within,
Thou with thy Beads and Pray'r-Book keep'st the Door.

Jacom. Sir, I find your Worship is no more afraid to
be damn'd, than other fashionable Gentlemen of the Age;
but, methinks, Halts and Axes should terrify you. With
Reverence to your Worship, I've seen civiler Men hang'd,
and Men of as pretty Parts too. There's scarce a City in
Spain but is too hot for you, you have committed such
Outrages wheresoever you come.

D. Lop.

D. *Lop.* Come, for Diversion, pray let's hear your Fool preach a little.

Facom. For my part, I cannot but be troubled, that I shall lose my Honour by you, Sir; for People will be apt to say, like Master, like Man.

D. *John.* Your Honour, Rascal! a Sow-gelder may better pretend to it.

Facom. But I have another Scruple, Sir.

D. *John.* What's that?

Facom. I fear I shall be hang'd in your Company.

D. *John.* That's an Honour you will ne'er have Courage to deserve.

Facom. 'Tis an Honour I am not ambitious of.

D. *Lop.* Why, does the Fool talk of hanging? we scorn all Laws.

Facom. It seems so, or you would not have cut your elder Brother's Throat, Don Lopez.

D. *Lop.* Why, you Coxcomb, he kept a good Estate from me, and I could not Whore and Revel sufficiently without it.

D. *Ant.* Look you, *Facomio*, had he not Reason?

Facom. Yes, *Antonio*; so had you to get both your Sisters with Child; 'twas very civil, I take it.

D. *Ant.* Yes, you Fool; they were lusty young handsome Wenches, and pleas'd my Appetite. Besides, I sav'd the Honour of the Family by it; for if I had not, some body else would.

Facom. O horrid Villany!

But you are both Saints to my hopeful Master; I'll turn him loose to *Beelzebub* himself, He shall out-do him at his own Weapons.

D. *John.* I, you Rascal!

Facom. Oh, no Sir; you are as innocent.—To cause your good old Father to be kill'd, was nothing.

D. *John.* It was something, and a good thing too, Sirrah: His whole Design was to debar me of my Pleasures: He kept his Purse from me, and could not be content with that, but still would preach his senseless Morals to me, his old dull foolish stuff against my Pleasure.

sure. I could have been sent I know not whither. But he believ'd he was to go Heaven; I care not where he is, since I am rid of him.

Facom. Cutting his Throat was a very good return for his begetting of you.

D. John. That was before he was aware on't; 'twas for his own sake: he ne'er thought of me in the Business.

Facom. Heaven bless us!

D. John. I shall beat out your Brains, if you dare be so impudent as to pray in my Company.

Facom. Good Sir, I have done, I have done——

D. Lop. Prythee let the insipid Fool go on.

D. Ant. Let's hear the Coxcomb number up your Crimes, The Patterns we intend to imitate.

Facom. Sir, let me lay your horrid Crimes before you: Th' unhappy Minute may perhaps arrive, When the Sense of 'em may make you Penitent.

D. Ant. 'Twere better thou wert hang'd.

D. Lop. Repent! Cowards and Fools do that.

D. John. Your valiant well-bred Gentlemen never repent: But what should I repent of?

Facom. After the Murder of your Father, the brave Don Pedro, Governour of Sevil, for whom the Town is still in Grief, was in his own House barbarously kill'd by you.

D. John. Barb'rously! you lie, you Rascal; 'twas finely done: I run him through the Lungs as handsomely, and kill'd him as decently, and as like a Gentleman, as could be. The jealous Coxcomb deserv'd Death, he kept his Sister from me; her Eyes would have kill'd me, if I had not enjoy'd her, which I could not do without killing him: Besides, I was alone, and kill'd him hand to fist.

Facom. I never knew you go to Church, but to take Sanctuary for a Murder, or to rob Churches of their Plate.

D. John. Heaven needs not to be serv'd in Plate, but I had use on't.

Facom. How often have you scal'd the Walls of Monasteries? Two Nuns, I know, you ravish'd, and a third you dangerously wounded for her violent Resistance.

D. John.

D. John. The perverse Jades were uncivil, and deserv'd such Usage.

Jacom. Some thirty Murders, Rapes innumerable, frequent Sacrilege, Parricide; in short, not one in all the Catalogue of Sins has 'scap'd you.

D. John. My Business is my Pleasure; that End I will always compass, without scrupling the Means; there is no right or wrong, but what conduces to, or hinders Pleasure. But, you tedious insipid Rascal, if I hear more of your Morality, I will Carbonade you.

D. An. We live the Life of Sense, which no fantastick thing, call'd Reason, shall controul.

D. Lop. My Reason tells me, I must please my Sense.

D. John. My Appetites are all, I'm sure, I have from Heaven, since they are Natural; and them I always will obey.

Jacom. I doubt it not, Sir; therefore I desire to shake Hands, and part.

D. John. D'ye hear, Dog; talk once more of parting, and I will saw your Wind-pipe, I could find in my Heart to cut your Rascal's Nose off, and save the Fox a labour: I'll do't, Sirrah; have at you.

Jacom. Good Sir, be not so transported; I will live, Sir, and will serve you in any thing; I'll fetch a Wench, or any thing in the World, Sir.—O how I tremble at this Tyrant's Rage.

D. An. Come, 'tis Night; we lose time: To our Adventures. [Aside.]

D. Lop. I have bespoke Musick for our Serenading.

D. John. Let's on, and live the noblest Life of Sense. To all the pow'rs of Love, and mighty Lust, I will be just.

In spite of formal Fops, I will be just.
What ways so'er conduce to my Delight,

My Sense instructs me, I must think 'em right.

On, on, my Soul, and make no stop in Pleasure;

They're dull insipid Fools that live by Measure.

Jacom. What will become of me? If I should leave him, he's so revengeful, he would travel o'er all Spain to find
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find me out, and cut my Throat. I cannot live long with him neither: I shall be hang'd, or knock'd o'th' Head, or share some dreadful Fate or other with him. 'Tis between him and me, as between the Devil and the Witch, who repents her Bargain, and would be free from future Ills, but for the fear of Present durst not venture.

Enter Leonora.

Here comes *Leonora*, one of that Multitude of Ladies he has sworn, ly'd to, and betray'd.

Leon. Jacomo, where's Don *John*? I could not live to endure a longer Absence from him. I have sigh'd and wept my self away: I move, but have no Life left in me. His Coldness and his Absence have given me fearful and killing Apprehensions. Where is my Dear?

Jacom. Your Dear, Madam! He's yours no more.

Leon. Heaven! What do I hear? Speak, is he dead?

Jacom. To you he is.

Leon. Ah me! has he forgot his Vows and Oaths? Has he no Conscience, Faith, or Honour left?

Jacom. Left, Madam? he ne'er had any.

Leon. It is impossible; you speak this out of Malice, sure.

Jacom. There's no Man knows him better than I do. I have a greater Respect for you, than for any he has betray'd, and will undeceive you: He is the most perfidious Wretch alive.

Leon. Has he forgot the sacred Contract, which was made privately betwixt us, and confirm'd before the Altar, during the time of Holy Mass?

Jacom. All Times and Places are alike to him.

Leon. Oh how assiduous was he in his Passion! How many thousand Vows and Sighs he breath'd! What Tears he wept, seeming to suffer all The cruel Pangs which Lovers e'er endur'd! How eloquent were all his Words and Actions!

Jacom. His Person and his Parts are excellent, but his base Vices are beyond all Measure: Why would you believe him?

Leon.

Leon. My own Love brib'd me to believe him:
I saw the Man I lov'd more than the World,
Oft on his Knees, with his Eyes lift up to Heaven,
Kissing my Hand with such an amorous Heat,
And with such Ardour breathing fervent Vows
Of loyal Love, and venting sad Complaints
Of extreme Sufferings. I, poor easy Soul,
Flatt'ring my self to think he meant as I did,
Lost all my Sex's Faculty, Dissembling,
And in a Month must I be thus betray'd?

Jacom. Poor Lady! I cannot but have Bowels for you:
your sad Narration makes me weep, in sadness: But you
are better us'd than others. I ne'er knew him constant a
Fortnight before.

Leon. Then, he promis'd he would marry me.

Jacom. If we were to live here one Month longer, he
wou'd marry half the Town, ugly and handsome, old and
young: Nothing that's Female comes amiss to him.

Leon. Does he not fear a Thunderbolt from Heaven?

Jacom. No, nor a Devil from Hell. He owns no Deity
but his voluptuous Appetite, whose Satisfaction he will
compass by Murders, Rapes, Treasons, or ought else.
But pray let me ask you one civil Question; Did you not
give him Earnest of your Body, Madam?

Leon. Mock not my Misery.

Jacom. Why, there 'tis; I fear you have, or else he
would have married you: He has married six within this
Month, and has promis'd fifteen more, all whom he has
enjoy'd, and left; and is this Night gone on some new
Adventure, some Rape, or Murder, some such petty
Thing.

Leon. Oh Monster of Impiety!
O false Don John! Wonder of Cruelty!

Jacom. What a pox, does she swoon at the News! *[She Swoons.]*
Alas! poor Soul, she has mov'd me now to Pity, as she
did him to Love. Ha! the Place is private. If I
should make use of a natural Receipt to refresh her, and
bring her to Life again, 'twould be a great Pleasure to me,
and no Trouble to her. Hum! 'tis very private, and I
dare

dare sin in Private. A deuce take her, she revives, and prevents me.

Leon. Where is the cruel Tyrant! Inhumane Monster! But I will strive to fortify my self.

But Oh my Misfortune! Oh my Misery!

Under what strange Enchantments am I bound!

Could he be yet a thousand times more Impious,
I could not chuse but love his Person still.

Jacom. Be not so passionate; if you could be discreet, and love your self, I'd put you in a way to ease your Grief now, and all your Cares hereafter.

Leon. If you can, now ease an afflicted Woman,
Who else must shortly rid her self of Life.

Imploy your Charity: 'twas never plac'd
Yet on a Wretch needed it more than I.

Jacom. If Loyalty in a Lover be a Jewel, say no more; I can tell you where you may have it —

Leon. Speak not of Truth in Man: it is impossible.

Jacom. Pardon me, I speak on my own Knowledge.

Leon. Is your Master true then? And have you happily deceiv'd me? Speak.

Jacom. As true as all the Pow'r of Hell can make him.

Leon. If he be false, let all the World be so.

Jacom. There's another-guess Man than he, Madam.

Leon. Another! Who can that be?

No, no, there's no Truth to be found in the Sex.

[*Aside.*

Jacom. He is a civil, virtuous, and discreet, sober Person.

Leon. Can there be such a Man? What does he mean?

Jacom. There is, Madam; a Man of goodly Presence too — Something inclining to be fat, of a round plump Face, with quick and sparkling Eyes, and Mouth of cheerful overture — his Nose, which is the only Fault, is somewhat short; but that's no Matter: — His Hair and Eyebrows black, and so forth.

Leon. How! he may perhaps be brib'd by some other Man; and what he said of his Master may be false. [*Aside.*

Jacom.

Facom. How she surveys me! Fa la la.

[Sings and struts about.]

Leon. Who is this you speak of?

Facom. A Man, who, Envy must confess, has excellent Parts; but those are Gifts, Gifts—meer Gifts—Thanks be to Heaven for them.

Leon. But shall I never know his Name?

Facom. He's one, whom many Ladies have honour'd with their Affection; but no more of that: They have met Disdain, and so forth. But he'll be content to marry you: Fa, la, la, la.

Leon. Again I ask you who he is.

[Sings.]

Facom. Lord, how inapprehensive she is! Can you not guess?

Leon. No.

Facom. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Leon. Yours, Sir.

Facom. It is my Self in Person; and, upon my Honour, I will be true and constant to you.

Leon. Insolent Varlet! Am I fallen so low, to be thy Scorn?

Facom. As I am a Christian Soul, I am in earnest.

Leon. Audacious Villain! Impudence it self!

Facom. Ah, Madam! your Servant, your true Lover must endure a thousand such bobs from his Mistress; I can bear, Madam, I can.

Leon. Because thy Master has betray'd me, am I become so infamous?

Facom. 'Tis something hard, Madam, to reserve a good Reputation in his Company; I can scarce do't myself.

Leon. Am I so miserable to descend to his Man?

Facom. Descend, say you? Ha, ha, ha.

Leon. Now I perceive all's false, which you have said of him. Farewell, you base ungrateful Fellow.

Facom. Hold, Madam; come in the Morning, and I will place you in the next Room, where you shall over-hear our Discourse. You'll soon discover the Mistake, and

find who 'tis that loves you. Retire, Madam; I hear
somebody coming. *[Exeunt Jacamo, and Leonora.]*

Enter Don John in the Street.

D. John. Let me see; here lives a Lady: I have seen
Don Ottavio haunting about this House, and making pri-
vate Signs to her. I never saw her Face, but am resolv'd
to enjoy her, because he likes her: besides, she's a Woman.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio! Welcome to our place of Rendezvous. Well,
what Game? What Adventure?

Enter Lopez.

Come, dear *Lopez!*

D. Ant. I have had a rare Adventure.

D. Lop. What, dear *Antonio?*

D. Ant. I saw, at a *Villa* not far off, a grave mighty
bearded Fool, drinking *Lemonada* with his Mistress; I
mislik'd his Face, pluck'd him by the Whiskers, pull'd all
one side of his Beard off, fought with him, run him
through the Thigh, carry'd away his Mistress, serv'd her
in her kind, and then let her go.

D. John. Gallantly perform'd! like a brave Soldier in an
Enemie's Country, when they will not pay Contribution,
you fight for Forage.

D. Lop. Pox on't, I have been damnably unfortunate; I
have neither beat Man, nor lain with Woman to Night,
but fallen in Love most furiously: I dogg'd my new
Mistress to her Lodging; she's *Don Bernardino's* Sister, and
shall be my Punk.

D. John. I could meet with no willing Dame, but was
fain to commit a Rape, to pass away the time.

D. Ant. Oh! A Rape is the Joy of my Heart; I love a
Rape, upon my *Clavis*, exceedingly.

D. John. But mine, my Lads, was such a Rape, it
ought to be registred; a noble and heroick Rape.

D. Lop. Ah! dear *Don John!*

D. Ant. How was it?

D. John. 'Twas in a Church, Boys.

D. Ant. Ah! Gallant Leader!

D. Lop. Renown'd *Don John!*

D. Ant.

D. Ant. Come, let's retire; you have done enough for once.

D. John. Not yet, *Antonio*; I have an Intrigue here.

Enter Fiddlers.

Here are my Fiddlers. Rank your selves close under this Window, and sing the Song I prepar'd.

S O N G.

Thou Joy of all Hearts, and Delight of all Eyes,
Nature's chief Treasure, and Beauty's chief Prize,
Look down; you'll discover,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover;
With a Heart full as true,
As e'er languish'd for you;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

The Heart, that was once a Monarch in's Breast,
Is now your poor Captive, and can have no Rest;
'Twill never give over,

But about your sweet Bosom will baver.

Dear Miss, let it in,

By Heaven, 'tis no Sin;

Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

D. John. Now, Fiddlers, be gone.

[Window opens, *Maria* looks out, and flings a Paper down.

Mar. Retire, my dear *Octavio*; read that Note, *Adieu*.

[Exit *Maria*.]

D. John. Good! she takes me for *Octavio*. I warrant you, Boys, I shall succeed in this Adventure. Now my false Light assist me.

[Reads.] Go from this Window; within eight Minutes you shall be admitted to the Garden Door. You know the Sign.

Ha! the Sign! Gad she lies; I know not the Sign.

D. Ant. What will you do? you know not the Sign: Let's away and be contented this Night.

D. John. My Friends, if you love me, retire; I'll venture, though Thunder-bolts should fall upon my Head.

D. *Lop.* Are you mad? as soon as she discovers the deceit, she'll raise the House upon you, and you'll be murder'd.

D. *John.* She'll not raise the House for her own sake, but rather grant me all I ask, to keep her Counsel.

D. *Ant.* 'Tis very dangerous: be careful of your self.

D. *John.* The more Danger, the more Delight: I hate the common Road of Pleasure. What! Can I fear at such a time as this! the Cowardly Deer are valiant in their Rutting-time. I say, be gone——

D. *Ant.* We'll not dispute your Commands. Good luck to you.

[Exeunt Antonio, and Lopez.]

D. *John.* How shall I know this devilish Sign?

Enter Octavio with Fidlers, and stands under Maria's

Window.

Ha! Whom have we here? Some Serenading Coxcomb. Now shall we have some damn'd Song or other, a *Chloris*, or a *Phyllis* at least.

S O N G.

Chloris, when you disperse your Influence,
Your dazzling Beams are quick and clear,
You so surprise and wound the Sense,
So bright a Miracle y^e appear;
Admiring Mortals you astonish so,
No other Deity they know,
But think that all Divinity's below——

One charming Look from your illustrious Face
Were able to subdue Mankind;
So sweet, so powerful a Grace
Makes all Men Lovers, but the blind:
Nor can they freedom by Resistance gain,
For each embraces the soft Chain,
And never struggles with the pleasant Pain:

Oct. Begone: Be gone, The Window opens.

D. *John.* Sdeath! This is *Octavio*. I must dispatch him, or he'll spoil all; But I would fain hear the Sign first.

Mar.

Mar. What strange Mistake is this? Sure he did not receive my Note, and then I am ruin'd!

Octa. She expects the Sign: Where's my Whistle? O here. [Whistles.]

D. John. I have found it, that must be the Sign——

Mar. I dare not speak loud; go to the Garden Door.

[*Don John rushes upon Octavio, and snatches the Whistle out of his Hand.*]

Octa. 'Sdeath, what Ruffian's this?

D. John. One that will be sure to cut your Throat.

Octa. Take not a Promise to your self of what you can't perform.

D. John. I warrant you: Have at you. [Fights.]

Mar. O Heaven! *Octavio's* Fighting! Oh my Heart!

Octa. Oh! I am slain—— [Falls.]

D. John. I knew I should be as good as my Word. I think you have it, Sir—— Ha!—— he's dying—— Now for the Lady—— I'll draw him farther off, that his Groans may not disturb our Pleasure—— Stay; by your leave, Sir, I'll change Hat and Cloak with you, it may help me in my Design.

Octa. O barbarous Villain! [Dies.]

Mar. They have done fighting, and I hear no Noise. Oh unfortunate Woman! My dear *Octavio's* kill'd——

Flora. Perhaps, Madam, he has kill'd the other. I'll down to the Garden-door; if he be well, he'll come thither, as well to satisfy his Appointment, as to take Refuge. Your Brother's safe, he may come in securely——

[*Ex to the Door.*]

Mar. Haste! Haste! Fly! Fly! Oh *Octavio!* I'll follow her. [*She follows.*]

D. John. Now for the Garden-door. This Whistle will do me excellent Service. Now good luck——

[*Goes to the Door and Whistles;*]

Flora. *Octavio?*

D. John. The same.

Flora. Heaven be prais'd! my Lady thought you had been kill'd.

D. John. I am unhurt. Let's quickly to her.

Flora. Oh! She'll be overjoy'd to see you alive.

D. John. I'll make her more overjoy'd, before I have done with her. — This is a rare Adventure. [Aside.

Enter Maria at the Door.

Flora. Here's your Jewel, Madam; speak softly.

Mar. Oh my dear *Octavio*! have I got you within these Arms?

D. John. Ay, my Dear, unpierc'd by any thing but by your Eyes.

Mar. Those will do you no Hurt. But are you sure you are not wounded?

D. John. I am: Let me embrace my pretty Dear; — And yet she may be a Blackamore, for ought I know — [Aside.

Mar. We'll retire to my Chamber. *Flora*, go out, and prepare us a Collation.

D. John. O admirable Adventure! Come, my Delight! [Exeunt.

Enter Don Lopez, Antonio, and Jacomo.

Jacom. Where's my pious Master?

D. Ant. We left him hereabouts. I wonder what he has done in his Adventure: I believe, he has had some buffle.

D. Lop. I thought I heard fighting hereabout.

Jacom. Gad forgive me! fighting! where?

D. Ant. O thou incorrigible Coward!

D. Lop. See, here's some of his handy-work; here's a Man kill'd.

Jacom. Another Murder! Heaven! what will become of me? I shall be hang'd, yet dare not run away from him.

Enter an Officer with a Guard going the Round.

Officer. Stand! who are there?

D. Lop. We do stand, Rascal. we never use to run.

Jacom. Now I shall be taken and hang'd for my Master's Murder. [Offers to run.

D. Ant. Stand, you Dog! offer once more to run, and I'll put Bilbo in your Guts.

Jacom. Gad forgive me! what will become of me?

Officer.

Officer. What's here! A Man murder'd? Yield, you are my Prisoners.

Jacom. With all my Heart! But as I hope to be saved, we did not kill him, Sir.

Officer. These must be the Murderers; disarm 'em.

D. Ant. How now, Rascal! disarm us!

D. Lop. We are not us'd to part with our Swords.

Jacom. I care not a Farthing for my Sword, 'tis at your Service.

D. Ant. Do you hear, Rascal; keep it, and fight; or I'll swear the Murder against you.

D. Lop. Offer to hinch, and I'll run you through.

Officer. Take their Swords, or knock 'em down.

[*They fight: Jacomo offers to run, some of the Guards stop him.*]

Jacom. A pox on't, I had as good fight and die, as be taken and be hang'd. [*Guards are beaten off.*]

D. Lop. Are you gone, you Dogs? I have pinch'd some of you.

Jacom. Ah Rogues! Villains! I have met with you.

D. Ant. O brave *Jacom*! you fought like an imprison'd Rat: The Rogue had conceal'd Courage, and did not know it.

Jacom. O Cowards! Rascals! a Man can get no Honour by fighting with such Poltroons! But for all that, I will prudently withdraw; this Place will suddenly be too hot for us.

D. Lop. Once in your Life you are in the right, *Jacom*.

Jacom. O good Sir, there is as much to be ascribed to Conduct, as to Courage, I assure you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don John and Maria in her Chamber.

Maria. Speak softly, my Dear; should my Brother hear us we are ruin'd.

D. John. Though I can scarce contain my Joy, I will. O she's a rare Creature in the Dark, pray Heaven she be so in the Light. [*Aside.*]

Enter.

Enter Flora with a Candle; as soon as they discover Don John, they shriek out.

Mar. O Heaven! I am ruin'd and betray'd.

Flora. He has Octavio's Clothes on.

Mar. O he has murder'd him! My Brother shall revenge it.

D. John. I will cut his Throat, if he offers it.

Mar. { Thieves! Murder! Murder! Thieves!

Flora. {

D. John. I will stop your shrill Wind-pipes.

Enter Maria's Brother with his Sword drawn.

Broth. 'Sdeath! a Man in my Sister's Chamber!

Have at you, Villain.

D. John. Come on, Villain.

[Don John kills the Brother.

Flora. Murder! Murder!

Mar. O Villain, thou hast kill'd my Brother, and dishonour'd me.

Enter five or six Servants, with drawn Swords.

O your Master's murder'd!

D. John. So many of you! 'tis no matter: Your Heroes in Plays beat five times as many. Have at you, Rogues.

[Maria runs away shrieking, and Don John beats the Servants off, and stops Flora.

Now give me the Key of the Garden, or I'll murder thee.

Flora. Murder! Murder! There, take it——

[She runs away.

D. John. So, thus far it is well; this was a brave Adventure.

'Mongst all the Joys, which in the World are sought,
None are so great as those by Dangers bought. [Exit.

ACT



A C T II.

Jacom. Solus.
Jacom. WHAT will this lewd Master of mine do?

This Town of *Sevil* will not much care for his Company, after his last Night's Atchievements: He must either fly, or hang for't. Ha! Methinks my Blood grows chill at the naming of that dreadful Word, Hang. What will become of me? I dare not leave him, and yet I fear that I shall perish with him. He's certainly the first that ever set up a Religion to the Devil.

Enter Leonora.
Leon. I come to claim your Promise: Is Don *John* within?

Jacom. No, Madam; but I expect him every Minute. You see, Madam, what Honour I have for you; for I venture my Ears to do this.

Leon. You oblige me extreamly: So great is the present Pain of Doubt, that we desire to lose it; though in exchange of Certainty, that must afflict us more.

Jacom. I hear him coming; withdraw quickly.

[She withdraws.]

Enter Don John.
D. John. How now, Sir? what wise Thoughts have you in your Noddle?

Jacom. Why, Sir, I was considering how well I could endure to be hang'd.

D. John. And why so, Buffle?

Jacom. Why, you will force me to wait upon you in all your Fortunes, and you are making what haste you can to the Gallows.

D. John. Again at your Reproofs? You insipid Rascal, I shall cut your Ears off, Dog.

Jacom. Good Sir, I have done; yet I cannot but admire

mire, since you are resolv'd to go to the Devil, that you cannot be content with the common way of travelling, but must ride Post to him.

D. *John*. Leave off your idle Tales, found out by Priests, to keep the Rabble in awe.

Jacom. O horrid Wickedness! If I may be bold to ask, what noble Exploits did your Chivalry perform last Night?

D. *John*. Why, Sir, I committed a Rape upon my Father's Monument.

Jacom. O Horror!

D. *John*. Do you start, you Villain? Hah!

Jacom. I, Sir? who I, Sir? Not I, Sir.

D. *John*. D'ye hear, Rascal, let me not see a Frown upon your Face; if I do, I will cut your Throat, you Rogue.

Jacom. No, Sir, no, Sir, I warrant you; I am in a very good Humour, I assure you——Heaven deliver me!

D. *John*. Now listen and learn. I kill'd a Lady's Lover, supply'd his Place, and by Stratagem enjoy'd her: In came her foolish Brother and surpris'd me, but perished by my Hand, and I doubt not but I maul'd three or four of his Servants.

Jacom. Oh horrid Fact! [*Jacom starts.*]

D. *John*. Again, Villain, are you frowning? [*Aside.*]

Jacom. No, Sir, no, Sir, don't think so ill of me, Sir.——Heaven send me from this wicked Wretch!——

What will become of us, Sir? we shall be apprehended.

D. *John*. Can you fear for your Rascally Curcase, when I venture mine? I observe always, those that have the most despicable Persons, are most careful to preserve 'em.

Jacom. Sir, I beg your Pardon; but I have an odd Humour, makes me something unfit for your Worship's Service.

D. *John*. What's that, Sirrah?

Jacom. 'Tis a very odd one; I am almost ashamed to tell it to you.

D. *John*. Out with it, Fool.

Jacom. Why, Sir, I cannot tell what is the Reason, but

I have such an unconquerable Antipathy to Hang, I could never endure a Gall-Stroke: Hanging is a kind of Death I cannot abide; I am not able to endure it.

D. John. I have taken care to avoid that; my Friends are gone to hire a Vessel, and we'll to Sea together, to seek a Refuge, and a new Scene of Pleasure.

Jacom. All three, Sir?

D. John. Yes, Sir.

Jacom. Three as civil discreet sober Persons, as a Man would wish to drink with.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. I can hold no longer.

D. John. Search, you Dog, how came she here?

Jacom. I don't know, Sir, she stole in.

Leon. What Witchcraft do I suffer under, that, whom I abhor his Vices, I still love his Person! Ah, Don John! have I deserv'd that you should fly me? Are all your Oaths and Vows forgotten by you?

D. John. No, no; in these Cases I always remember my Oaths, and never forget to break them.

Leon. Oh Impiety! Did I, for this, yield up my Honour to you? After you had sigh'd and languish'd many Months, and shew'd all Signs of a sincere Affection, I trusted your Truth and Constancy, without the Bond of Marriage; yielded up a Virgin's Treasure, all my Innocence; believed your solemn Contract, when you invoc'd all the Powers above to testify your Vows.

D. John. They think much of us! Why don't they witness 'em for you?—Pish, it's nothing but a way of speaking, which young amorous Fellows have gotten.

Leon. Did you not love me then? What Injury had I e'er done you, that you should feign Affection, to betray me?

D. John. Yes, I faith I did love you; and shew'd you as frequent and as hearty Signs of it as I could; and as if you are an ungrateful Woman, if you say the contrary.

Leon. O Heaven! did you, and do not now? What Crime have I committed, that could make you break your Vows?

Vows and Oaths, and banish all your Passion? Ah! with what Tenderness have I receiv'd your feign'd Affection, and ne'er thought I liv'd but in your Presence! my Love was too fervent to be counterfeit.

D. *John*. That I know not; for since your Sex are such Dissemblers, that they can hold out against, and seem to hate the Men they love; why may they not seem to love the Men they hate?

Leon. O cruel Man! could I dissemble? Had I a thousand Lives, I ventur'd all each time I saw your Face; nay, were I now discover'd, I should instantly be sacrific'd to my raging Brother's Fury; and can I dissemble?

D. *John*. I do not know whether you do or no; you see I don't, I am something free with you.

Leon. And do you not love me then?

D. *John*. Faith, Madam, I lov'd you as long as I could for the Heart and Blood of me, and there's an end of it; what a Devil wou'd you have more?

Leon. O cruel Man! How miserable have you made me!

D. *John*. Miserable! use Variety, as I do, and you'll not be miserable. Ah! there's nothing so sweet to frail humane Flesh as Variety.

Leon. Inhumane Creature! what have I been guilty of, that thou should'st thus remove thy Affections from me?

D. *John*. Guilty! no: But I have had enough of you, and I have done what I can for you, and there's no more to be said.

Leon. Tigers would have more Pity than thou hast.

D. *John*. Unreasonable Woman! Would you have a Man love after Enjoyment? I think, the Devil's in you—

Leon. Do you upbraid me with the rash Effects of Love, which you caus'd in me? And do you hate me for what you ought to love me for? Were you not many Months with Vows and Oaths betraying me to that Weakness? Ungrateful Monster!

D. *John*. Why the Devil did not you yield before? You Women always rook in Love, you'll never play upon the Squire with us.

Leon,

Leon. False Man! I yielded but too soon. Unfortunate Woman!

D. John. Your dissembling Arts and jilting Tricks, taught you by your Mothers, and the phlegmatick Coldness of your Constitutions, make you so long in yielding, that we love out almost all our Love before you begin; and yet you would have our Love last as long as yours. I got the Start of you a long Way, and have Reason to reach the Goal before you.

Leon. Did you not swear you wou'd for ever Love me?

D. John. Why there 'tis; why did you put me to the Trouble to swear it? If you Women wou'd be honest, and follow the Dictates of Sense and Nature, we shou'd agree about the Business presently, and never be sworn for the Matter.

Leon. Are Oaths so slighted by you, perfidious Man!

D. John. Oaths! Snare, to catch conceited Women with; I wou'd have sworn all the Oaths under the Sun; why I wou'd have committed Treason for you, and yet I knew I should be weary of you—

Leon. I thought such Love as mine might have deserv'd your Constancy, false and ungrateful Man!

D. John. Thus your own Vanity, not we, betrays you. Each Woman thinks, though Men are false to others, that she is so fine a Person, none can be so to her. You shou'd not take our Words of course in earnest.

Leon. Thus Devils do in Hell, who cruelly upbraid whom they have tempted thither.

D. John. In short, my Constitution will not let me love you longer. And whatever some Hypocrites pretend, all Mankind obey their Constitutions, and cannot do otherwise—

Leon. Heaven, sure, will punish this vile Treachery.

D. John. Do you then leave it to Heaven, and trouble your self no further about it.

Leon. Ye sacred Powers, who take care of injur'd Innocence, assist me.

Enter Jacomo.

Jacom. Sir, Sir! Stand upon your Guard.

D. John.

D. John. How now! What's the Matter?

Jacomo. Here's a whole Battalion of courageous Women come to charge you.

Enter six Women.

D. John. Keep 'em out, you Villain.

Jacomo. I cannot; they over-run me.

D. John. What an Inundation of Strumpets is here!

Leon. O Heaven! I can stay no longer to be a Witness of his Falshood——

[Ex. Leonora.

1 Wom. My Dear, I desire a Word in private with you.

D. John. Faith, my Dear, I am something busy; but I love thee dearly:—— A pox on thee! [Aside.

2 Wom. Don John, a Word: 'tis time now we should declare our Marriage; 'tis now above three Weeks.

D. John. Ay, we will do it suddenly——

3 Wom. Prythee, Honey, what Business can these idle Women have? Send them packing, that we may confer about our Affairs.

4 Wom. Lord! How am I amaz'd at the Confidence of some Women! Who are these, that will not let one converse with one's own Husband? By your Leave, Ladies.

Jacomo. Now it works: Teize him, Ladies; worry him soundly——

5 Wom. Nay, by your Leave, good Madam; if you go to that.

[Pulls Don John from the other.

6 Wom. Ladies, by all your Leaves; sure none of you will have the Confidence to pretend an Interest in this Gentleman——

D. John. I shall be torn in Pieces. Jacomo, stand by me.

1 Wom. Lord, Madam! what's your Meaning? None ought to claim a Right to another Woman's Husband, let me tell you that.

2 Wom. You are in the right, Madam. Therefore, prythee, Dear, let's withdraw, and leave them; I do not like their Company.

D. John. Ay presently, my Dear.— What an excellent Thing is a Woman before Enjoyment, and how insipid after it!

4 Wom.

4 *Wom.* Come, pr'ythee, put these Women out of doubt, and let them know our Marriage.

D. *John.* To-Morrow we'll declare and celebrate our Nuptials.

6 *Wom.* Ladies, the short and the long on't is, you are very uncivil to press upon this Gentleman. Come, Love, c'en tell 'em the truth of the Story.

4 *Wom.* Uncivil, Madam! Pardon me; one cannot be so, in speaking to one's own.

3 *Wom.* That's true;—she little thinks who that is.

6 *Wom.* To their own! Ha, ha, ha, that's true—Come, Honey, keep 'em no longer in Ignorance.

4 *Wom.* Come, Ladies, I will undeceive you all; think no further of this Gentleman; I say, think no further of him—

1 *Wom.* What can this mean?

D. *John.* Hold, for Heaven's sake; you know not what you do!

4 *Wom.* Yes, yes, I do; it shall all out: I'll send 'em a-way with Fleas in their Ears: Poor, silly Creatures!

D. *John.* Now will civil Wars arise.

4 *Wom.* Trouble your selves no longer about Don John, he is mine—he is mine, Ladies.

All. Yours!

D. *John.* Pox on't! I must set a good Fee upon the Business; I see Murder will out.

6 *Wom.* Yours! that's pleasant; he's mine.

5 *Wom.* I have been too long patient; he's my Husband.

1 *Wom.* Yours! How can that be? I am sure I am his Wife.

3 *Wom.* Are you not aham'd, Ladies, to claim my Husband?

2 *Wom.* Are you all mad? I am sure I am marry'd to him.

All. You!

D. *John.* Look you, Ladies, a Man's but a Man, here's my Body, take't among you as far as 'twill go. The Devil can't please you all.

Jacom. Pray, Ladies, will you dispatch, for there are

a matter of fifteen more that are ready to put in their Claims, and must be heard in their Order——

D. John. How now, Rogue! This is your Fault, Sirrah.

Facom. My Fault, Sir? no; the Ladies shall see I am no Traitor. Look you, Ladies——

D. John. Peace, Villain, or I will cut your Throat. Well, Ladies, know then, I am marry'd to one in this Company; and to-morrow Morning, if you will repair to this Place, I will declare my Marriage; which now, for some secret Reasons, I am oblig'd to conceal—— Now will each Strumpet think 'tis her I mean.

1 Wom. That's well enough.

4 Wom. I knew he would own me at last.

3 Wom. Now they will soon see their Errors.

5 Wom. Now we'll conceal it no longer, Dearest.

D. John. No, no, I warrant you——

6 Wom. Lord, how blank these Ladies will look!

2 Wom. Poor Ladies!——

Facom. Ladies, pray let me ask a Question: Which of you is really marry'd to him?

Onives. I, I, I.

D. John. 'Sdeath, you Son of a Baboon! Come, come, Fox on't, why should I dally any longer! Why should I conceal my good Actions! In one Word, I am marry'd to every one of you, and have above fourscore more; nor will I ever give over, 'till I have as many Wives and Concubines as the Grand Seigneur.

Facom. A very modest civil Person truly——

4 Wom. O horrid Villain!

6 Wom. Perfidious Monster!

Enter Don Lopez, and Don Antonio.

D. Ant. How now, Don John! Ha! you are a ravenous Bird of Prey indeed; do you fly at no less than a whole Covee of Whores at once? You scorn a single Strumpet for your Quarry.

D. Lop. What, in Tears too! Fie, Don John, thou art the most ungenteel Knight alive: Use your Ladies civilly, for shame.

D. John.

D. *John*. Ay, before the Victory, I grant you; but after it, they should wear Chains, and follow the Conqueror's Chariot.

D. *Lop*. Alas, poor Harlots!

D. *John*. Peace, peace, good Words; these are certain Animals call'd Wives, and all of 'em are my Wives: Do you call a Man of Honour's Wives Harlots? out on't!

1. *Wom*. Perfidious Monster!

D. *Anto*. Excellent!

D. *John*. Come on; you are come very opportunely, to help to celebrate my several and respective Weddings. Come, my Dears; 'faith, we will have a Ballad at our Weddings. Where are my Fiddlers?

6 *Wom*. O savage Beast!

4 *Wom*. Inhumane Villain! Revenge shall follow.

D. *John*. Pox on Revenge! call in Minstrels.

Enter Fiddlers.

Come, sing my *Epithalamium*.

SONG.

Since Liberty Nature for all has design'd,
A pox on the Fool who to one is confin'd.
All Creatures besides,

When they please, change their Brides,
All Females they get, when they can;

Whilst they nothing but Nature obey!
How happy, how happy are they?

But the silly fond Animal, Man,
Makes Laws 'gainst himself, which his Appetites sway;

Poor Fools, how unhappy are they!

Chor. Since Liberty Nature for all has design'd,
A pox on the Fool who to one is confin'd.

As the first going down, a Woman is good,

But when she comes up, I'll ne'er show the Cud,

But out she shall go,
And I'll serve 'em all so.

When

*When with one my Stomach is cloy'd,
Another shall soon be enjoy'd.*

Then how happy, how happy are we?

Let the Coxcomb, when weary, drudge on,

And foolishly stay, when he won'd fain be gone!

Poor Fool! How unhappy is he!

Chor. As the first going down, &c.

Let the Rabble obey; I'll live like a Man,

Who by Nature is free to enjoy all he can.

Wife Nature does Teach

More Truth, than Fools Teach;

They bind us, but she gives us Ease;

I'll Revel, and Love where I please.

She, she's my infallible Guide.

But were the bless'd Freedom deny'd

Of Variety, in the Things we love best,

Dull Man were the slavishest Beast.

Chor. Let the Rabble obey, &c.

D. John. Come, how do you like this? Let's be merry, my Brides.

4 Wom. O monstrous Traitor! Do you mock our Misery?

D. John. Good Spouse, be not passionate—'faith, we'll have a Dance. Strike up— [Dance.

D. Lop. Be comforted, good Ladies; you have Companions in your Misfortunes—

D. Anto. He has been marry'd in all the Cities of Spain: What a Breed of Don John's shall we have!

D. John. Come, Sweet-hearts; you must be civil to these Gentlemen, they are my Friends, and Men of Honour.

6 Wom. Men of Honour! They are Devils, if they be your Friends.

D. John. I hate unreasonable, unconscionable Fellows, who, when they are weary of their Wives, will still keep 'em from other Men. Gentlemen, you shall command mine.

4 Wom. Thinkest thou I will out-live this Affront?

D. John.

D. *John*. I'll trust you for that; there's ne'er a *Lucrece* now-a-days, the Sex has learnt Wit since. Let me see, *Antonio*, thou shalt have for thy present Use, let me see, my sixth Wife———faith she's a pretty buxom Wench, and deserves hearty Usage from thee.

6 *Wom*. Traitor! I'll be reveng'd on all thy Treachery.

D. *Ant*. A mettled Girl, I like her well: She'll endure a Rape gallantly.

I love Resistance, it endears the Pleasure.

D. *John*. And, *Lopez*, thou shalt have, let me see, ay, my fourth Sponse, she's a brave *Virago*; and 'Gad if I had not been something familiar with her already, I would venture my Life for her.

4 *Wom*. Vile Wretch! Think'st thou I will out-live this Affront? Impious Villain! Though thou hast no Sense of Virtue or Honour left, thou shalt find I have.

D. *John*. Virtue and Honour! There's nothing good or ill, but as it seems to each Man's natural Appetite. If they will not consent freely, you must ravish, Friends: That's all I know; you must ravish.

1 *Wom*. Unheard-of Villany! Fly from this hellish Place.

D. *Ant*. Ladies, you shall fly; but we must ravish first.

D. *Lop*. Yes, I assure you, we must ravish——

4 *Wom*. No, Monster, I'll prevent you. [*Strikes her self*.]

D. *Ant*. 'Sdeath, she's as good as her Word:

The first time I e'er knew a Woman so.

D. *Lop*. Pox on't! she has prevented me; she's dead.

D. *John*. Say you so? Well, go thy Ways, thou wert a Girl of pretty Parts, that's the Truth on't; but I ne'er thought this had been in thee.

2 *Wom*. These, sure, are Devils in the Shape of Men.

D. *John*. Now see my Providence; if I had been marry'd to none but her, I had been a Widower.

1 *Wom*. O Horror! Horror! Fly! Fly!

6 *Wom*. No, I'll be reveng'd first on this barbarous Wretch.

D. *John*. Why look you, here's a Wench of Mettle for you; go ravish quickly——

6 *Wom*.

S. Wom. Let's fly, and call for help; some in the Street may help us—

[*They all run off, crying, Help! Murder! Murder!*]

D. Ant. Let 'em go; they are confin'd, they can't get out.

D. John. It shall ne'er be said that a Woman went out of this House *Re infecta*; but after that, 'twill be time to fly

D. Lop. We have hir'd a Vessel; the Master is a brave Rogue of my Acquaintance, he has been a *Bandit*.

D. Ant. A brave honest wicked Fellow as Heart can wish; I have ravish'd, robb'd, and murder'd with him.

D. John. That's well. Hey, where are my Rogues? Hey!

Enter Servant and Jacomo.

Here, Sirrah, do you send my Goods on Board.

D. Ant. My Man will direct you. [*Exit Servant.*]

D. John. Come, Sirrah, do you remove this Body to another Room—

Jacom. Oh horrid fact! what, another Murder! what shall I do!

D. John. Leave your Complaints, you Dog; I'll send you after her.

Jacom. Oh! I shall be hang'd, I shall be hang'd.

D. John. Take her up, Rascal; or I'll cut your Throat.

Jacom. I will, Sir. Oh mercy upon me! I shall be hang'd—

D. John. Now, Sirrah, do you run into the Streets, and force in the next Woman you meet, or I'll cut your Wind-pipe; and let no Body out—

Jacom. What hellish Fact will he now commit?

D. John. Take her up, you Hen-hearted compassionate Rascal.

Jacom. Heaven! what will become of me? Oh! Oh—

[*Carries her off.*]

D. John. Now, Gentlemen, you shall see I'll be civil to you; you shall not ravish alone; Indeed I am loth to meddle with mine old Acquaintance, but if my Man can meet with a Woman I have not lain withal, I'll keep you Company;

Company; let her be old or young, ugly or handsome, no matter.

D. Lop. Faith, I will ever say you are a well-bred Man.

D. Ant. A very civil Person, a Man of Honour.

Enter Servant, forcing in an ugly old Woman who cries out.

D. John. This unlucky Rogue has made but a scurvy Choice; but I'll keep my Word. Come, Bawd, you must be ravished, Bawd.

Old Wom. O Murder! Murder! help! help! I was never ravish'd in my Life.

D. John. That I dare swear; but to shew I am a very vigorous Man, I'll begin with you. But, you Rascal, Jackal, I'll make you Cater better next time.

Serv. Indeed, Sir, this was the first I met.

D. John. Come on, Beldam; thy Face shall not protect thee.

Old Wom. Oh my Honour! my Honour! help, help! my Honour!

D. John. Come, to our Business.

Enter Giacomo.

Giacomo. O Sir! Sir! Shift for your self; we shall all be hang'd; the House is beset. Oh what shall we do?

D. John. Away, Coward: Were the King of Spain's Army beleaguering us, it should not divert me from this Exploit.

D. Ant. Nor me.

D. Lop. Nor me: Let's on.

D. John. Keep the Doors fast, Sirrah. Come on.

Giacom. Oh what will become of me! Oh Heaven! mercy on me! Oh! Oh!

In Man's Habit, enter Maria and her Maid Flora.

Mar. Thus I've abandon'd all my Fortune, and laid by My Sex, Revenge; for thee. Assist me now, You Instruments of Blood, for my dear Brother's, And for my much more dear Octavio's sake, Where are my Bravo's?

Flora. They have beset the Villain's House, and he shall ne'er come out alive.

Mar. O let 'em shew no more Remorse, than hungry Lions o'er their Prey will. How miserable am I made by that inhumane Monster! No savage Beast wild Desarts e'er brought forth, provok'd by all its Hunger and its natural Rage, could yet have been so cruel. Oh my *Offspring*! Whither art thou fled, from the most loving and most wretched Creature of all her Sex? What Ages of Delight each Hour with thee brought forth! How much, when I had thee, was all the World unenvied by me! Nay, I pity'd all my Sex, that cou'd have nothing worth their Case, since all the Treasure of Mankind was mine: Methought I cou'd look down on Queens, when he was with me: But now, compar'd to me, how happy is the Wretch, whose Sinews crack upon the merciless Engine of his Torture! I live with greater Torments than he dies.

Flora. Leave your Complaints: Tears are no Sacrifice for Blood.

Mar. Now, my just Grief, to just Revenge give Place; I am asham'd of these soft Tears, till I've reveng'd thy horrid Murder: Oh that I could make the Villain linger out an Age in Torments! But I will revel in his Blood. Oh could I suck the last Drop that warms the Monster's Heart, that might inspire me with such Cruelty, as vile Man, with all his horrid Arts of Power, is yet a Stranger to; then I might root out all his cursed Race.

Flora. I'll follow all your Fortunes, my dear Lady; had I ten thousand Lives, in this Cause I'd venture one by one, to my last Stake.

Mar. Thou art my dear and faithful Creature; Let not thy Fortunes thus be wreck'd with mine. Be gone, and leave thy most unhappy Mistress; One, that has Miseries enough to sink the Sex.

Flora. I will not leave you till Death takes me from you.

Mar. Oh that I had been some poor lost Mountain Girl, Nurs'd up by Goats, or suckled by wild Beasts, Expos'd to all the Rage of Heats and killing Colds: I ne'er had been abandon'd to such Fury. More savage Cruelty reigns in Cities, Than ever yet in Desarts among the

Most

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Most venomous Serpents, and remorseless
Ravenous Beasts, could once be found:
So much have barbarous Arts debauch'd
Man's innocent Nature.

Flora. Lay by your Taste, till your Revenge be finish'd;
Then you may have Leisure to complain.

Mar. I will; 'tis Blood I now must spill, or lose my
own in the Attempt. But if I can have the fortune with my
own Hand, to reach the Dog's vile Heart, I then shall
die contented; and in the other World I'll torture him so.
Devils shall learn of me to use the damn'd.

Flora. Let's to our sacred Instruments of Revenge.

Mar. Come on: so just a Cause would turn the vilest
Russian to a Saint.

[Exeunt.]

[Bravo's watch at Don John's House.]

Maria and Flora re-enter.

Mar. Come, Friends, let once a Woman preach Cour-
rage to you; inspir'd by my just Rage, this Arm shall teach
you Wonders: I'll shew you now what Love with just
Revenge can do.

Brav. We are so practis'd in the Trade of Death, we
need no teaching.

Mar. There's Gold good Store; if you dispatch the
Dog, I'll give you yet much more; if not, if all the Wealth I
have can buy your Lives, I'll have 'em instead of his.

Brav. For half the Sum, I'd kill a Bishop at the Al-
tar.

[They retire.]

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez, Jacomo.

D. John. Now we have finish'd our Design, let's make
a Sally, and raise the siege.

D. Ant. Jacomo, do you lead the Van.

D. Lop. Lead on, Jacomo, or we are sure to lose you;
you are not good at bringing up the Rear.

Jacomo. Nay, good Gentlemen, I know my self better
than to take Place of Men of Quality, especially upon this
Occasion.

D. John. Sirrah, go on: I'll prick him forward. Re-
member, if you do not fight, I am behind you.

Jacom. Oh Heaven! Oh *Jacom!* what will become of thy dear Person? Is this Courage, to put me forward to what you dare not meet your selves?

D. John. No Words, Rogue; on, on, I say——

Jacom. Oh I shall be murdered! murdered! Oh! Oh!

D. John. On, on, you Dog.

Jacom. Inhumane Master! It must be so! Heaven have mercy on my better Part.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Fall on, fall on; that's the Villain! have at you, Dog——

D. John. Courage. *Jacom.*

[*They fight, and are driven off; but Maria and Flora remain.*]

Jacom. Oh! Oh!

Mar. Oh cowardly Villains! The Traitor will escape their Hands. Oh Dogs! More feeble than the feeblest of our Sex. Let's after him, and try our Strength.

Enter Don John.

He is return'd —— Fall on.

D. John. Ha? Must I encounter Boys?

Flora. Oh I am slain!—— [Kills *Flora*.

Mar. At thy Heart, base Villain.

[*D. John disarms Maria.*]

D. John. There, take your Sword; I'll not nip Roguery in the Bud; thou may'st live to be as wicked as my self.

Mar. Poor *Flora!* but, Dog, I'll be reveng'd on thee yet e'er I die. [Exit.

Enter Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.

Jacom. What! no Thanks! no Reward!

D. John. What's the matter, Sirrah?

Jacom. What! no Acknowledgment! You are but an ungrateful Man, let me tell you that, to treat a Man of my Prowess thus.

D. John. What has your Valour done?

Jacom. Nothing, nothing; sav'd your Life only, that's all: But Men of Valour are nothing now-a-days. 'Tis an ungrateful Age. I fought like a Hero——

D. Ant. Call'd a Stag at Bay.

D. Lop.

D. Lop. You can fight, when there's no way of escape without it.

Facom. Oh! What's here! Another Murder! Fly, fly! we shall be hang'd.

D. John. Come on! Let's now to Sea, to try our Fortunes.

Facom. Ay, make haste; I've laid Horfes, and will shift by Land. Farewell, Sir; a good Voyage —

D. John. I will murder you, if you refuse to go to Sea —

Facom. O good Sir, consider, do but consider; I am so Sea-sick always: that wicked Element does not agree with me.

D. John. Dare you dispute! Go on, I say.

Facom. O good Sir, think, think a little; the merciless Waves will never consider a Man of Parts: Besides, Sir, I can swim no more than I can fly.

D. John. I'll leave you dead upon the Place, if you refuse.

Facom. O Sir, on my Knees I beg you'll let me stay. I am the last of all my Family; my Race will fail.

D. John. Damn your Race —

D. Ant. Do not we venture with you?

Facom. You have nothing but your Lives to venture; but I have a whole Family to save; I think upon Posterity. Besides, Gentlemen, I can look for no Safety in such wicked Company.

D. John. I'll kill the Villain: His Fear will else betray us.

Facom. O hold! hold! for Heaven's sake, hold —

[*Ghost of Don John's Father rises.*]

Ghost. Hold! hold!

Facom. Ay, hold, hold! O Heaven! your Father's Ghost; a Ghost! a Ghost! a Ghost! Oh! Oh!

[*Falls down and Rears.*]

D. John. 'Sdeath! What's here? my Father alive?

Ghost. No, no; Inhumane Murderer, I am dead.

D. John. That's well; I was afraid the old Gentleman
F 3 had

had come for his Estate again; if you wou'd have that,
'tis too late; 'tis spent——

Ghost. Monster! behold these Wounds.

D. John. I do; they were well meant, and well performed, I see.

D. Ant. This is strange! How I am amaz'd!

D. Lop. Unheard-of Wonder!——

Ghost. Repent, repent of all thy Villainies;
My clamorous Blood to Heav'n for Vengeance cries:
Heav'n will pour out his Judgments on you all;
Hell gapes for you, for you each Fiend does call,
And hourly waits your unrepenting Fall.
You with Eternal Horrors they'll torment,
Except of all your Crimes you suddenly repent.

[*Ghost sinks.*]

Jacqm. Oh! Oh! Heaven deliver me from these Monsters.

D. John. Farewell; thou art a foolish Ghost: Repent, quoth he! What could this mean? Our Senses are all in a Mist, sure.

D. Ant. They are not; 'twas a Ghost.

D. Lop. I ne'er believ'd those Foolish Tales before.

D. John. Come, 'tis no matter; let it be what it will, it must be natural——

D. Ant. And Nature is unalterable in us too.

D. John. 'Tis true; the Nature of a Ghost cannot change ours.

D. Lop. It was a silly Ghost; and I'll no sooner take his Word than a Whore's.

D. John. Thou art in the right. Come, Fool, Fool, sit; the Ghost is gone.

Jacqm. Oh! I die. I die; pray let me die in quiet.

D. Ant. O, if he be dying, take him up; we'll give him Burial in the Sea. Come on.

Jacqm. Hold, hold, Gentlemen; bury me not, till I am dead, I beseech you——

D. John. If you be not, Sirrah, I'll run you through.

Jacqm. Hold, hold, Sir: I'll go, I'll go——

D. Lop. *D. Ant.* Let's on.

D. John.

D. John. Should all the Bugbears Cowards feign, appear;
I would urge on, without one thought of Fear.

D. Ant. And I.

D. Lop. And I.



ACT III.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo. Captain of the Ship, Master and Sailors.

Master. **M**ercy upon us! What sudden dreadful Storm
is this? We are all lost; we shall split upon
the Rocks. Loof, Loof! —

Jacomo. Oh! Oh! Mercy! Oh I was afraid of this! See
what your Wickedness has brought me to! Mercy!
Mercy!

D. John. Take away thy cowardly Face; it offends me,
Rascal.

Capt. Such dreadful Claps of Thunder I never yet re-
member'd.

D. John. Let the Clouds roar on, and vomit all their
Sulphur out, they ne'er shall fright me —

D. Ant. These are the Squibs and Crackers of the Sky.

D. Lop. Fire on, Fire on; we are unmov'd.

Capt. The Heavens are all on Fire! these unheard-of
Prodigies amaze me.

D. John. Can you, that have stood so many Cannons,
be frighted at the farting and belching of a Cloud?

Ma. Bless me, Captain! Six of our Foremast-men are
even now struck dead with Lightning.

Sail. O that Clap had rent our Masts in sunder.

Jacomo. O we are lost! You can swim, Sir, pray save
me, for my own and Families sake —

D. *John*. Toss these cowardly Rogues over-board. Captain, Courage! Let the Heavens do their worst, 'tis but Drowning at last.

Facom. But — in the Name of Heaven! but drowning, quoth he! your drowning will prepare you for burning, though; Oh, Oh, Oh! —

Sail. Captain, Captain! the Ship's on Fire in the Fore-castle —

Cap. All Hands to work upon the Forecastle! Heaven! How it blazes already! [Exit Capt.]

Facom. Oh! Oh! We burn, we drown, we sink! Oh! We perish, we are lost! Oh, Oh, Oh! —

Must. O horrid Apparitions! Devils stand and guard the Fire, and will not suffer us to quench it. We are lost!

Enter Captain.

Capt. In all the Dangers I have been, such Horrors I never knew; I am quite unmann'd.

D. *Lop*. A Man, and fear! 'tis but dying at last.

D. *John*. I never could know what that foolish thing Fear is.

Capt. Help, help! the Fire increaseth. What horrid Signs are these! where-e'er I turn, fearful Spirits appear.

[Exeunt Captain and Sailors.]

D. *Lop*. Let's into the Boat; and with our Swords keep out all others.

D. *Ant*. While they are busie about the Fire we may 'scape.

D. *Lop*. If we get from hence, we certainly shall perish on the Rocks —

D. *John*. I warrant you —

Facom. O good Gentlemen, let us shift for our selves; and let the rest Burn or Drown, and be damn'd, and they will.

D. *John*. No, you have been often leaving me: Now shall be the time we'll part. Farewell.

Facom. O! I'll stand by you while I live. Oh the Devil, the Devil! What Horrors do I feel! Oh I am kill'd, I am dead!

[A Thunder-clap strikes Don John and Jacomo down.]

D. John. 'Sdeath! why this to me? You paultry fool sh Bugbear, Thunder, am I the Mark of your senseless Rage?

D. Lop. Nothing but Accident: Let's leap into the Boat.

D. Ant. The Sailors all make towards us; they'll in and sink it.

D. Lop. Sirrah, if you come on, you run upon my Sword.

Jacom. O cruel Tyrant! I burn, I drown, I sink! Oh I die, I am lost!

Capt. All shift aboard; we perish, we are lost!

Mast. All lost, all lost!

[A great Shriek, they all leap over Board.]

Enter an old Hermit.

Herm. This forty Years I've liv'd in this neighb'ring Cave, and from these dreadful Cliffs, which are always beaten by the foaming Surges of the Sea, beheld the Ocean in its wildest Rage, and ne'er yet saw a Storm so dreadful: such horrid Flashes of Lightning, and such claps of Thunder, never were in my Remembrance. Yon Ship is all on Fire, and the poor miserable Wretches all perish. The dreadful Object melts my Heart, and brings a flood of Tears into my Eyes; It is prodigious; for on the sudden all the Heavens are clear again, and the enraged Sea is become more patient.

Enter Don Francisco.

D. Franc. Oh Father, have you not been frightened at this prodigious Storm, and at yon dreadful Spectacle?

Herm. No Man, that has an Apprehension, but should have been mov'd with Horrour.

D. Franc. 'Twas the most violent Tempest I ever saw. Hold! yonder are some coming in a small Vessel, and must necessarily split upon the Rock; I'll go and help to succour 'em.

Herm. Here are some this Way, just come in a small Boat: Go you to those, and these I will assist—

D. *Franc.* I'll haste to their Relief—

[Exit Don Francisco.]

Herm. Hah! these are come safe to Land; three Men, goodly Men they seem to be; I am bound in Charity to serve them: they come towards me.

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, and Don Lopez.

D. *John.* With much ado we are safe, but my Man's lost; pox on him, I shall miss the Fool, it was a necessary Blockhead.

D. *Ant.* But you have lost your Goods, which were more necessary.

D. *Lop.* Our Jewels and Money we have all about us.

D. *John.* It makes me laugh to think, how the Fools we left behind were puzzled which Death to chuse, burning or drowning—

D. *Ant.* But how shall we dispose of our selves? we are plaguy Wet and Cold. Hah! What old Fool is that?

D. *Lop.* It is a Hermit, a Fellow of mighty Beard and Sanctity.

D. *John.* I know not what Sanctity he may have, but he has Beard enough to make an Owl's Nest, or stuff a Saddle with.

Herm. Gentlemen, I see you are Shipwreck'd, and in Distress; and my Function obliges me in Charity to succour you in what I may.

D. *Ant.* Alas! What canst thou help us to? Dost thou know of ever a House near hand, where we may be furnish'd with some Necessaries?

Herm. On the other side of this vast Rock, there is a fertile and a pleasant Valley, where one Don *Francisco*, a rich and hospitable Man, has a sweet Dwelling; he will entertain you nobly: He's gone to assist some shipwreck'd Persons, and will be here presently. In the mean time, what my poor Cave can afford, you shall be welcome to.

D. *Lop.* What can that afford? You oblige your self to Fasting and Abstinence—

Herm. I have studied Physick for the Relief of needy People, and I have some Cordials will refresh you; I'll bring one to you—

[Exit Hermit.]

D. *John,*

D. *John*. A good civil old Hypocrite! But this is a pleasant kind of Religion, that obliges 'em to Nastiness and want of Meat. I'll ha' none on't—

D. *Ant*. No, nor of any other, to my Knowledge.

Enter Hermit with a Cordial

Herm. Gentlemen, pray taste of this Viol; it will comfort your cold Stomachs.

D. *John*. Ha! 'tis excellent, 'faith. Let it go round.

Herm. Heav'n bless it to you.

D. *Lop*. Ha! it warms.

D. *Ant*. Thank thee; thou art a very honest old Fellow, 'faith.

D. *John*. I see thou art very civil; but you must supply us with one Necessary more, a very necessary thing, and very refreshing.

Herm. What's that, Sir?

D. *John*. It is a Whore; a fine, young, burrom Whore.

D. *Lop*. D. *Ant*. A Whore, old Man, a Whore.

Herm. Bless me! are you Men, or Devils?

D. *John*. Men, Men, and Men of Lust and Vigour. Pr'ythee, old Sot, leave thy prating, and help me to a Strumpet, a fine salacious Strumpet; I know you Zealots have enough of 'em. Women love your godly Whore-masters.

Herm. Oh Monsters of Impiety! are you so loosely 'scap'd the Wrath of Heaven, thus to provoke it?

D. *Ant*. How! by following the Dictates of Nature; who can do otherwise?

D. *Lop*. All our Actions are necessitated; none command their own Wills.

Herm. Oh horrid Blasphemy! would you lay your dreadful and unheard of Vices upon Heaven? No, ill Men, That has given you free-will to good.

D. *John*. I find, thou retir'st here, and never read'st or Can that blind Faculty, the Will, be free. (think it.)
When it depends upon the Understanding?
Which argues first, before the Will can chuse;
And the last dictates of the Judgment sways.
The Will; as in a Balance, the last Weight

Put in the Scale, lifts up the other end;
And with the same Necessity.

Herm. But foolish Men and Sinners act against
Their Understandings, which inform 'em better.

D. Ant. None willingly do any thing against the last
dictates of their Judgments; whatsoever Men do, their
present Opinions lead 'em to.

D. Lep. As Fools, that are afraid of Sin, are by the
Thought of present Pleasure, or some other Reason, ne-
cessarily byass'd to pursue the Opinion they are in at that
Moment.

Herm. The Understanding yet is free, and might per-
swade 'em better.

D. John. The Understanding never can be free;
For what we understand, spite of our selves, we do:
All Objects are ready form'd and plac'd to our Hands;
And these the Senses to the Mind convey;
And as these represent them, this must judge.
How can the Will be free, when th' Understanding,
On which the Will depends, cannot be so?

Herm. Lay by your devilish Philosophy, and change the
dangerous and destructive Course of your lewd Lives.

D. Ant. Change our Natures! Goid a Blackamore be
white. We follow our Constitutions, which we did not
give our selves.

D. Lep. What we are, we are by Nature; our Reason
tells us we must follow that.

D. John. Our Constitutions tell us one thing, and yours
another; and which must we obey? If we be bad, 'tis
Nature's Fault, that made us so.

Herm. Farewell. I dare no longer hear your impious
Discourse. Such harden'd Wretches I ne'er heard of
yet.

D. Ant. Farewell, old Fool. [Exit Hermit.]

D. John. Thus Sots condemn what they can never
answer.

Enter Don Francisco.

This, I believe, is *Francisco*, whom he spoke of; if he has but a handsome Wife, or Daughters, we are happy.

D. Lop. Sir, we are shipwreck'd Men, and if you direct us to a Place, where we may be furnished with some Necessaries, you will oblige us—

D. Franc. Gentlemen, I have a House hard by, you shall be welcome to it; I even now endeavour'd to succour a Youth and beautiful Woman, who with two Sailors in a Boat, were driven towards these Rocks, but were forced back again, and, I fear, are lost by this time. I desire nothing more, than to assist Men in Extreams, and am ever-joy'd at the Opportunity of serving you.

D. John. We thank you.

D. Franc. You shall command my House as long as you please: I see you are Cavaliers, and hope you will bear with some Inconvenience. I have two young, and, though I say it, handsome Daughters, who are to Morrow Morning to be marry'd; the Solemnity will bring much Company together, which, I fear, may incommodate my House, and you—

D. Anto. You pose us with this Kindness.

D. John. What-ever pleases you, cannot be inconvenient to us.

D. Lop. On the contrary, we shall be glad to assist you at the Ceremony, and help to make up the joyful Chorus.

D. Franc. You shall command my House and me; I'll shew you the Way to it.

D. John. Your humble Servant. We'll follow you.

[*Ex. Don Francisco.*]

This is an admirable Adventure. He has Daughters, Boys, and to be marry'd too: If they have been so foolish to preserve those Toys, they call Maidenheads; their senseless Husbands shall not be troubled with them: I'll ease them of those. Pox! what should those dull drudging Animals, call'd Husbands, do with such Treasures? No, they are for honest Whore-Masters, Boys.

D. Anto.

D. Ant. Well said, Don; we will not be wanting in our Endeavours to succeed you.

D. Leg. To you alone we must give Place. Adieu!

[Exeunt.]

Hermit. Maria is Mar's Sister, and Leonora.

Herm. Heaven be praised, you are safely now on Land.

Maria. We thank you, everlast Father, for your Assistance.

Leon. We never shall forget the Obligation.

Herm. I am happy to be so good an Instrument.

Leon. We follow'd a Vessel, which we saw fired with Lightning; and we fear that none of 'em escap'd.

Maria. I hope the Villain I pursue has escap'd: I would not be reveng'd by Heaven, but my own Hand; or if not by that, by the Hangman's.

Leon. Did any come to Land? For I most nearly am concern'd for one; the Grief for whom, if he be lost, will soon, I fear, destroy me.

Herm. Here were three of that Company came safe to Land; but such impious Wretches, as did not deserve to escape, and such as no virtuous Person can be concern'd for, sure; I was fill with Fear and Horror, when I heard 'em talk.

Maria. Three, say you?

Leon. By this sad Description it must be Don John, and his two wicked Associates; I am ashamed to confess the Tenderness I have for him. Why should I love that Wretch? Oh my too violent Passion hurries me I know not whither! into what fearful dangerous Labyrinths of Misery will it conduct me?

Maria. Were they Gentlemen?

Herm. By their Outside they seem'd so, but their Insides declar'd them Devils.

Maria. Heaven! it must be the Villain and his barbarous Companions. They are reserv'd for my Revenge: Assist me, Heaven, in that just Cause. Oh, Villain, Villain! Inhuman Villain! Each Minute is, methinks, a tedious Age, 'till I have dipt my Hands in thy Heart's Blood.

Herm. You seem over-joy'd at the News of their safe

late Arrival: Can any have a Kindness for such dishonest abandon'd Atheists?

Maria. No, 'tis Revenge that I pursue against the best of all Villains.

Herm. Have a care: Revenge is Heaven's; and must not be usurped by Mortals.

Maria. Mine is Revenge for Rape and cruel Murders, and those Heaven leaves to Earth to punish.

Herm. They are horrid Crimes; but Magistrates must punish them.

Leon. What do I hear? Were he the basest of all Men, my Love is so headstrong and so wild within me, I must endeavour to preserve him, or destroy my self: To what deplorable Condition am I fallen? What Chains are these that hold me? Oh that I could break them! and yet I would not, if I cou'd! Oh my Heart!

Herm. They are gone to one Don Francisco's House; that Road will bring you to it; 'tis on the other Side of this Rock, in a pleasant Valley. I have not stir'd these forty Years from these small Bounds, or I wou'd give him Notice what Devils he harbours in his House. You will do well to do it.

Jacom. [*within*.] Help! help! Murder! I am drown'd! I am dead! help! help!

Herm. Ha! What Voice is that? I must assist him——

Maria. Father, farewell. Come, Madam, will you go to this House? Now, Monster, for my Revenge.

Leon. I will: but for different Ends we go.
'Tis Love conducts me, but Revenge brings you.

[*Exeunt Maria and Leonora*.]

Jacom. Oh! help, help! I sink, I sink!

Herm. Poor Man, sure he is almost drown'd.

Jacom. No, not yet; I have only drunk something too much of a scurvy unpleasant Liquor.

Herm. Reach me your Hand—— [Pulls him out]

Jacom. Ay, and my Heart too; Oh! Oh! —
Sir, a thousand Thanks to you: I vow to God you're a very civil Person, and as I am an honest Man, have done me the greatest Kindness in the World, next to the Piece
of

of the Mast, which I floated upon, which I must ever love and honour; I am sorry it swam away, I would have preserv'd it, and hung it up in the Seat of our ancient Family.

Herm. Thank Heaven for your Deliverance, and leave such vain Thoughts.

Jacom. I do, with all my Heart; but I am not settled enough to say my Prayers yet: Pray, Father, do you for me; 'tis nothing with you, you are us'd to it; it is your Trade.

Herm. Away, vain Man; you speak as if you had drunk too deeply of another Liquor than Sea-Water.

Jacom. No, I have not; but I would fain. Where may a Man light of a Glass of good Wine? I would gladly have an Antidote to my Poison. Methinks—pah! these Fishes have but a scurvy time: I am sure, they have very ill drinking.

Herm. Farewell, and learn more Devotion and Thankfulness to Heaven——

Jacom. Ha! 'tis uncivilly done to leave a Man in a strange Country; But these Hermits have no Breeding. Poor *Jacom*, dear *Jacom*, how I love thy Person, how glad am I to see thee safe? For, I swear, I think thou art as honest a Fellow as e'er I met with. Well, farewell, thou wicked Element; if ever I trust thee again—— Well, Haddocks, I defy you, you shall have none of me, not a Collop; no, no; I will be eaten by Worms, as all my Ancestors have been. If Heaven will but preserve me from the Monsters of the Land, my Master and his two Companions (who, I hope, are drown'd) I'll preserve my self from those of the Sea. Let me see; here's a Path——this must lead to some House. I'll go, for I am plaguy sick with this salt Water. Pah——*[Ex. Jaco.]*

Enter Clara, and Flavia, with their two Maids.

Clara. Oh, *Flavia*, this will be our last happy Night, to-Morrow is our Execution Day; we must marry.

Flavia. Ay, *Clara*, we are condemn'd without Reprieve, 'Tis better to live as we have done, kept from all

all Men, than for each to be confin'd to one, whom yet we never saw, and a thousand to one shall never like.

Clara. Out on't! a *Spanish* Wife has a worse Life than a coop'd Chicken.

Flavia. A singing Bird in a Cage is a princely Creature, compar'd to that poor Animal, call'd a Wife, here.

Clara. Birds are made tame by being Cag'd, but Women grow wild by Confinement; and that, I fear, my Husband will find to his Cost.

Flavia. None live pleasantly here, but those who should be miserable, Strumpets: They can choose their Mates: But we must be, like Slaves, condemn'd to the Gallies; we have no Liberty to sell our selves, or venture one Throw for our Freedom.

Clara. O that we were in *England*! there, they say, a Lady may chuse a Footman, and run away with him, if she like him, and no Dishonour to the Family.

Flavia. That's because the Families are to very honourable, that nothing can touch them: Their Wives run and ramble whither, and with whom they please, and desie all Censure.

Clara. Ay, and a jealous Husband is a more monstrous Creature there than a Wittal here, and wou'd be more pointed at: They say, if a Man be jealous there, the Women will all join and pull him to Pieces.

Flavia. Oh happy Country! We never touch Money; there the Wives can spend their Husband's Estate for'em. Oh blessed Country!

Clara. Ay, there, they say, the Husbands are the prettiest, civil, easie, good-natur'd, indifferent Persons in the whole World; they never mind what their Wives do, not they.

Flavia. Nay, they say, they love those Men best that are kindest to their Wives. Good Men! Poor Hearts! And here, if an honest Gentleman offers a Wife a Civility by the by, our bloody Butcherly Husbands are cutting of Throats presently.

Clara.

Clara. Oh that we had these frank civil *Englishmen*, instead of our grave dull surly *Spanish* Blockheads, whose greatest Honour lies in preserving their Beards and Foreheads inviolable.

Flavia. In *England*, if a Husband and Wife like not one another, they draw two several Ways, and make no Bones on't; while the Husband treats his Mistress openly in his Glass Coach; the Wife, for Decency's sake, puts on her Vizar, and whips away in a Hackney with a Gallant, and no Harm done.

Clara. Though of late 'tis as fashionable for a Husband to love his Wife there, as 'tis here, yet 'tis fashionable for her to love some body else; and that's something.

Flavia. Nay, they say, Gentlemen will keep Company with a Cuckold there, as soon as another Man, and ne'er wonder at him.

Clara. Oh happy Country! There a Woman may chuse for her self; and none will into the Trap of Matrimony, unless she likes the Bait; but here we are tumbled headlong and blindfold into it.

Flavia. We are us'd as they use Hawks, never unhooded, or whistled off, till they are just upon the Quarry.

Clara. And 'tis for others, not our selves, we fly too.

Flavia. No more; this does but put us in mind of our Misery.

Clara. It does so: But pr'ythee let's be merry one Night; to-Morrow is our last. Farewell all Happiness.

Flavia. O that this happy Day would last our Live's time. But pr'ythee, my Dear, let's have thy Song, and divert our selves as well as we can, in the mean time.

Clara. 'Tis a little too wanton.

Flavia. Pr'ythee let's be a little wanton this Evening; to-Morrow we must take our Leaves on't.

Clara. Come on then; our Maids shall join in the Chorus. Here they are.

SONG.

SONG.

Woman, who is by Nature wild,
Dull bearded Man incloses;
Of Nature's Freedom we're beguil'd
By Laws, which Man imposes:
Who still himself continues free,
Yet we poor Slaves must fetter'd be.

Chor. A shame on the Curse
Of For better for worse;
Tis a vile Imposition on Nature:
For Women should change,
And have Freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

So gay a Thing was ne'er design'd
To be restrain'd & from roving;
Heav'n meant so changeable a Mind
Should have its Change in loving.
By Cunning we could make Men share,
But they by Strength & overcome our art.

Chor. A shame on the Curse
Of For, &c.

How happy is the Village Maid,
Whom only Love can fetter;
By foolish Honour we're betray'd,
She serves a Power much greater:

That lawful Prince she wisely rules,
Th' Usurper's bloody rules but foils.

Chor. A shame on the Curse
Of For, &c.

Let us resume our ancient Right,
Make Man at distance wonder;
Though he wither'd be in Fights,
In Love we'll keep him under.

*War and Ambition hence be hurl'd,
Let Love and Beauty rule the Word.*

*Chor. A shame on the Curse
Of, For, &c.*

Flavia. Oh dear *Clara*, that this were true! But now let's home, our Father will miss us.

Clara. No, he's walk'd abroad with the three Shipwreck'd Gentlemen.

Flavia. They're proper handsome Gentlemen; but the chief, whom they call *Don John*, exceeds the rest.

Clara. I never saw a finer Person; pray Heaven, either of our Husbands prove as good.

Flavia. Do not name 'em. Let the Maids go home, and if my Father be there, let him know that we are here.

[*Exeunt Maids.*]

Clara. In the mean time, if he be thereabouts, do you go down that Walk, and I'll go this Way; and perhaps one of us shall light on him.

Flavia. Agreed.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, and Don Antonio.

D. John. Where have you left the old Man, *Don Francisco*?

D. Lop. He's very busie at home, seeing all Things prepar'd for his Daughters Weddings to-Morrow.

D. John. His Daughters are gone this Way: If you have any Friendship for me, go and watch the old Man; and if he offers to come towards us, divert him, that I may have Freedom to attack his Daughters.

D. Ant. You may be sure of us, that have serv'd you with our Lives; besides, the Justice of this Cause will make us serve you. Adieu. [*Ex. Don Lop. Don Anto.*]

D. John. Now for my Virgins. Assist me, Love! Fools, you shall have no Maidenheads to-Morrow Night. Husbands have Maiden-heads! no, no——— poor sneaking Fools!

Enter Jacomo.

Jacom. I have lost my Way; I think, I shall never find this House: But I shall never think my self out of the Way.

Way, unless I meet my impious Master, Heaven grant he be drow'd.

D. John. How now, Rascal! are you alive?

Jacom. Oh Heaven! He's here! Why was this lewd Creature sav'd? I am in a worse Condition than ever; now I have escap'd drowning, he brings hanging fresh in to my Memory.

D. John. What! mute, Sirrah?

Jacom. Sir, I am no more your Servant, good Sir; I am my own Man now——

D. John. No: Though you are a Rogue, you are a necessary Rogue, and I'll not part with you.

Jacom. I must be gone, I dare not venture further with you.

D. John. Sirrah, do you know me, and dare you say this to me? Have at your Guts, I will rip you from the Navel to the Chin.

Jacom. O good Sir, hold, hold!—He has got me in his Clutches, I shall never get loose— Oh! Oh!

D. John. Come, Dog, follow me close, flunking Rascal.

Jacom. I am too well pickled in the Salt-Water to stink, I thank you; I shall keep a great while. But you were a very generous Man, to save a Gentleman, your Friend, in danger, as you did me. I have reason to follow you: But if I serve you not in your kind, then am I a sow'd Surgeon.

D. John. Follow me, Sirrah; I see a Lady.

Jacom. Are you so fierce already?

Enter Clara singing. A shame on the Curse, &c.

Clara. Ha! This is the Stranger;
What makes him here?

D. John. A delicate Creature! Ha! This is the Lady.
How happy am I to meet you here——

Clara. What mean you, Sir?

D. John. I was undone enough before, with seeing your Picture in the Gallery; but I see you have more Excellencies than Beauty: your Voice needed not have conspir'd with that to ruin me.

Clara.

Clara. Have you seen my Picture?

D. John. And lov'd it above all Things I ever saw, but the Original.

I am lost beyond Redemption, unless you can pity me.

Jacom. [*Aside.*] He has been lost a hundred times, but he always finds himself again — and me too: a pox on him!

D. John. When Love had taken too fast hold on me ever to let me go, I too late found you were to-morrow to be marry'd.

Clara. Yes, I am condemn'd to one I never saw, and you are come to rally me and my Misfortunes.

Jacom. Ah, Madam, say not so; my Master is always in earnest.

D. John. So much I am in earnest now, that if you have no way to break this Marriage off, and pity me, I soon shall repent I ever came to Land; I shall suffer a worse Wreck upon the Shore; here I shall linger out my Life in the worst of Pains, despairing Love; there I should have perish'd quickly —

Jacom. Ah poor Man! he's in a desperate Condition; I pity him with all my Heart —

D. John. Peace, Rascal — Madam, this is the only Opportunity I am like to have; give me leave to improve it.

Clara. Suse, Sir, you cannot be in earnest.

D. John. If all the Oaths under the Sun can convince you, Madam, I swear —

Jacom. O Sir, Sir, have a care of Swearing; for fear you should, once in your Life, be forsworn —

D. John. Peace, Dog; or I shall slit your Wind-pipe.

Jacom. Nay, I know, if he be forsworn, it's the first time; that's certain.

Clara. But, Sir, if you be in earnest, and I had an Inclination, 'tis impossible to bring it about; my Father has dispos'd of me.

D. John. Dispose of your self, I'll do well enough with him; and my Fortune and Quality are too great for him, for whom you are intended, to dispute with me.

Clara.

Clara. If this be true, would you win a Woman at first Sight?

D. John. Madam, this is like to be the first and last; to-Morrow is the fatal Day that will undo me.

Jacom. Courage, Don! Matters go well.

Clara. Nay, I had rather have a Peasant of my own chusing, than an Emperor of another's. He is a handsome Gentleman, and seems to be of Quality: Oh that he could rid me out of my intended Slavery. [*Aside.*]—Sir, talk not of impossible Things; for could I wish this, my Father's Honour will not suffer him to dispense with his Promise.

D. John. I'll carry you beyond his Power, and your intended Husband's too.

Clara. It cannot be; but I must leave you; I dare not be seen with you——

D. John. Remember the short time you have to think on this: Will you let me perish without Relief? If you will have pity on a wretched Man, I have a Priest in my Company; I'll marry you; and we'll find Means to fly early in the Morning, before the House are stirring.

Clara. I confess I am to be condemn'd to a Slavery, than which nothing can be worse: yet this were a rash Attempt.

D. John. If you will not consent to my just Desires, I am resolv'd to kill my self, and fall a Sacrifice to your Disdain; speak! speak my Doom——

[*Holds his Sword to his Breast.*]

Clara. Hold, hold!—

Jacom. Ay, hold, hold! Poor foolish Woman! she should not need to bid him hold.

Clara. I'll find a Means this Night to speak with you alone; but, I fear, this is but for your Diversion.

Jacom. Yes, 'tis for Diversion indeed; the common Diversion of all the World.

D. John. By all that's great and good, my Intentions are Honourable.

Clara. Farewell, Sir; I dare not stay longer.

D. John. Will you keep your Word, Madam?

Jacom. You'll keep yours, no doubt —

Clara. I will do any thing rather than marry one I cannot love; as I can no Man of another's chusing.

D. John. Remember, I perish, if you do not; I have only one thing to say, keep this Secret from your Sister, till we have effected it; I'll give you sufficient Reason for what I say.

Victoria, Victoria! I have her fast; she's my own. [Exit Clara.

Jacom. You are a hopeful Man, you may come to good in time.

Enter Flavia.

D. John. Here's the other Sister; have at her.

Jacom. Why, Sir, Sir! have you no Conscience? Will not one at once serve your Turn?

D. John. Stand by, Fool. Let me see, you are the Lady.

Flavia. What say you, Sir?

D. John. You have lately taken up a stray Heart of mine; I hope you do not intend to detain it, without giving me your own in exchange.

Flavia. I a Heart of yours! Since when, good Sir? You are but this Day Shipwreck'd on this Coast, and never saw my Face before.

D. John. I saw your Picture, and I saw your Motion, both so charming, I could not resist them; but now I have a nearer View, I see plainly I am lost.

Flavia. A goodly handsome Man! But what can this mean?

D. John. Such killing Beauties I never saw before; my Heart is irrecoverably gone.

Flavia. Whither is it gone, Sir! I assure you, I have no such thing about me, that I know of.

D. John. Ah, Madam, if you would give me leave to search you, I should find it in some little Corner about you, that shall be nameless.

Flavia. It cannot be about me; I have none but my own: and that I must part with to-Morrow, to I know not whom.

D. John.

D. *John*. If the most violent Love, that Man e'er knew, can e'er deserve that Treasure, it is mine; if you give that away, you lose the truest Lover that e'er languish'd yet.

Facom. What can be the End of this! sure Blood must follow this Dishonour of the Family; and I, unfortunate, shall have my Throat cut for Company.

Flavia. Do you know where you are?

D. *John*. Yes, Madam, in Spain, where Opportunities are very scarce, and those that are wise make use of 'em as soon as they have 'em.

Flavia. You have a Mind to divert your self; but I must leave you; I am disposed to be more serious.

D. *John*. Madam, I swear by all——

Facom. Hold, hold; will you be forsworn again?

D. *John*. Peace, Villain: I shall cut that Tongue out.

Flavia. Farewell; I cannot stay. [Exit *Flavia*.]

D. *John*. I'll not leave her; I'll thaw her if she were Ice, before I have done with her.

Facom. There is no End of his Lewdness. Well, I must be kill'd or hang'd once for all; and there's an End on't. [Exit.

Enter Maria and Leonora.

Leon. I am faint with what I suffered at Sea, and with my wandering since; let us repose a little; we shall not find this House to Night.

Maria. I ne'er shall rest, till I have found Don Francisco's House; but I'll sit down a while.

Leon. I hope he will not find it, till I have found Means to give Don *John* warning of his cruel Intentions. I would save his Life, who, I fear, would not do that for me. But in the miserable Case that I am in, if he denies his Love, Death would be the welcom'st Thing on Earth to me.

Maria. Oh my Octavio! How does the Loss of thee perplex me with Despair! the Honour of Mankind is gone with thee. Why do I whine? Grief shall no longer usurp the Place of my Revenge. How could I draw the Monster's Heart! Villain! I'll be with you. When I

have reveng'd my dear *Ostasio's* Loss, I then shall die contented.

Enter Don Lopez, and Don Antonio.

D. Lop. The old Man's safe; I long to know *Don John's* Success.

D. Ant. He's engag'd upon a noble Cause: If he succeeds, 'twill be a Victory worth the owning.

D. Lop. Ha! Whom have we here? A young Man well habited, with a Lady too; they seem to be Strangers.

D. Anto. A Mischief comes into my Head now, that's worth the doing.

D. Lop. What's that, dear *Antonio*?

D. Anto. We are in a strange Country, and may want Money. I would rob that young Fellow. We have not robb'd a good while; methinks 'tis a new Wickedness to me.

D. Lop. Thou art in the right. I hate to commit the same dull Sin over and over again, as if I were marry'd to it: Variety makes all Things pleasant.

D. Ant. But there's one Thing we'll ne'er omit. When we have robb'd the Man, we'll ravish the Woman.

D. Lop. Agreed! let's to't, Man. Come on, young Gentleman, we must see what Riches you have about you.

Maria. O Villains! Thieves! Thieves! these are the Inhumane Companions of that bloody Monster.

Leon. Have Pity on poor miserable Strangers.

D. Ant. Peace! we'll use you kindly, very kindly.

D. Lop. Do you carry that young Gentleman, bind him to a Tree, and bring the Money, while I wait upon the Lady.

D. Ant. Will you play me no foul Play in the mean time then? For we must cast Lots about the Business you wot of.

D. Lop. No, upon my Honour.

Maria. Honour! you Villain?

D. Ant. Come, young Gentleman; I'll tame you.

Maria. Help! help! — [Exit *Don Ant.* *haling Maria.*

Leon.

Leon. Have you no Humanity in you? Take our Money, but leave us Liberty; be not so barbarously cruel.

D. Ant. Come, I have made haste with him; now let us draw Cuts who enjoys the Lady first.

Leon. O Heaven, assist me! What do I hear? help! help!

Enter four or five Country Fellows, coming from Work.

Count. Fel. What, two Men a robbing of a Lady! be gone, and let her alone, or we have sower Cudgels shall waste your Bones, I tell you that.

D. Ant. How now, Rogues? [*Fight off the Stage.*]

Leon. Thanks to Heaven. I fly! fly! Where shall I hide my self — [*Exit.*]

Enter Don John and Jacome.

D. John. I shall conquer 'em both. Now, Sirrah, what think you?

Jacome. Why, I think you manage your Business as discreetly, and take as much Pains to have your Throat cut, as any Man in Spain.

D. John. Your Fear o'er-rules your Sense; mine is a Life Monarchs might envy —

Jacome. 'Tis like to be a very short one, at this rate.

D. John. Away, Fool: 'tis dark, I must be gone; I shall scarce find the Way home —

Enter Leonora.

Leon. Heaven guard me from these wicked Wretches. Help! help! they are here.

D. John. How now, Madam? what, afraid of a Man?

Leon. Don John! No, not of you; you are the Man i'th' World I would have met.

D. John. Leonora! You are the Woman i'th' World I would have avoided. 'Sdeath! she will spoil my new Designs; but I have a Trick for her. What Miracle brought you hither?

Leon. Love, that works the greatest Miracles, made me follow you; and the same Storm drove me on this Shoar, on which you were thrown; and thus far I've wandred till I have found you.

D. John. This is the most unreasonable unsatiable loving Lady, that ever was abus'd by Man; she has a kind

of Spaniel Love, the worse you use her, the more loving she is. Pox on her! I must be rid of her.

Leon. I am very faint and weary, yet I was resolv'd not to rest till I had found you.

D. John. Your unwearied Love has o'ercome and convinc'd me, there is not such a Woman breathing.

Leon. This is a Sovereign Medicine for all my Sorrows; I now, methinks, am happier than ever: But I am faint and ill.

D. John. Here, Madam, I have an excellent Cordial; 'twill refresh you; and I'll conduct you where you shall never be unhappy more.

Leon. From that dear Hand 'tis welcome——
To your Health.

[Drinks.]

D. John. And to your own Destruction: you have drunk your last.

Leon. What means my Love?

D. John. You've drunk the subtlest Poison that Art e'er yet invented.

Jacom. O Murder! Murder! What have you done?

D. John. Peace, Villain! leave your unseasonable Pity—— You cannot live two Minutes.

Leon. O ungrateful Tyrant! thou hast murdered the only Creature living that cou'd Love thee. Heaven will revenge it, though to me 'tis Kindness. Here all my Sorrows shall for ever cease.

D. John. Why would you persecute me with your Love?

Leon. I could not help it: I came to preserve you, and am destroy'd for't.

Jacom. Oh horrid Fact!

D. John. To preserve me! I wear my Safety by my Side.

Leon. Oh I faint! Guard your self, there's a young Gentleman pursues your Life, have a Care——I came to tell you th^e, and thus I am rewarded——Heaven pardon you; farewell; I can no more——

[Dies.]

Jacom. This Object sure will strike your Heart! Tigers would melt at this. O! the Earth will open and swallow

low you up, and me for Company. There's no End of your Murders.

D. *John*. This is the first time I ever knew Compassion: Poor Fool! I pity her; but 'tis too late—— Farewell all senseless Thoughts of a Remorse; I would remove what'er would stop my Course.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, and Jacomo.

D. *John*. **T**HIS Night's Success exceeded all my Hopes; I had Admittance to their several Chambers, and I have been contracted to both Sisters, and this Day resolve to marry 'em, and at several Times enjoy them; and, in my Opinion, I shall have a Brace of as pretty Wives, as any Man in Spain.

D. *Ant*. Brave Don *John*! you are Master of your Art; not a Woman in Spain can stand before you.

D. *Lop*. We can but envy you, and at a Distance imitate; but both their Maids shall to pot, I assure you.

Jacom. How far will the Devil hurry you?

D. *John*. 'Tis not the Devil, 'tis the Flesh, Fool.

Jacom. Here will be fine cutting of Throats: Poor *Jacomo*! must thou be cut off in the Flower of thy Age?

Enter Don Francisco.

D. *Franc*. Gentlemen, your Servant; I hope you rested well this Night.

D. *Lop*. We thank you, Sir; never better.

D. *Ant*. We never shall requite this Obligation.

Jacom. I warrant you, my Master will; he's a very grateful civil Person indeed.

D. *John*. The Favour is too great to be suddenly requited; but I shall study to deserve it.

Jacom. Good Man! you will deserve it.

Enter two Bridegrooms.

D. *Fran.* Gentlemen, are you come! you are early.

1 *Bridegr.* This joyful Occasion made us think it late.

2 *Bridegr.* The Expectation of so great a Blessing, as we this Day hope to enjoy, would let us have but little Rest last Night.

1 *Bridegr.* And the Fruition will afford us less to Night.

D. *John.* Poor Fools! you shall be bobb'd. How it tickles my Spleen to think on't!

D. *Fran.* These are to be my Sons-in-law.

D. *John.* And my Cuckolds before-hand. [*Aside.*]

D. *Fran.* Pray know 'em, Gentlemen; they are Men of Honour.

D. *John.* I shall be glad to serve them.

But first I'll serve their Ladies. [*Aside.*]

D. *Fran.* Come, Gentlemen; I'll now conduct you to my Daughters,—and beg your Pardon for a Moment; I'll wait on you again. [*Ex. D. Fran. and Brid.*]

D. *Ant.* These Fools will spoil your Design.

D. *John.* No, poor Sots! I have persuaded the Ladies to feign Sickness, and put off their Marriage till to-morrow Morning, to gain Time; so this mean while I have 'em safe, Boys.

D. *Lop.* But will not the Sisters betray you to one another?

D. *John.* No: I have wheedled each into a Jealousy of the other, and each believes that if the other knows it, she in Honour will reveal it to the Father.

Jacom. Sir, if you be so very weary of your Life, why don't you make use of a convenient Beam? 'Tis the easier way; so you may die without the filthy Pother you keep about it.

D. *John.* Away, Coward; 'tis a sign I am not weary of my Life, that I make so much use on't.

Jacom. Oh *Jacom!* Thou art lost; 'tis pity a Fellow of thy neat spruce Parts should be destroy'd.

Enter Don Francisco.

D. *Fran.* Come, Gentlemen, will you not refresh your selves with some cool Wines this Morning?

D. *Lop.*

D. Lop. We thank you, Sir; we have already.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a young Gentleman, a Stranger, desires to speak with you.

D. Fran. Admit him.

Enter Maria in Man's Habit.

Your humble Servant.

Mar. Sir, when I've told you what I come for, I doubt not but I shall deserve your Thanks. I come to do you Service.

D. Fran. You have 'em, Sir, already—

Mar. You have lodg'd within your House some Shipwreck'd Men, who are greater Villains than the Earth e'er bore; I come to give you warning of 'em, and to beg your Power to revenge such horrid Actions, as Heart could never yet conceive, or Tongue could utter. Hah! they are these——Revenge, Revenge, cruel unnatural Rapes and Murders. They are Devils in the Shapes of Men.

D. Fran. What say you, Sir?

Facom. Now the Snare is fallen upon me; methinks I feel cold Steel already in my Body. Too well I know that Face.

D. John. I know that Face, Now, Impudence, assist me—What mad-young Man is that?

D. Fran. These, by their Habits and their Miens, are Gentlemen, and seem to be Men of Honour.

Mar. By these two last Night I was robb'd, and bound to a Tree, and there have been all Night, and but this Morning was reliev'd by Peasants—I had a Lady with me, whom they said they would ravish, and this Morning I saw her dead; they must have murder'd her.

D. Fran. Heaven! What do I hear?

Facom. Oh! I am noos'd already; I feel the Knot, methinks, under my left Ear.

D. Ant. The Youth raves; we never saw his Face, we never stir'd from the Bounds of this House since we came hither.

D. *Lop.* 'Sdeath! let me kill the Villain; shall he thus affront Men of our Quality and Honour?

D. *Fran.* Consider I am a Magistrate.

D. *John.* The Youth was robb'd, and with the fright has lost his Wits. Poor Fool! let him be bound in's Bed.

D. *Fran.* Do not persist in this, but have a Care: These Injuries to Men of Honour shall not go unpunish'd.

Mar. Whither shall injur'd Innocence fly for Succour, if you so soon can be corrupted? Monster! I'll revenge my self; have at thy Heart.

D. *Fran.* What means the Youth? put up your Sword.

D. *Ant.* We told you, Sir, he was mad.

Mar. O Impudent Villains! I ask your Pardon, Sir; my Grievs and Injuries transport me so, I scarce can utter them. That Villain is Don *John*, who basely murder'd the Governour of *Sevil* in his House, and then dishonour'd his fair Sister.

D. *John.* Death and Hell! this Injury is beyond all Sufferance.

D. *Fran.* Hold, Sir; think in whose House you are.

Jacom. O Lord! what will this come to? Ah *Jacom*, thy line of Life is short.

Mar. This is the Villain, who kill'd the Lover of *Anthonio's* Sister, deflower'd her, and murder'd her Brother in his own House.

D. *John.* I'll have no longer Patience.

D. *Ant.* Such a Villain should have his Throat cut, though in a Church.

D. *Lop.* No Man of Honour will protect those, who offer such Injuries.

D. *John.* Have at you, Villain.

D. *Fran.* Nay then; within there! ho! I will protect him, or perish with him.

Enter two Bridegrooms.

1 *Fridogr.* What's the Matter?

D. *John.* This Rashness will spoil my Design upon the Laughters; if I had perfected that, I would have own'd all this for half a Ducatoon [*To Ant. and Lop.*]

I ask your Pardon for my ill Manners; I was provok'd too far: indeed the Accusations are so extravagant and odd, I rather should have laugh'd at 'em. Let the young Fool have a Vein open'd; he's stark staring Mad.

D. *Ant.* A foolish Impostor! We ne'er saw *Sevil* till last Night.

Mar. Oh Impudence!

Facom. No, not we; we never were there till Yesterday. Pray, Sir, lay that young Fellow by the Heels, for lying on us Men of Honour.

D. *Fran.* What is the matter, Friend, you tremble so?

D. *Lop.* 'Sdeath! the Dog's Fear will betray us.

Facom. I tremble, Sir? no, no, Sir: I tremble?—

Though it would make any one tremble to hear one l, c. as that young Gentleman does. Have you no Conscience in you?

Mar. Heaven can witness for me, I speak not false. *Othavio*, my dear *Othavio*, being dearest to me of all the World; I would in *Sevil* have reveng'd his Murder, but the Villain there escap'd me; I follow'd him to Sea, and in the same Storm in which their Ship perish'd, I was thrown on Shoar. O my *Othavio*! if this foul unnatural Murder be not reveng'd, there is no Justice left among Mankind. His Ghost, and all the rest whom he has barbarously murder'd, will interrupt your Quiet, they'll haunt you in your Sleep. Revenge! Revenge!

2 *Bridgr.* This is wonderful!

D. *Fran.* There must be something in this; his Passion cannot be counterfeited, nor your Man's Fear.

Facom. My Fear? I scorn your Words; I fear nothing under the Sun. I fear! Ha, ha, ha—

D. *John.* Will you believe this one false Villain, against three, who are Gentlemen, and Men of Honour?

Facom. Nay, against four, who are Gentlemen, and Men of Honour?

Mar. O Villain! that I had my Sword imbru'd in thy Heart's Blood. Oh my dear *Othavio*! Do Justice, Sir, or Heaven will punish you.

Enter Clara.

D. Franc. Gentlemen, he is too earnest in his Grief and Anger, to be what you would have him, an Impostor. My House has been your Sanctuary, and I am obliged in Honour not to act as a Magistrate, but your Host; no Violence shall here be offer'd to you, but you must instantly leave this House, and if you would have Safety, find it somewhere else. Be gone.

D. John. This is very well.

Mar. Oh! will you let 'em go unpunish'd?
Whither shall I fly for Vengeance?

D. Franc. Pray leave this Place immediately.

Jacom. Ah, good Sir, let's be gone — Sir, your most humble Servant.

Clara. O Sir, consider what you do; do not banish Don John from hence.

1 Bridegr. Ha! what means she?

D. Franc. What say you?

Clara. Oh Sir, he is my Husband; we were last Night contracted.

D. Franc. Oh! what do I hear?

1 Bridegr. I am dishonour'd, abus'd. Villain, thou diest.

D. John. Villain! you lye; I will cut your Throat first.

D. Franc. Hey! where are my People here?

Enter Servants and Flavia.

Flavia. O Sir, hold; if you banish Don John, I am lost for ever.

D. Franc. Oh Devil! what do I hear?

Flavia. He is my Husband, Sir; we were last Night contracted.

Clara. Your Husband! Heaven! what's this?

2 Bridegr. Hell and Damnation!

D. Franc. Oh! I have lost my Senses.

Mar. Oh Monster! Now am I to be believ'd?

Jacom. O spare my Life! I am innocent, as I hope to live and breath.

D. John. Dog, you shall fight for your Life, if you have it.

D. Franc. First, I'll revenge my self on these.

D. John.

D. John. Hold, hold, they are both my Wives, and I will have them.

[D. Franc. runs at his Daughters, and they run out.]

D. Franc. O Devil! fall on——

Mar. Fall on! I will assist you.

[They fight. Maria and Don Francisco are killed, the two Bridegrooms are hurt, Jacomo runs away.]

D. John. Now we've done their Business.

A cowardly Rogue! are not you a Son of a Whore?

Jacom. Ay, Sir, what you please: A Man had better be a living Son of Whore than a dead Heroe, by your Favour,

D. John. I could find in my Heart to kill the Rascal; his Fear, some time or other, will undo us.

Jacom. Hold, Sir; I went, Sir, to provide for your Escape. Let's take Horses out of the Stable, and fly; a-bundance of Company are coming, expecting the Wedding, and we are irreparably lost, if we take not this time; I think my Fear will now preserve you.

D. Ant. I think he counsels well. Let's fly to a new Place of Pleasure.

D. John. But I shall leave my Business undone with the two Women.

D. Lop. 'Tis now scarce feasible. Let's fly; you'll light on others as handsome, where we come next.

D. John. Well, dispose of me as you please; and yet it troubles me.

Jacom. Haste, haste! or we shall be apprehended.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Clara and Flavia.

Flavia. O that I ever lived to see this Day! this fatal Day! 'twas our vile Disobedience caus'd our poor Father's Death, which Heaven will revenge on us. So lewd a Villain as Don John was never heard of yet.

Clara. That we should be so credulous! O dreadful Accident! dear Father, what Expiation can we make? Our Crime's too foul for Tears to wash away, and all our Lives will be too short to spend in Penitence for this our Levity and Disobedience. He was the best of Fathers, and of Men.

Flavia.

Flavia. What will become of us poor miserable Maids, lost in our Fortunes and our Reputations! Our intended Husbands, if they recover of their Wounds, will murder us; and 'tis but Justice: Our Lives too now cannot be worth the keeping. Those Devils in the Shapes of Men are fled.

Clara. Let us not waste our time in fruitless Grief; let us employ some to pursue the Murderers. And for our selves, let's to the next Monastery, and there spend all our weary Life in Penitence.

Flavia. Let's fly to our last Sanctuary in this World; and try, by a Religious Life, to expiate this Crime: There is no Safety, nor no Hope, but there. Let's go, and bid a long farewell to all the World; a thing too vain, and little worth our Care.

Clara. Agreed; farewell to all the Vanity on Earth, Where wretched Mortals, toss'd 'twixt Hope and Fear, Must of all fix'd and solid Joy despair. [Exeunt.

The SCENE changes to a delightful Grove.

Enter two Shepherds, and two Nymphs.

1 *Shep.* Come, Nymphs and Shepherds, haste away To th' happy Sports within these shady Groves; In pleasant Lives Time slides away apace, But with the Wretched seems to creep too slow.

1 *Nymph.* Our happy Leisure we employ in Joys, As innocent as they are pleasant: We, Strangers to Strife, and to tumultuous Noise, To baneful Envy, and to wretched Cares, In rural Pleasures spend our happy Days, And our soft Nights in calm and quiet Sleeps.

2 *Shep.* No rude Ambition interrupts our Rest, Nor base and guilty Thoughts how to be great.

2 *Nymph.* In humble Cottages we've such Contents, As uncorrupted Nature does afford; Which th' Great, that surfeit under gilded Roofs, And wanton in Down-Beds, can never know.

1 *Shep.* Nature is here not yet debauch'd by Art;

'Tis

'Tis as it was in *Saturn's* happy Days:

Minds are not here by *Luxury* invaded.

A homely Plenty, with sharp Appetite,

Does lightsome Health and vigorous Strength impart.

1 *Nymph*. A chaste cold Spring does here refresh our
Which by no feaverish Surfeit is increas'd; [Thirst,

Our Food is such as Nature meant for Men,

Ere, with the Vicious, eating was an Art.

2 *Nymph*. In noisy Cities Riot is pursu'd,

And lewd luxurious Living softens Men,

Effeminates Fools in Body and in Mind,

Weakens their Appetites, and decays their Nerves.

1 *Shep*. With filthy Streams from their excess of Meat,

And cloudy Vapours rais'd from dangerous Wine,

Their Heads are never clear or free to think.

They waste their Lives in a continual Mist.

1 *Shep*. Some subtle and ill Men chuse Temperance,

Not as a Virtue, but a Bawd to Vice;

And vigilantly wait to ruin those,

Whom *Luxury* and Ease have lull'd asleep.

2 *Shep*. Yes, in the Clamorous Courts of tedious Law,

Where what is meant for a Relief's a Grievance;

Or in Kings Palaces, where Cunning strives

Not to advance Kings Interests, but its own.

1 *Nymph*. There they in a continual Hurry live;

And seldom can, for all their subtle Arts,

Lay their Foundations sure; but some

Are undermin'd, others blown down by Storms.

2 *Nymph*. Their Subtilty is but a common Road

Of flattery great Men, and oppressing little;

Smiling on all they meet, and loving none.

1 *Shep*. In populous Cities, Life is all a Storm;

But we enjoy a sweet perpetual Calm:

Here our own Flocks we keep, and here

I and my *Phillis* can embrace unenvy'd.

2 *Shep*. And I and *Celia*, without jealousy.

But hark! the Pipes begin; now for our Sports:

[A Symphony of Rustick Musick.

Nymphs

The LIBERTINE.

Nymphs and Shepherds, come away;
 In these Groves let's sport and play;
 Where each Day is a Holy-Day,
 Sacred to Ease and happy Love;
 To Dancing, Musick, Poetry;
 Your Flocks may now securely rave,
 Whilst you express your Follies.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses, singing in Chorus.

We come, we come, no Joy like this:

Now let us sing, rejoyce and kiss.

The Great can never know such Bliss,

1. As this.

2. As this.

3. As this.

All. As this.

The Great can never know such Bliss.

1. All th' Inhabitants o' th' Wood.

Now celebrate the Spring,

That gives fresh Vigour to the Blood
 Of every living thing.

Chor. The Birds have been singing and billing before us,
 And all the sweet Choristers join in the Chorus.

2. The Nightingales, with juggling Throats,

Warble out their pretty Notes,

So sweet, so sweet, so sweet:

And thus our Loves and Pleasures greet.

Chor. Then let our Pipes sound, let us Dance, let us sing,
 Till the murmuring Groves with loud Echo's shall ring.
 [Dance begins.]

3. How happy are we,

From all Jealousy free!

No Dangers nor Cares can annoy us;

We say, and we kiss,

And Love's our chief Bliss;

A Pleasure, that never can cloy us.

Chor.

The LIBERTINE.

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Chor. Our Days we consume in unceasing Delight,
And in Love and soft Rest our happy long Nights.

4. Each Nymph does impart
Her Love without Art
To her Swain, who thinks that his chief Treasure:
No Envy is fear'd,
No Sighs are e'er heard,
But those which are caus'd by our Pleasure.

Chor. When we feel the bless'd Raptures of Innocent Love,
No Joys exceed ours but the Pleasures above.

General Chorus. { In these delightful fragrant Groves
Let's celebrate our happy Loves;
Let's pipe, and dance, and laugh, and sing:
Thus every happy living thing
Revels in the cheerful Spring.

[Dance continues]

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Giacomo.

D. John. So, thus far we are safe; we have almost kill'd our Horses with riding cross out of all Roads.

Jacom. Nay, you have had as little Mercy on them, as if they had been Men or Women: But yet we are not safe; let us fly farther.

D. John. The House I lighted at was mine during my Life, which I sold to that Fellow; he, since he holds by that Tenure, will carefully conceal us.

Jacom. 'Tis a Tenure I will not give him two Months Purchase for.

D. John. Besides, our Swords are us'd to conquest.

D. Ant. At worst, there is a Church hard by; we'll put it to it's proper Use, take refuge in't.

D. Lop. Look here! here are Shepherds, and young pretty Wenches; shall we be idle, Don?

D. Ant. By no means; 'tis a long time, methinks, since we were vicious.

D. John. We'll serve 'em as the Romans did the Sabines,
we'll

we'll rob 'em of their Women; only we'll return the Punks again, when we have us'd them.

Jacom. For Heaven's sake, hold.

D. John. Sirrah, no more; do as we do, Ravish, Rascal; or, by my Sword, I'll cut thee into so many Pieces, it shall pose an Arithmetician to sum up the Fractions of thy Body.

Jacom. I Ravish! O good Sir! my Courage lies not that way; alas, I am almost furnish'd, I have not eat to Day.

D. John. Sirrah, by Heaven, do as I bid thee, or thou shalt never eat again. Shall I keep a Rascal for a Cypher?

Jacom. Oh! What will become of me! I must do it.

D. John. Come on, Rogue, fall on.

D. Ant. Which are you for?

D. John. 'Tis all one; I am not in Love, but in Lust; and to such a one, a Belly full's a Belly full, and there's an end on't.

1 Shepherdess. What means this Violence?

2 Shepherdess. Oh! Heaven protect us!

Jacom. Well, I must have one too; if I be hang'd, I had as good be hang'd for something.

[Every one runs off with a Woman.

D. Lop. Rogues, come not on; we'll be in your Guts.

All Shepherdesses. Help! help! [They cry out.

1 Shep. What Devils are these? [Exeunt.

[Three or four Shepherds return with *Jacom.*

1 Shep. Here's one Rogue. Have we caught you, Sir? We'll cool your Courage.

Jacom. Am I taken Prisoner? I shall be kept as an honourable Hostage at least—

2 Shep. Where are these Villains, these Ravishers?

Jacom. Why, you need not keep such a stir, Gentlemen; you will have all your Women again, and no harm done. Let me go, I'll fetch 'em to you.

1 Shep. No, you libidinous Swine; we'll revenge the Rapes on you.

Jacom. Good, kind, civil People! pass this by: 'Tis true, my Master's a very *Tarquin*; but I never attempted to ravish before.

2 Shep.

2 *Shep.* I'll secure you from ever doing of it again. Where's your Knife?

Jacom. Heaven! What do you mean? O spare me! I am unprepar'd; let me be confess.

1 *Shep.* We will not kill you, we'll but geld you: Are you so hot, Sir?

Jacom. O bloody Villains! have a Care, 'tis not a Season for that, the Sign's in *Scorpio*.

2 *Shep.* Down with him——

Jacom. O help! help! Murder! Murder! Have a care what you do: I am the last of all my Race——Will you destroy a whole Stock, and take away my Representers of my Family——

1 *Shep.* There shall be no more of the Breed of you——

Jacom. I am of an ancient Family; will you cut off all hopes of a Son and Heir! help! help! Don *John*! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio.

D. John. How now, Rogues? Do you abuse my Man?

Jacom. O Sir, this is the first good thing you ever did: If you had not come just in the Nick, I had lost my Manhood.

D. Ant. 'Tis no matter, for the Use you make on't.

D. Lop. But come, let's now to Supper.

Jacom. Come on; I am almost starv'd. [Exeunt.]

Shepherds return.

1 *Shep.* Let's not complain, but dog the Rogues; and when we have Hous'd 'em, we will to the next Magistrate, and beg his Power to apprehend 'em. [Exeunt.]

The SCENE changes to a Church, with the Statue of Don Pedro on Horseback in it.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, and Jacomo.

D. John. Let's in, and see this Church.

Jacom. Is this a time to see Churches? But let me see, whose Statue's this? O Heaven! this is Don Pedro's, whom you murder'd at *Sevil*.

D. John. Say you so? Read the Inscription.

Jacom. Here lies Don Pedro, Governour of *Sevil*, harbinger.

roughly murder'd by that impious Villain Don John, 'gainst whom his innocent Blood cries still for Vengeance.

D. *John*. Let it cry on. Art thou there, Faith? Yes, I kill'd thee; and would do't again upon the same Occasion. *Jacom*.—Invite him to Supper.

Jacom. What, a Statue! invite a Statue to Supper! Ha, ha—can Marble eat?

D. *John*. I say, Rascal, tell him I would have him Sup with me.

Jacom. Ha, ha, ha! Who the Devil put this Whimsy into your Head? Ha, ha, ha, invite a Statue to Supper?

D. *John*. I shall spoil your Mirth, Sirrah; I will have it done.

Jacom. Why, 'tis impossible; would you have me such a Coxcomb? invite Marble to eat! ha, ha, ha.

[He goes several times towards the Statue, and returns laughing.]

Good Mr. Statue, if it shall please your Worship, my Master desires you to make Collation with him presently—

[The Statue nods his Head. Jacomo falls down and roars.]

Oh I am dead! Oh, Oh, Oh!

D. *John*. The Statue nods its Head; 'tis odd.—

D. *Ant*. 'Tis wonderful!

D. *Lop*. I am amaz'd!

Jacom. Oh! I cannot stir! Help, help!

D. *John*. Well, Governour, come, take part of a Collation with me; 'tis by this time ready; make haste, 'tis I invite you. *[Statue nods again.]*

Say you so? Come on, let's set all things in order quickly.

Jacom. Oh! fly, fly.

D. *Ant*. This is Prodigious!

[Exeunt Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.]

The SCENE is a Dining-Room, a Table spread, Servants setting on Meat and Wine.

D. *John*. Come, our Meat is ready; let's sit. Fox on this foolish Statue! it puzzles me to know the Reason on't.—Sirrah, I'll give you leave to sit.

D. *Ant*.

D. *Ant.* Let's eat; ne'er think on't.

Jacom. Ay, come, let's eat; I am too hungry now to think on the fright— *[Jacom eats greedily.]*

D. *John.* This is excellent Meat: How the Rogue eats! You'll choak your self—

Jacom. I warrant you, look to your self.

D. *Ant.* Why, *Jacom*, is the Devil in you?

Jacom. No, no; if he be, 'tis a hungry Devil.

D. *Lop.* Will you not drink?

Jacom. I'll lay a good Foundation first.

D. *John.* The Rascal eats like a Canibal.

Jacom. Ay, 'tis no matter for that.

D. *John.* Some Wine, Sirrah.

Jacom. There, Sir, take it; I am in haste.

D. *Ant.* 'Sdeath! the Fool will be strangled.

Jacom. The Fool knows what he does.

D. *John.* Here's to Don Pedro's Ghost; he should have been welcome.

Jacom. O name him not.

D. *Lop.* The Rascal is afraid of him after Death.

Jacom. Oh! Oh! Some Wine, give me some Wine! *[Almost choak'd.]*

D. *Ant.* Take it.

Jacom. So; now 'tis down.

D. *Ant.* Are you not satisfied yet?

Jacom. Peace, Peace: I have but just begun.

[One knocks hard at the Door.]

Who's there? Come in; I am very busy.

D. *John.* Rise, and do your Duty.

Jacom. But one Morsel more, I come. *[Knocks again.]*

What a pox! are you mad? *[Opens the Door.]*

Enter Ghost.

Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

D. *John.* Ha! it is the Ghost! let's rise and receive him.

D. *Ant.* I am amaz'd!

D. *Lop.* Not frighted, are you?

D. *Ant.* I scorn the Thoughts of Fear.

[They salute the Ghost.]

D. *John.*

D. John. Come, Governour, you are welcome; sit there; if we had thought you would have come, we would have stay'd for you. But come on, Sirrah, give me some Wine.

[The Ghost sits.]
Jacom. Oh! I am dead; what shall I do? I dare not come near you.

D. John. Come, Rascal, or I'll cut your Throat.

[Fills Wine, his Hand trembles.]

Jacom. I come, I come, I come. Oh! Oh!

D. John. Why do you tremble, Rascal? Hold it steadily—

Jacom. Oh! I cannot.

[Jacomino snatches Meat from the Table, and runs aside.]

D. John. Here, Governour, your Health. Friends, put it about. Here's excellent Meat; taste of this Ragoust. If you had had a Body of Flesh, I would have given you *cher entree*—but the Women care not for Marble. Come, I'll help you: Come, eat, and let old Quarrels be forgotten.

Ghost. I come not here to take Repast with you; Heaven has permitted me to animate

This Marble Body, and I come to warn

You of that Vengeance is in store for you.

If you amend not your pernicious Lives.

Jacom. Oh Heaven!

D. Ant. What, are you come to preach to us?

D. Lep. Keep your Harangues for Fools, that will believe 'em.

D. John. We are too much confirm'd. Pox o' this dry Discourse! give me some Wine. Come, here's to your Mistress; you had one, when you were living; Not forgetting your sweet Sister.—Sirrah, more Wine.

Jacom. Ay, Sir——Good Sir, do not provoke the Ghost; his Marble Fists may fly about your Ears, and knock your Brains out.

D. John. Peace, Fool!

Ghost. Tremble, you impious Wretches, and Repent; Behold! the Pow'rs of Hell wait for you. [Devils rise.]

Jacom. Oh! I will steal from hence. O the Devil!

D. John.

D. John. Sirrah, stir not; by Heaven I'll use thee worse than Devils can do. Come near, Coward.

Facom. Oh! I dare not stir, what will become of me?

D. John. Come, Sirrah, Eat.

Facom. O Sir, my Appetite is satisfied.

D. John. Drink, Dog, the *Ghost's* Health: Rogue, do't, or I'll run my Sword down your Throat.

Facom. Oh! Oh! Here, Mr. Statue, your Health.

D. John. Now, Rascal, Sing to entertain him.

Facom. Sing, quoth he! Oh! I have lost my Voice, I cannot be merry in such Company. Sing——

D. Ant. Who are these with ugly Shapes!

D. Lop. Their manner of appearing is something strange.

Ghost. They're Devils, that wait for such impious Men; They're Heaven's Instruments of Eternal Vengeance.

D. John. Are they some of your Retinue? Devils, say you? I am sorry I have no burnt Brandy to treat 'em with; that's drink fit for Devils.——Hah! they vanish.

[*They sink.*]

Ghost. Cannot the fear of Hell's Eternal Tortures Change the horrid Course of your abandon'd Lives? Think on those Fires, those Everlasting Fires, That shall without consuming burn you ever.

D. John. Dreams, Dreams, too slight to lose my Pleasure in spite of all you say, I will go on, (sure for. Till I have surfeited on all Delights. Youth is a Fruit that can but once be gather'd, And I'll enjoy it to the full.

D. Ant. Let's push it on; Nature chalks out the Way that we should follow.

D. Lop. 'Tis her Fault, if we do that we should not. Let's on: here's a Brimmer to our Leader's Health.

Facom. What hellish Fiends are these!

D. John. Let me tell you, 'tis something ill-bred to rail at your Host that treats you civilly. You have not yet forgot your Quarrel to me.

Ghost. 'Tis for your good; by me Heaven warns you of

of its Wrath, and gives you a longer Time for your Repentance. It invites you this Night to a Repast of mine.

D. John. Where!

Ghost. At my Tomb.

D. Ant. What time?

Ghost. At dead of Night.

D. John. We'll come.

Ghost. Fail not.

D. Lop. I warrant you.

Ghost. Farewell, and think upon your lost Condition.

D. John. Farewell, Governour; I'll see what Treat you'll give us.

D. Ant. }

And I.

D. Lop. }

Facem. That will not I. Pox on him! I have had enough of his Company; I shall not recover it this Week. If I eat with such an Host, I'll be hang'd.

D. John. If you do not, by Heaven, you shall be hang'd.

Facem. Whither will your Lewdness carry me? I do not care for having a Ghost for my Landlord. Will not these Miracles do good upon you?

D. John. There's nothing happens but by natural Cause, Which in unusual things Fools cannot find, (see,
And then they Style 'em Miracles. But no Accident
Can alter me from what I am by Nature.
Were there
Legions of Ghosts and Devils in my way,
One Moment in my Course of Pleasure I'd not stay.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

ACT



ACT. V

Enter Jacomo, with Back, Breast, and Head-piece

Jacom. WELL, this damn'd Master of mine will not part with me; and we must fight five or six times a Day, one Day with another, that's certain: Therefore thou art wise, honest *Jacom.* to arm thy self, I take it. Sa, sa, sa, — methinks, I am very valiant on the sudden. Sa, sa, sa. Hah! there I have you. Paph— Have at you. Hah — there I have you through. That was a fine Thrust in Tierce. Hah ——— Death! what Noise is that?

Enter Don John.

D. John. How now, Sirrah! what are you doing?

Jacom. Nothing now, but practising to run People through the Bodies, that's all; for I know some Body's Throat must be cut before Midnight.

D. John. In Armour too! Why, that cannot help you, you are such a cowardly Fool; Fear will betray you faster within, than that can defend you without ———

Jacom. I fear no Body breathing. I! nothing can terrifie me but the devilish Ghost. Ha! What's that coming? O Heaven!

D. John. Is this your Courage? You are preparing for Flight, before an Enemy appears. [Leaps back.]

Jacom. No; no, Sir, not I; I only leap back to put my self upon my Guard ——— Fa, la, la ———

Enter Don Lopez and Don Antonio.

D. John. Whom have we here!

Jacom. O where! where! who are they?

D. John. O my Friends! Where have you been?

D. Ant. We went to view the stately Nunnery hard by, and have been chatting with the poor sanctify'd Fools till it's dark; we have been chaffering for Nun's Flesh.

D. Lop.

D. *Lop.* There I made such a Discovery, if you do not assist me, I am ruin'd for ever. Don *Bernardo's* Sister, whom I fell in love with in *Sevil*, is this day plac'd there for Probation; and if you cannot advise me to some way or other of getting her out, for some present Occasion I have for her, I am a lost Man, that's certain.

D. *Ans.* The Business is difficult, and we resolve to manage it in Council.

Juan. Now will they bring me into some wicked Occasion or other of shewing my Prowess: A Pox on 'em.

D. *John.* Have you so long followed my Fortunes, to boggle at Difficulty upon so honourable an Occasion? Besides, here is no Difficulty.

D. *Lop.* No? The Walls are so high, and the Nunnery so strongly fortify'd, 'twill be impossible to do it by Force; we must find some Stratagem.

D. *John.* The Stratagem is soon found out——

D. *Ans.* As how, Don *John*?

D. *John.* Why, I will set Fire on the Nunnery; Fire the Hive, and the Drones must out, or be burnt within: Then may you with Ease, under Pretence of Succour, take whom you will.

D. *Lop.* 'Tis a gallant Design.

D. *Ans.* I long to be about it. Well, Don, thou art the bravest Fellow breathing.

Juan. Gentlemen, pray what became of that brave Fellow that fir'd the Temple at *Ephesus*? Was he not hang'd, Gentlemen? hum——

D. *Ans.* We are his Rivals, Fool; and who would not suffer for so brave an Action?

D. *John.* He's a 'Scoundrel and a Poultroun, that would not have his Death for his Fame.

D. *Lop.* That he is; a damn'd Son of a Whore, and not fit to drink with.

Juan. 'Tis a rare thing to be a Martyr for the Devil; but what good will Infamy do you, when you are dead? When Honour is nothing but a Vapour to you, while you are living. For my part, I'd not be hang'd to be *Alexander the Great*.

D. *Ans.*

D. Ant. What a Phlegmatick dull Rascal is that, who has no Ambition in him!

Jacom. Ambition! What, to be hang'd? besides, what's the Intrinsick Value of Honour, when a Man is under the Ground? Let 'em but call me honest *Jacom*, as I am, while I live; and let 'em call me, when I am dead, Don *John*, if they will.

D. John. Villain! dare you prophane my Name?

Jacom. Hold, Sir! think what you do! you cannot hurt me; my Arms are Pistol proof.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. I come to give you Notice of an approaching Danger: You must fly. An Officer with some Shepherds have found you were at our House, and are come to apprehend you, for some Outrage you have committed; I came to give you Notice, knowing our Family has a great Respect for you.

D. John. Yes, I know your Family has a great Respect for me, for I have lain with every one in it, but Thee and thy Master.

Jacom. Why look you now, I thought what 'twould come to: Fly, Sir, fly; the Darkness of the Night will help us. Come, I'll lead the Way.

D. John. Stay, Sirrah; you shall have one Occasion more of shewing your Valour.

D. Ant. Did ever any Knight-Errant fly, that was so well appointed?

D. Lop. No, you shall stay and get Honour, *Jacom*.

Jacom. Pox of Honour! I am content with the Stock I have already.

D. John. You are easily satisfied. But now let's fire the Nunnery.

D. Ant. Come on.

D. Lop. I long to be at it.

Jacom. O *Jacom*! thy Life is not worth a Piece of Eight. 'Tis in vain to dissuade 'em.—Sir, I will never trouble you with another Request, if you'll be graciously pleas'd to leave me out of this Adventure.

D. John. Well, you have your Desire.

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H

Jacom.

Facom. A thousand Thanks; and when I see you again, I will be humbly content with a Halter.

D. John. But do you hear, Fool? Stand Centinel here, and if any thing happens extraordinary, give us Notice of it.

Facom. O good Sir! What do you mean? that's as bad as going with you.

D. John. Let me find you here when I come again, or you are a dead Man——

[*Exeunt Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio.*]

Facom. I am sure I am a dead Man, if you find me here: But 'would my Armour were off now, that I might run the lighter. Night afflicts me. Heaven! What Noise is that? To be left alone in the Dark, and fear Ghosts and Devils, is very horrible. But oh! Who are these?

[*Enter Officers, Guards and Shepherds.*]

1 Shep. We are thus far right; the Ravishers went this Way.

2 Shep. For Heaven's sake, take 'em dead or alive; such desperate Villains ne'er were seen.

Facom. So, if I be catch'd, I shall be hang'd; if not, I shall be kill'd. 'Tis very fine! These are the Shepherds. I'll hide my self. [He stands up close against the Wall.]

1 Shep. If we catch the Rogues, we'll broil 'em alive; no Death can be painful enough for such Wretches.

Facom. O bloody-minded Men——

2 Shep. O impious vile Wretches! That we had you in our Clutches! Open your dark Lanthorn, and let's search for 'em.

Facom. What will become of me? My Armour will not do now.

1 Shep. Thus far we hunted them upon a good Scent: But now we are at a Fault.

Facom. Let me see; I have one Trick left; I have a Disguise will fright the Devil.

1 Shep. They must be hereabouts.

Facom. I'll in amongst them, and certainly this will fright 'em.

1 Shep.

1 *Shep.* O Heaven! What horrid Object's this?

Jacom. The Devil.

2 *Shep.* O fly, fly! the Devil! the Devil! fly—

[*Exeunt Shepherds frightened.*]

Jacom. Farewell, good Gentlemen. This is the first time my Face e'er did me good. But I'll not stay, I take it; Yet whither shall I fly? Oh! What Noise is that? I am in the Dark, in a strange Place too; what will follow? There lie, O my Arms. Hah! Who's there? Let me go this Way—O the Ghost! the Ghost! Gad forgive me, 'twas nothing but my Fear. O vile Wretches! they have done the Deed. [*A Noise within, Fire! Fire! the Nunnery's on Fire.*] There is no flying; now the Place will be full of People, and wicked Lights, that will discover me, if I fly.

Within. Fire! Fire! the Nunnery's on Fire! help! help!—

[*Several People cross the Stage, crying Fire.*]

Jacom. What shall I do? there's no way but one, I'll go with the Crowd—Fire! Fire!—Murder! Help! Help! Fire! Fire!—

[*More People cross the Stage, he runs with them.*]

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez, four Nuns.

D. John. Fear not, Ladies; we'll protect you.

1 *Nun.* Our Sex and Habits will protect us.

D. Lop. Not enough; we will protect you better.

1 *Nun.* Pray leave us; we must not consort with Men.

D. Ant. What, would you run into the Fire to avoid Mankind? You are zealous Ladies indeed.

D. John. Come, Ladies, walk with us; we'll put you in a Place of Safety.

2 *Nun.* We'll go no further, we are safe enough; be gone, and help to quench the Fire.

D. John. We have another Fire to quench; come along with us.

D. Lop. Ay, come; you must go.

D. Ant. Come along; we know what's good for you; you must go with us.

1 *Nun.* Heaven! What Violence is this? What impious Men are these? Help! Help!

[*All cry Help.*]

H 2

Enter

Enter Flavia and Clara Probationers.

Flav. Here are the bloody Villains, the Causes of our Misery.

Clar. Inhumane Butchers! Now we'll have your Lives.

D. John. Hah! Here are a brace of my Wives. If you have a Mind to this Fool, take her betwixt you; for my part, I'll have my own. Come, Wives, along with me; we must consummate, my Spouses, we must consummate.

Clar. What Monsters are these?

All Nuns. Help! help!

D. Ant. 'Sdeath! these foolish Women are their own Enemies.

D. Lop. Here are so many People, if they cry out more, they'll interrupt us in our brave Design.

D. John. I warrant you; when they cry out, let us out-noise 'em. Come, Women, you must go along with us.

1 Nun. Heaven! What shall we do? Help! help!

D. John. Help! help! Fire! Fire! Fire!

D. Lop. } Help! help!

D. Ant. }

[They hale the Women by the Hands, who still cry out, and they with them.]

Enter several People, crying out Fire, Jacomo in the rear.

Jacom. Fire! Fire! Help! Help! ———

'Sdeath! Here's my Master.

D. John. Sirrah, come along with me; I have use of you.

Jacom. I am caught!

D. John. Here, Sirrah, take one of my Wives, and force her after me. Do you refuse, Villain?

Enter Shepherds, with Officer and Guards.

Nuns. Help! help! good People, help! Rescue us from these Villains.

1 Shep. Who are you, committing Violence on Women?

2 Shep.

a Shep. Heavens! they are the Villains we seek for.

Jacom. Where is my Armour now? Oh my Armour!

Officer. Fall on.

[They fight, Women fly, Jacomo falls down as kill'd. Two Shepherds and the Officer are kill'd.]

D. John. Say you so, Rogues?

D. Lop. So, the Field's our own.

D. John. But a pox on't! we have bought a Victory too deary we have lost the Women.

D. Ant. We'll find 'em again. But poor *Jacom* is killed.

Jacom. That's a Lie.

[Aside.]

D. Lop. 'Faith, let's carry off our Dead.

D. John. Agreed; we'll bury him in the Church; whilst the Ghost treats us, we'll treat the Worms with the Body of a Rascal.

Jacom. Not yet a while.

[Aside.]

D. Lop. Come, let's take away the Fool.

Jacom. No, the Fool can take away himself. 'Sdeath! you resolve not to let me alone, dead or alive—— Here are more Murders, Oh!

D. Lop. Oh counterfeiting Rascal! Are you alive?

[The Clock strikes Twelve.]

D. Ant. The Clock strikes Twelve.

D. John. 'Slife! our Time's come, we must to the Tomb: I would not break my Word with the Ghost for a thousand Doubloons ——

Jacom. Nor I keep it, for ten times the Money.

D. John. But you shall keep your Word, Sir.

Jacom. Sir, I am resolv'd to fast to-Night: 'Tis a Vigil: Besides, I care not for eating in such base Company.

Within. Follow, follow, follow——

D. Lop. D'ye hear that Noise? The remaining Rogues have rais'd the Mobile, and are coming upon us.

Jacom. Oh! let's fly——fly——What will become of me?

D. Ant. Let's to the Church, and give the Rogues the Go by.

D. John. Come on; since 'tis my time, and I have promised the Governour, I'll go--You had best stay, Sirrah, and be taken.

Jacom. No: Now I must go to the Church, whether I will or no. Away, away, fie!

Enter two Shepherds with a great Rabble.

Shep. Here they went; follow, follow---[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

The SCENE the Church, the Statue of Don Pedro on Horseback; on each Side of the Church, Don John's Father's Ghost, Maria's, Don Francisco's, Leonora's, Flora's, Maria's Brothers, and others, with Torches in their Hands.

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez, and Jacomo.

Jacom. Good Sir, let's go no farther; look what horrid Attendants are here! This wicked Ghost has no good Meaning in him.

D. John. He resolves to treat us in State; I think he has robb'd all the Graves hereabouts of their Dead, to wait upon us.

D. Ant. I see no Entertainment prepar'd.

D. Lop. He has had the Manners to light off his Horse, and entertain us.

D. John. He would not sure be so ill-bred, to make us wait on him on Foot.

Jacom. Pox on his Breeding! I shall die with Fear; I had as good have been taken and hang'd. What Horrour seizes me!

D. John. Well, Governour, you see we are as good as our Words.

D. Ant. Where's your Collation?

D. Lop. Bid some of your Attendants give us some Wine. [*Ghost descends.*]

Stat. Have you not yet thought on your lost Condition? Here are the Ghosts of some whom you have murder'd, That cry for Vengeance on you---

Father's Ghost. Repent, repent of all your horrid Crimes. Monsters, repent; or Hell will swallow you.

D. John.

D. John. That's my old Man's Voice. D'ye hear, old Gentleman? you talk idly.

Jacom. I do repent. O spare me! I do repent of all my Sins, but especially of following this wicked Wretch.

[Kneels.

D. Ant. Away, Fool.

[Anto. kicks him.

D. Fran. Ghost. My Blood cries out upon thee, barbarous Wretch.

D. John. That's my Host Francisco; 'faith, thou wert a good honest Blockhead; that's the Truth on't

Flora's Ghost. Thou shalt not escape Vengeance for all thy Crimes.

D. John. What Fool's that? I am not acquainted with her.

Leon. Ghost. In time lay hold on Mercy, and repent.

D. John. That was *Leonora*, a good-natur'd, silly Wench; something too loving, that was all her Fault.

Maria. Villain, this is the last Moment of thy Life. And thou in Flames eternally shalt howl.

D. John. Thou ly'st; this is the young hot-headed Fool we kill'd at *Francisco's*. Pox on him! he disappointed me in my Design upon the Daughters. 'Would thou wert alive again, that I might kill thee once more.

D. Lop. No more of this old foolish Stuff; give us some Wine to begin with.

D. Ant. Ay, give us some Wine, Governour.

D. John. What, do you think to treat us thus? I offer'd you a better Entertainment. Pr'ythee trouble us no more, but bid some of your Attendants give us some Wine; I'll drink to you and all the good Company.

Stat. Give 'em the Liquor they have most delighted in.
[Two of the Ghosts go out, and bring four Glasses full of Blood.
then give 'em to D. John, D. Antonio, D. Lopez.

D. Lop. This is something.

D. John. This is civil.

D. Ant. I hope a good Discert will follow.

[Ghost offers a Glass to Jacomo, who runs round D. John, D. Antonio, D. Lopez, roaring.

Jacom. Are you stark distracted? Will you drink of that

that Liquor? Oh! Oh, what do you mean? Good Sweet Ghost, forbear your Civility: Oh! I am not dry, I thank you——

D. John. Give it me. Here, take it, Sirrah.

Facom. By no means, Sir; I never drink between Meals. O Sir——

D. John. Take it, Rascal.

Facom. O Heavens!

D. John. Now, Governour, your Health; 'tis the reddest Drink I ever saw.

D. Lop. Hah! pah! 'tis Blood.

D. Ant. Pah! it is——

Facom. Oh! I'll have none of it.

[They throw the Glasses down.]

D. John. 'Sdeath, do you mean to affront us?

Stat. 'Tis fit for such Bloody-thirsty Wretches.

D. John. Do you upbraid me with my killing of you? I did it, and would do it again; I'd fight with all your Family one by one, and cut off Root and Branch, to enjoy your Sister. But will you treat us no otherwise?

Stat. Yes, I will, ye impious Wretches. *[A Flourish.]*

D. Lop. What's here? Musick to treat us with?

D. Ant. There is some Pleasure in this.

SONG of Devils.

1 Dev. **P**Repare, prepare; new Guests, draw near,
And on the Brink of Hell appear.

2 Dev. Kindle fresh Flames of Sulphur there.
Assemble, all ye Fiends,
Wait for the dreadful Ends
Of impious Men, who far excell
All the Inhabitants of Hell.

Chorus } ———— Let 'em come, let 'em come
of De- } To an Eternal Dreadful Doom;
vils. } Let 'em come, let 'em come.

3 Devils

3 Dev. In Mischiefs they have all the damn'd out-does;
Here they shall weep, and shall empty'd groan,
Here they shall Howl, and make Eternal Moan.

1 Dev. By Blood and Lust they have desert'd so well,
That they shall feel the hottest Flames in Hell.

2 Dev. In vain they shall here their past Mischiefs bewail;
In exquisite Torments, that shall never fail.

3 Dev. Eternal Darkness they shall find,
And stern Eternal Chains shall bind
To infinite Pain of Sense and Mind.

Chorus } ———— Let 'em come, let 'em come
of all. } To an Eternal dreadful Doom;
Let 'em come, let 'em come.

Stat. Will you not relent and feel Remorse?

D. John. Cou'dst thou bestow another Heart on me,
I might; but with this Heart I have, I cannot.

D. Lop. These Things are Prodigious!

D. Ant. I have a kind of grudging to relent, but something holds me back.

D. Lop. If we could, 'tis now too late; I will not.

D. Ant. We defy thee.

Stat. Perish, ye impious Wretches; go and find
The Punishments laid up in Store for you:

[It thunders, Don Lopez and Don Antonio are swallow'd up.

Behold their dreadful Fates, and know that thy last Moment's come.

D. John. Think not to fright me, foolish Ghost; I'll break your Marble Body in Pieces, and pull down your Horse.

Fatom. If Fear has left me my Strength, I'll steal away.

[Exit.

D. John. These Things I see with Wonder, but no Fear.
Were all the Elements to be confounded,
And shuffled all into their former Chaos;
Were Seas of Sulphur flaming round about me,
And all Mankind roaring within those Fires,

I could not fear, nor feel the least Remorse;
 To the last Instant I would dare thy Power;
 Here I stand firm, and all thy Threats condemn;
 Thy Murderer stands here, now do thy worst.

*[It Thunders and Lightens. Devils descend and sink with
 Don John, who is cover'd with a Cloud of Fire as he
 sinks.]*

Stat. Thus perish all
 Those Men, who by their Words and Actions dare
 Against the Will and Power of Heav'n declare.

[Scene Sings.]



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Jacomo*.

THrough all the Perils of the Play I've run,
But know not how your Fury I may shun;
I'm in new Dangers now to be undone—
I had but one fierce Master, there;
But I have many cruel Tyrants here,
Who do most bloodily my Life pursue;
Who takes my Lovelyhead, may take that too.
'Gainst little Players you great Factions raise,
Make Solomon Laguna and Cornwall against Plays;
We, who by no Allies assisted are,
Against the great Confederates must make War.
You need not strive our Province to o'er-run,
By our own Stratagems we are undone.
We've laid out all our Pains, nay, Wealth, for you;
And yet, hard-hearted Men, will not do so.
'Tis not your Judgment, pray, for you can be
Pleas'd with dunces' Pleas (as James can wish to see.)
'Ounds, we do what we can, what would you more?
Why do you come, and rave, and damn, and roar?
'Sdeath! what a Devil man do you have us do?
Each take a Prize, and then, humbly sue,
Angling for single Money with a Shew.
What, will you be Don John? Have you no Remorse?
Farewell then, bloody Men, and take your Course.
Yet stay—
If you'll be civil, we will treat of Peace,
And th' Articles o' th' Treaty shall be these.

First.

EPILOGUE.

" First, to the Men of Wit we all submit;
The rest shall swagger too within the Pit,
And may roar out their little or no Wit.
But do not swear so loud to fright the City;
Who neither care for wicked Men, nor witty;
They start at Ills they do not like to do,
But shall in Shops be wickeder than you.
" Next, you'll no more be troubled with Machines.
Item, you shall appear behind our Scenes,
And there make Love with the sweet Chink of Guineas,
The unresisted Eloquence of Mimics.
Some of our Women shall be kind to you,
And promise free English and Drefs too.
But if the Fates, which we have, won't do,
We will find out some of Sinners for you.
We will be civil, when nought else will win ye;
We will new-bait our Trap, and then will bring ye.
" Come, faith let all old Breaches now be heal'd,
And the said Articles shall be Sign'd and Seal'd.



EPSOM-WELLS.

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

DUKE'S THEATRE.

Μεγάλως ἀπολαύσασθαι ἀμάρτημα ἔστιν.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

PERSONNEL

COMMITTEE

OF THE



Printed in the Year MDCCLXX



To his GRACE the
Duke of Newcastle, &c.

May it please your GRACE,



OUR Grace has by so many and extraordinary Favours so entirely made me your own, that I cannot but think whatever is mine, is so. This makes me bold to present you with this Comedy, which the Town was extremely kind to, and which, I confess, I am more fond of, than of any thing I have ever wrote; and therefore think my self obliged to dedicate it to your Grace, since whatever I can value most among my Possessions is your Due. And though the Return be in no Measure proportionable to the Obligations I have received; yet I hope I shall not be thought ungrateful, since I offer the best I have to your Grace; who, I think I may say, are the
only

Epistle Dedicatory.

only *Mecenas* of our Age; I am sure, the only one that I can boast of.

You are He, who still preserves and maintains the Magnificence and Grandeur of our ancient Nobility; and being one that's truly great in Mind as well as Fortune, you take delight in rewarding and encouraging of Art and Wit: And while others detract from Poetry, or at least neglect it, your Grace not only encourages it by your great Example, but protects it too. *Welbeck* is indeed the only Place, where the best Poets can find a good Reception. Your Grace well understanding their noble Science, and admiring it, while some Men envy it, and others are grossly Ignorant of it; and indeed none but the latter can slightly esteem it, who commonly are solid Block-heads, that value Business and Drudgery, which every industrious Fool is capable of, before refined Wit and Sense. It is a certain sign of a sordid and foolish Age, when Poetry is depressed: Men, by Reason of their Folly and Looseness of Manners, either not caring to imitate the generous Characters represented by it, or fearing the Satyr of it.

Your Grace is above the imitating of generous Characters made by Poets, being your self an Original, which they can but faintly Copy; nor are you less for your Greatness, Wisdom, and Integrity above their Satyr. So that your Grace is fully qualified in all Particulars for the support of the poor neglected Poetry. Your Excellence in the Art is enough to keep up the Dignity of it,
and

Epistle Dedicatory.

and your Greatness to encourage and protect it. And accordingly your Grace does so magnificently extend your Favours to the Poets, that your great Example is enough to atone the Neglect of all the Nation; and among all, whom your Grace has obliged, there is none shall be more ready upon all Occasions to testify his Gratitude, than,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Sir C. Sedley.

POets and Thieves can scarce be rooted out;
Scape ne'er so hardly, they'll have th'other Bout.
Burnt in the Hand, the Thieves fall to: again;
And Poets hiss, cry They did lo to Ben: —
Like Boys, who have at School too oft been stript,
They have no Feeling in the Part that's whipt.
They're for your Pity, not your Anger, fit,
They're e'en such Fools, they would be thought to have Wit.
Elsewhere you all can flatter, why not here?
You'll say you pay, and so may be severe.
Judge for your selves then, Gallants, as you pay,
And lead not each of you his Bench astray:
Let easie Chits be pleas'd with all they hear,
Go home, and to their Neighbours praise our Ware;
They with good Stomachs come, and fain wou'd eat:
You nothing like, and make them loath their Meat.
Though some Men are with Wine, Wit, Beauty cloy'd,
The Creatures still by others are enjoy'd.
'Tis not fair Play, that one, for his Half-Crown,
Shou'd judge, and rail, and damn for half the Town.
But do your worst; if once the Pit grows thin,
Your dear lov'd Masks will hardly venture in.
Then we're reveng'd on you, who needs must come
Hither, to shun your own dull selves at home:
But you, kind Burghers, who had never yet
Either your Heads or Bellies full of Wit:
Our Poets hope to please; but not too well;
Nor wou'd we have the angry Criticks swell.
A moderate Pace best fits his humble Mind,
Be neither they too sharp, nor you too kind.

P R O

By the same,
PROLOGUE to the King and
Queen. Spoken at *White-Hall.*

POETS and Soldiers, us'd to various Chance,
Cannot expect they should each Day advance;
Sometimes their Wreaths they miss, sometimes obtain;
But whensoever one lucky Hit they gain,
Loudly the Triumphs of that Day they boast,
And ne'er reflect on all their Battels lost.

So, Royal Sir, the Poet of this Night,
Since he contributed to Your Delight,
No Thoughts of former Losses does retain,
But boasts that now he has not liv'd in vain:
His Tide of Joy will to Ambition swell.
He, that wou'd think his whole Life manag'd well,
Once pleasing him——

T' whom all the Pleasures of our Lives are due,
Has now liv'd twice, since he has twice pleas'd you.

§ If this for him had been by others done,

§ After this Honour sure they claim their own.

Yet, to compleat his Wishes does remain

This new Addition, which he hopes to gain,

That You, the other Glory of our Isle,

(to the Queen.)

Would grace his Labour with your Royal Smile.

Though he has Faults, yet, Madam, You will save

The Criminal Your Royal Lord forgive;

And that Indulgence he will much prefer,

To all th' Applauses of the Theater.

A common Audience gives but common Praise;

Th' Applause of Princes must confer the Bays.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

John,
Devil,
Woody, } Men of Wit and Pleasure.

Clodpate, A Country Justice; a publick-spirited, politick discontented Pop, and immoderate Hater of *London*, and a Lover of the Country above Measure; a hearty, true *English* Coxcomb.

Toby, *Clodpate's* Man.

Kick,
Coff, } Two cheating, sharking, cowardly Bullies.

Bisbet, A Comfit-maker; a quiet, humble, civil Cuckold, govern'd by his Wife, whom he very much fears and loves at the same time, and is very proud of.

Fribble, A Haberdasher; a surly Cuckold, very conceited, and proud of his Wife, but pretends to govern and keep her under.

Two Country Fellows.

Foot-boy.

Mrs. Woody, *Woody's* Wife; jilting, unquiet, troublesome, and very whorish.

Lucia,
Carolina, } Two young Ladies of Wit, Beauty and Fortune.

Mrs. Bisbet, An impertinent imperious Strumpet, Wife to *Bisbet*.

Dorothy Fribble, Wife to *Fribble*; an humble submitting Wife, who jilts her Husband that way; a very Whore.

Mrs. File, A silly affected Whore; that pretends to be in Love with most Men, and thinks most Men in Love with her, and is always boasting of Love-Letters and Men's Favours, yet a Pretender to Virtue.

Peg, Her Sister; *Mrs. Woodley's* Maid.

Parson, Hectors, Constable and Watch, and Fiddlers.



EPSOM-WELLS.

ACT I SCENE I

Enter Mrs. Woody, Bisket, Mrs. Bisket, Fribble, and his Wife, Kick, Cuff, Dorothy and Margaret; to Toby and others, drinking at the Wells.

BISKET.



Vow, it is a pleasurable Morning; the Waters taste so finely after being fuddled last Night. Neighbour *Fribble*, here's a Pint to you.

Frib. I'll pledge you, Mr. *Bisket*; I have drunk eight already.

Mrs. Bisk. How do the Waters agree with your Ladyship?

Mrs. Wood. Oh sovereignly! how many Cups are you arriv'd to?

Mrs. Bisk. Truly, six; and they pass so kindly——

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis a delicious Morning.

Cuff. Honest *Kick*, how is it? you were drunk last Night; I was so, and was damnably beaten.

Kick. I was drunk, Ned *Cuff*; and was not beaten, but beat; I am come to wash away, my Claret, but you'll scarce wash away your black Eye.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frib. I am glad to see your Ladyship this Morning, you look so fresh and so fair; my Service to you, Madam.

Cuff. How the white Aprons scuttle, and leap, and dance yonder! some of 'em are dancing the Hey.

Kick. Many a London Strumpet comes to jump and wash down her unlawful Issue, to prevent Shame; but more especially Charges.

Cuff. Others come thither to procure Conception.

Kick. Ay Pox, that's not from the Waters, but something else, that shall be nameless.

Cuff. I have a great mind to run rearing in amongst 'em all.

Kick. Thou hadst as good fling thy self among the Lions in the Tower, when they are fasting. They'll tear thee in Pieces; but we'll have a Course, as they are going from the Wells.

Cuff. Agreed: we seldom use to miss of some kind good Body to supply our Necessities that way.

Frib. Is your Ladyship's Coach here?

Mrs. Wood. It goes before; I'll follow it on Foot, for the Pleasure of the Walk.

Mrs. Bisk. Madam, good Morrow; have your Ladyship's Waters pass'd well?

Mrs. Wood. Yes, wonderfully. I'll be going.

[Exit Mrs. Wood.]

Bisk. Mr. Kick, and Mr. Cuff, good Morrow to you; we shall have you at the Bowling-Green in the Afternoon.

Kick. I play on your side.

Bisk. I know it; and I'll lay all I am worth on't.

Kick. I hope he will, Cuff, that we may ruin him.

Frib. And I am on my Neighbour Bisk's side, all I can rap and rend.

Cuff. Let's be sure to bett all we can. I have known a great Bowler, whose Better's Place was worth above aool. a Year, without venturing a Farthing for himself.

Kick. They begin to go Homewards; let's be gone.

Enter

Enter Raines, and Botil.
Bev. Jack, how is't this Morning? we are late; the Company is going from the Wells; how does thy last Night's Work agree with thee?

Raines. Whether that agrees with me or no, I am resolv'd to agree with that; for no Dissemper can trouble me, that comes from so generous a Cause, as lusty *Dur-*
gundy, and good Company.

Bev. Thou art i'th' right; we should no more be troubled at the Feavers we get in Drinking, than the honourable Wounds we receive in Battle.

Raines. 'Tis true; the first are the Effects of our Pleasure, and the last of our Honour; which are two things absolutely necessary to the Life of a Gentleman.

Bev. Yet your dull, splenetick, sober Sots will tell you, we shorten our Lives, and bring Gouts, Dropsies, Palsies, and the Devil and all upon us.

Raines. Let 'em lye and preach on, while we live more in a Week, than those insipid temperate Fools do in a Year.

Bev. We, like subtle Chymists, extract and refine our Pleasure; While they, like fulsome Galenists, take it in Gross.

Raines. I confess, a Disorder got by Wine, in scurvy Company, would trouble a Man as much as a Clap got of a Bawd; but there are some Women so beautiful, that the Pleasure would more than ballance the Disaster.

Bev. And as your honest Whore-master makes haste to his Cure, only to be at it again; so do we take Pills and the Waters, to prepare us for another Heat.

Raines. For my part, I hate to hoard up a great stock of Health, as Misers do Gold, and make no Use on't: I am resolv'd to lay it out upon my Friend, as far as 'twill go; and if I run my self out, I'll be a good Husband for a while, to lay it out again when I have it.

Bev. But, *Jack,* there are Duties to our She, as well as to our Neighbours, which the Dull, Grave, and Wise say, is lighting our Candle at both Ends.

Raines. Let 'em be light at both Ends. Is it not better to let Life go out in Blaze than a Snuff?

Bev.

Bev. I see thou art a brave Fellow, and not to be mov'd by the formal Fops of this World.

Raines. I will converse with grave Fellows, in their Books; but with such as thou art over a Bottle, *Ned*. But where's *Woody* this Morning? I warrant, he was drunk last Night, and has a tedious Lecture from his impertinent Wife; who impudently rails at him, as she says, because she loves him.

Bev. He's an honest Fellow, and ventures hard, when he drinks with us; for, to say Truth, she's a damn'd Wife, but a very good Mistress.

Raines. Art not thou a Villain, to cuckold this honest Fellow, and thy Friend, *Ned*?

Bev. 'Gad, it's impossible to be a Man of Honour in these Cases. But my Intrigue with her began before my Friendship with him; and so I made a Friend of my Cuckold, and not a Cuckold of my Friend.

Raines. An admirable School Distinction.

Enter Woody.

Wood. *Raines* and *Bevil*, good-Morrow to you.

Raines. O! *Franck Woody*, where wast thou last Night? you 'scap'd a bloody Night on't.

Wood. Faith, *Raines*, there is no 'scaping; a Coward may be kill'd, as well as a brave Man; I ran away from you, but to little Purpose. See how my Hand shakes this Morning.

Raines. O let me kiss that Hand; he must be an illustrious Man, whose Hand shakes at us.

Wood. You are pleas'd to say so; but, 'faith, I take Pains and live as fast as I can, that's the truth on't.

Bev. Thou art in the right; and a Pox on them, that live slowly, lazily, and soberly. I love riding Post in a Journey, I hate a damn'd dull Carrier's Pace.

Wood. But I was in damn'd Company, with that publick-spirited Fool, and Country Justice, *Mr. Glodpate*, and one or two as bad.

Bev. Thou art often seduc'd by Fools, *Frank*; have a care of 'em, I say, have a care of 'em

Raines.

Raines. He counsels you well, for Conversation is to the Mind, as the Air we live in is to the Body, is the Good, we by degrees suck in Health; and in the Ill, Difficulties. Wit is improv'd in good Company, but there is a Contagion in Folly, that insensibly insinuates into one that often converses with Fools, let his Constitution of Mind be never so good.

Bev. But *Clodpate* is a clownish Country Fool. The Murrain among Cattle is not infectious to Men, nor can his blunt Folly ever insinuate it self into an honest Debauchee.

Enter Clodpate and Toby.

Raines. Here he comes; let's observe him a little.

Clod. Did you call upon my Cousin *Spatter-Brain* for that Interest money due to me this *Midsummer*?

Toby. I have, Sir, every Day since he came to *Epsom*; and Yesterday he said, upon his Honour, he would pay me, and went immediately to *London*.

Clod. Honour! a Pox on his Honour! I'll sooner trust the Honour of a Country Horse-Courser, than one of the Publicans and Singers of that odious Town. They never pay so much as a Taylor's Bill till it comes to Execution. But I'll have *Spatter-Brain* by the Back the next Term, though he be my Sister's Son. But how does my dapple Mare?

Toby. She's much discontented, to hear her Neighbours whinny over their Oats and Beans, while she is fain to mortify with a poor lock of Hay.

Clod. You Rogue, you wou'd have her as fat, and as foggy, as my Landlady the Hostess. I care not what I spend amongst my Neighbours in *Suffex*, but I'd not have a Rogue so near that damn'd Town of *London* get a Farthing by me.

Wood. Besides some dull Encomiums upon a Country Life, and Discourse of his serving the Nation with his Magistracy, Popularity, and House-keeping, you see the best and worst of him.

Bev. But is his Hatred to *London* so inveterate as is reported?

Wood. Six times more. Since 'twas burnt, he calls it nothing but *Sodom*; he is such a Villain, he swears the *Frenchman*, that was hang'd for burning on't was a, Martyr; he was so glad at the burning of it, that ever since he has kept the second of *September* a Festival; he thinks a Woman cannot be honest, scarce found, that comes within the Smell on't; he is shock'd at the very Name on't.

Bev. I have heard that the Reasons of his Hatred are, because he has been beaten, clap'd, and cheated there.

Raines. Pox on him! he has found us, and there's no avoiding him.

Clod. O Mr. *Woody*, how is it? You drink no Waters; but have you had your other Morning's Draught yet?

Wood. Yes; I never leave off my Evening's Draught, till it become my Morning's Draught.

Clod. Mr *Raines* and *Bevil*, gad save ye; how d'ye like the Country? Is't not worth a hundred of *Sodom* yonder? good Horses, good Dogs, good Ale, ha—

Raines. Good Wine, good Wit, and fine Women, may, I take it, compare with them.

Clod. I find you'll never leave that Place of Sin and Sea-coal: give me Drink, for all that, that breeds no Gout; a wholesome plain Wench, that will neither bring my Body to the Surgeon's Hands, nor my Land to the Scrivener's: And for Wit, there is such a stir amongst you, who has it, and who has it not, that we honest Country Gentlemen begin to think there's no such thing; and have hearty Mirth and good old Catches amongst us, that do the Business every whir as well.

Raines. He's in the Right. The Wits are as bad as the Divines, and have made such civil Wars, that this little Nation is almost undone.

Clod. But, Mr. *Woody*, how do you like my Dapple Mare?

Wood. Not comparable to a Hackney Coach.

Clod. But she shall run with e'er a Hackney Coach in England, for all that; or e'er a Horse in your Stable, Weight him and Inch him.

Wood.

Wood. I would not keep a running Horse, though a running Horse would half keep me.

Bev. We are for *London* to-Morrow; shall we have your Company?

Clod. Ud's bud! I go to *London*! I am almost sick at *Epsom*, when the Wind sits to bring any of the Smoak this Way; and, by my good Will, would not talk with a Man that comes from thence, till he hath air'd himself a Day or two.

Wood. Why? there's no Plague.

Clod. There's Pride, Popery, Folly, Lust, Prodigality; Cheating Knaves, and Jilting Whores; Wine of half a Crown a Quart, and Ale of twelve Pence; and what not.

Raines. This is a terrible Regiment you have muster'd; but neither the Priests or the Women will ravish you; nor are you forc'd to take the Wine, as the *French* are their Salt; there are twelve-penny Ordinaries.

Clod. Ay, and Cards, and false Dice, and Quarrels, Hosts, and reform'd Officers to borrow a Crown, and beat a Man that refuses it, or asks for't again; besides, I'll sum you up the beastly Pleasures of the best of ye.

Wood. What are those?

Clod. Why, to sit up drunk till three a Clock in the Morning, rise at twelve, follow damn'd *French* Fashions, get dress'd to go to a damn'd Play, choak your selves afterwards with Dust in *Hide-Park*, or with Sea-coal in the Town, flatter and fawn in the Drawing-room, keep your Wench, and turn away your Wife, Gods-ooks.

Bev. The Rogue is a tart and witty Whoreson!

Clod. I was at *Sodom* at Eighteen, I thank 'em; but now I serve my Country, and spend upon my Tenants what I get amongst them.

Raines. And so, indeed, are no better than their Sponge, which they moisten, only to squeeze again. But what important Service do you do your Country?

Clod. 'sbud I!—why, I am Justice of *Quorum* in *Sussex*, and this Country too, and I make the Surveyors mend the High-ways; I cause Rogues to be whipt for breaking

breaking Fences, or Peeling Trees, especially if they be my own; I swear Constables; and the like.

Bev. But is this all?

Clod. No: I call Overseers for the Poor to an Account, sign Rates, am a Game-keeper, and take away Guns and Grey-hounds, bind Fellows to the Peace, observe my monthly Meeting, am now and then an Arbitrator, and License Ale-houses, and make People bury in Flannel, to encourage the Woollen Manufacture; which never a Justice of Peace in *England* does, but I.

Wood. Look you, what would you have?

Clod. Besides, I am drunk once a Week at my Lord-Lieutenant's; and at my own House spend not scurvy French Kick-shaws, but much Ale, and Beef, and Mutton, the Manufactures of the Country.

Bev. The Manufactures of the Country! that's well.

Raines. Ay, and, I warrant, by the Virtue of that, can bring as many wide-mouth'd Rogues to bawl and hollow for a Knight of the Shire, as any Man.

Clod. Ay Gods-ooks can I.

Raines. That Men should be such infinite Coxcombs to live scurvily to get Reputation among thick-scul'd Peasants, and be at as great a Distance with Men of Wit and Sense, as if they were another sort of Animals!

Bev. 'Tis fit such Fools should govern and do the Drudgery of the World, while reasonable Men enjoy it.

Clod. Mr. *Woodly*, I'll go now and wait upon your Cousin *Lucia*; and if I can get her to marry me, and fill up my pack of Dogs, my two great Works are over in this World: God b'w'e' Gentlemen. 'U's-bud! I had forgot; I have the rarest Stand of Ale to drink out in the Afternoon, with three or four honest Country-fellows; you shall be very welcome to it, i'sack; and we'll dust it away.

Bev. We thank you, Sir.

Clod. I am now in haste to read the *Gazette*; this is the Day. I am impatient till I see it— Oh, I love *Gazettes* extreamly, and they are the only things I can endure that come from *London*. They are such pretty penn'd Things,
and

and I do so love to hear of *Wishnawsky, Potosky, General Wrangle*, and *Count Tib*, and all those brave Fellows — God save ye. [Exit.]

[Six Women cross the Stage in great haste.]
Raines. Look how the Women begin to trip it from the Wells! I see some of 'em well dress'd in Masques; oh that admirable Invention of *Vizor-masques* for us poor Lovers! *Vizors* are so provocative, the Devil take me, I cannot forbear 'em.

Bev. Thou art such a termagant Fellow, thou art as eager at a Woman in a *Vizor-masque*, as thou would'st be if she shew'd all. [Exit *Raines*.]
'Faith, I'll not be behind-hand with ye —

Enter *Mrs. Woodyly*, and pulls *Bevil* by the Sleeve.
Oh *Mrs. Woodyly*, is it you?

Mrs. Wood. I dare not stay a Minute; read that Note. Adieu.

Bev. Short and sweet. Let me see —

[Exit *Mrs. Woodyly*.]

[Reads.] My Husband stay'd up late, and was very drunk last Night; and I have had a happy Quarrel with him this Morning, that has driven him from Home, where I shall have the Happiness not to see him till Night; so that I safely may enjoy your sweet Society most part of this Day.
Yours, *Woodyly*.

Well, the Sin's so sweet, and the Temptation so strong, I have no power to resist it. [Exit *Bevil*.]

Enter *Carolina*, and *Lucia*, and *Footman*.

Caro. Let the Coach walk up the Hill, we'll follow it.

Foot. It shall, Madam. [Exit *Footman*.]

Caro. But, as I was saying, *Lucia*, here's very scurvy Company.

Lucia. We have no Body near us here, but some impertinent ill-bred City-Wives; where they have more trading with the Youth of the Suburbs, than their Husbands with their Customers within the Walls.

Caro. Sometimes we have their tame Husbands, who gallop

gallop hither upon their Tits, to see their faithful Wives play a Game at Ninepins, and be drunk with stum'd Wine; and straight are gone to their several and respective cozening Vocations. Therefore, pr'ythee, let's go to Tunbridge; for London is so empty, 'tis a very Wilderness this Vacation.

Lucia. No, 'faith, *Carolina*, I have a Project in my Head shall stay me here a little longer, and thee too —

Caro. What, you hanker after an Acquaintance with *Raines* and *Bevil*? Thou art a mad Wench; but they are so very wild.

Lucia. As they be naturally wilder than I, or you either, for all your simpering, I'll be condemn'd to Fools and ill Company for ever.

Caro. Do not wish that dreadful Curse; we are already so much pester'd with gay Fools, that have no more Sense than our Shock-dogs, that I long for an Acquaintance with witty Men, as well as thou dost: But how can we bring it about without Scandal?

Lucia. Let this Brain of mine alone for that. I blush for my Sex, to see the Ladies of London (as if they had forsworn common Sense) make insipid young Fools their greatest Favourites.

Caro. 'Tis a shame that a Company of young well-fac'd Fellows, that have no Sense beyond Peruques and Pantaloon, should be the only Men with the Ladies; whilst the Acquaintance of witty Men is thought Scandalous.

Lucia. For my part, I am resolv'd to redeem the Honour of our Sex, and love Wit, and never think a Fool a fine Gentleman.

Enter Cuff and Kick.
What Rascals are these, that come to interrupt us in our great Design!

Kick. Ah, Ladies, have we catch'd ye? 'faith, you shall go along with us.

Caro. What pitiful Fellows are these?

Cuff. Pitiful Fellows! Gad, have a care what you say; we do not use to put up such Words, either from Man or Woman.

Lucia.

Lucia. What would you do, you doughty Hectors?

Kick. Hectors! upon my Honour, if we can find them out, we'll beat your Gallants for this.

Caro. If I had a Gallant that kept a Footman, that would not beat either of ye, I'd disown the Master for the Cowardice of the Man.

Cuff. 'Sdeath! I could find in my Heart to draw upon her.

Kick. 'Would you had two of the bravest Fellows in *Christendom* to defend ye, you shou'd see how we'd swinge 'em.

Lucia. Avaunt, you Hectors, we are not fit for you; I am sure, neither of you yet were ever honoured with a Favour from a Chamber-maid.

Caro. Your Acquaintance never rises higher than a Landrefs, or an Hostess.

Cuff. Be not perverse and foolish; we are Persons of Quality, and have Money: Look ye, let this tempt you.

Kick. Come, 'faith, we'll pay you well, upon my Honour.

Caro. Upon my Honour, you shall be well paid with a Couple of sufficient Beatings, if you leave us not.

Cuff. Hilt and Blades! Men of Honour beaten, ye proud Flirts!

Enter Raines and Bevil, following some Women who cross the Stage.

Luc. Gentlemen, ye look like Men of Quality; 'pray own us to be of your Acquaintance, and protect us from a Couple of troublesome Russians.

Raines. Own thee! that I will, 'faith, in any Ground in *Christendom*; and I hope thou wilt be of my Acquaintance, before we part. I embrace the Adventure as greedily as a Knight-Errant could.

Bev. to *Caro.* This is the Dame that I'll defend.

Raines. Gentlemen, have you any Business with these Ladies?

Kick. Why, Sir, what if we have?

Cuff. May be we have not, Sir, may be we have.

Bro. Nay, Gentlemen, no huffing; know you're Men, and vanish.

Raines. You may else, unawares, pull down a beating upon your own Heads.

Kick. Beating, Sir?

Cuff. We are Gentlemen of Quality; never tell us of this, and that, i'Gad—

Raines. Do not provoke us, but be gone.

Kick. Well, Sir, fare you well; who cares? I care no more for 'em—

Cuff. No, nor I neither. What a pox care I? tell me—fare ye well.—But who the Devil thought they would have come hither?

Kick. Pox on 'em for me!

Luc. softly. These are our Gallants: Gentlemen, let's see how you will swinge 'em.

Kick. Pshaw, pr'ythee hold thy Tongue, talk to me—
fa, la, la.

[*Ex. Kick and Cuff Singing.*]

Lucia. This is lucky, *Carolina*, for our Design.—Gentlemen, you have oblig'd us extremely.

Raines. We are, like Knights-Errant, or Knights of the *Bath*, bound to relieve Ladies by our Order.

Bro. But if we have oblig'd you, pray let us see whom we have had the Honour of obliging.

Caro. Generous Men should be content with the Action, without knowing whom they have oblig'd. But let it satisfy you, we are Women of no small Quality.

Lucia. This desire of knowing us, looks as if ye expected a Reward; the seeing of our Faces would be none; and upon my Word, Gentlemen, we can go no farther, if we would do that—

Caro. Besides, you may think us handsome now; and if we shew our Faces, we shall convince you to the contrary, and make you repent the Obligation.

Bro. I like thy Shape and Humour so well, that, 'gad, if thou'lt satisfy my Curiosity, I'll not repent, though you want that great Ornament of a Face, called a Nose.

Raines

Raines. I am sure mine's handsome; I have an Instinct, that never fails me.

Lucia. Your infallible Instinct has guess'd wrong now.

Bev. Comp, Ladies, 'faith, off with these Clouds, and shine upon us.

Raines. We can never leave you 'till we see your Faces; and if ye don't shew 'em us, we shall think you desire to keep us with ye.

Lucia. Nay, rather than have that Scandal upon us, we'll shew 'em.

Caro. With all my Heart, but upon these Terms; you shall promise, upon your Honour, not to dog us, or enquire further after us at this time.

Lucia. You hear the Conditions.

Bev. The Conditions are very hard—but I promise—

Raines. Come, Ladies, I find you are handsome, and think your selves so; or you would not be afraid of our dogging you, when we have seen you.

Lucia. No seeing our Faces, but upon these Terms.

Raines. You are cruel Tigers—but since there's no Remedy, I promise.

Lucia. Look you, Sir, do you like it now?

Caro. You'll believe us another time.

Bev. By Heaven, a divine Creature!

Raines. Beyond all Comparison! where have I liv'd?

Bev. 'Gad, mine has kill'd me. Since they were so much too hard for us at Blunts, we were Fools to go to Sharps with them.

Raines. I will never believe a Lady's Word of her self again.

Lucia. Come, you flatter now.

Raines. To shew that I don't, I cannot help making my Honour yield to my Love; and must beg the Favour of you to know who you are, and that I may wait on you home.

Bev. And, Madam, had I sworn by your self, I must have been perjurd, the Temptation is so powerful.

Caro. Have you seen so much Love and Honour upon the Stage, and are so little Judges of it here?

Lucia. In short, if you are Men of Honour, you'll keep your Words; or we will never release you of 'em.

Brv. Shall we have the Hopes of seeing you hereafter?

Caro. As you behave your selves now.

Raines. Give me Hopes of once more seeing you — and I'll trust you, and let you carry my Heart away with you.

Lucia. You shall hear further from us, and suddenly.

Raines. Upon your Honour?

Lucia. Upon my Honour.

Caro. And mine.

Brv. Farewell, then; but let me tell you, 'tis very Cruel.

Caro. Why did't leave 'em so soon? I could have stay'd longer, with all my Heart.

Lucia. 'Tis enough at first—and let me alone hereafter.

[*Ex. Luc. and Caro.*]

Raines. This was a lucky Adventure; and so much the more lucky, that I lighted upon the Lady I love best, though they are both beautiful.

Brv. And I am even with you in that too.

Enter Woodly.

Here's *Woodly*; the Intrigue is not ripe for his Knowledge yet. Where have you been, *Frank*?

Wood. I have had two damn'd unlucky Adventures. The first Vizer Masque I pursu'd, after I had followed her a Furlong, and importun'd her to shew her Face; when I thought I had got a Prize beyond my Hopes, prov'd an old Lady of threescore, with a wrinkled pimpled Face, but one Eye, and no Teeth; but, which was ten times a worse Disappointment, the next that I follow'd prov'd to be my own Wife.

Raines. This was for your good, *Frank*; Heaven designs to keep you virtuous.

Wood. But I like not Virtue that springs from Necessity; mine is so noble, I'd have it try'd often.

Raines. Well, Gentlemen, where shall we waste the latter part of the Day? for I must spend this former Part on't.

on't with a convenient Sort of Utensil, call'd a Citizen's Wife.

Wood. I must divert this Design, and carry you to my Cousin whom you never saw, the prettiest Girl in Christendom; she has seen you, and likes you extremely.

Raines. Pr'ythee, *Woody*, what shall I do with her? I love thee and thy Family too well to lie with her, and my self too well to marry her; and I think a Man has no Excuse for himself, that visits a Woman without a Design of lying with her one way or other.

Wood. Why, *Fack*, eight thousand Pound, and a handsome Wench of seventeen, were no ill Bargain.

Raines. But here's eight thousand Pound, there's Liberty, *Frank*: Would you be content to lie in *Ludgate* all your Life-time for eight thousand Pound?

Wood. No, certainly.

Raines. Marriage is the worst of Prisons.

Bro. But by your Leave, *Raines*, though Marriage be a Prison, yet you may make the Rules as large as those of the King's Bench, that extend to the *East-Indian*.

Raines. O hang it! No more of that Ecclesiastical Mouse-Trap.

Wood. Pr'ythee, speak more reverently of the happiest Condition of Life.

Raines. A Married Man is not to be believ'd. You are like the Fox in the Fable, that had lost his Tail, and would have persuaded all others to lose theirs; you are one of the Parson's Decoy-Ducks, to wheedle poor innocent Fowls into the Net.

Wood. Why should'st thou think so ill of my Wife, to think I am not in earnest?

Raines. No Application, *Frank*. I think thy Wife as good a Woman as a Wife can be.

Wood. She loves me extremely, is tolerable handsome; and, I am sure, virtuous.

Raines. That thou know'st, *Ned Bevil*.

Wood. 'Tis true, she values her self a little too much upon her Virtue, which makes her sometimes a little troublesome and impertinent.

Raines.

Raines. I never knew a Woman that pretended over-much to Virtue, that either had it, or was not troublesome and impertinent.

Enter Bisket.

Raines. Mr. *Bisket*, good Morrow to you.

Bisk. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Dev. This is *Raines* his most obsequious humble Cuckold; his Wife is a pretty impertinent Strumpet, and scorns to have any other Pimp but her own Husband, who all the while thinks her the innocentest Creature. —

Wood. A glorious Punk! But what a despicable Thing a Cuckold is! they look as if they had the Mark of Cain upon 'em. I would not be a Cuckold for the World.

Dev. How blind a Thing a Husband is!

[*Aside.*

Bisk. Now as I am an honest Man, and would I might ne'er stir, if I have not had such a Life about you with my pretty *Mollie*, I would not have her so angry again for fifty Pound, Cod-fishers.

Raines. About me! What's the Matter, Man?

Bisk. Why, I promis'd to bring you to her last Night, and got a little tipsy'd, as they say, and forgot it. She says you play the best at Cribach of any Body, and she loves gaming mightily, and is as true a Gamester, though I say it: —

Raines. I know it, Man.

Bisk. Besides, she would fain learn that new Song of you; she says 'tis a rare one.

[Sings.] *Thou shalt have any Thing, thou shalt have me,
And I have one Thing that will please thee.*

'Tis a pretty little Innocent Rogue, and has such odd Fancies with her; ha, ha, ha —

Wood. Lord, what a strange Creature a Cuckold is!

[*Aside.*

Bisk. But, I swear, all that I could do to her could not please her this Morning. I'fackings, no Body can satisfy her but you; therefore as you tender the Quiet and Welfare of a poor humble Husband, come and play at Cribach with her to-Day; for she loves Cribach most intempe-

temperately. I do wonder that a Woman should love Gaming so.

Raines. 'Faith, I am half engag'd.

Bisk. For Heaven's sake, as you love me, do not deny me; I shall have no Quiet with her; besides, some *Chap-side* Neighbours of mine are to have a Game at Bowls, and a merry Meeting this Afternoon; and she wishes the Waters may ne'er go through her, if she'll give me Leave to go to 'em, unless I bring you to keep her Company, and sing and play at Cards with her: therefore, dear Mr. Raines—

Wood. This is beyond all Example.

Raines. Well; there is not in Nature so tame and insensible a Beast as a London Cuckold, I'll say that for him.

[*Aside.*

Wood. Pr'ythee, Jack, do not refuse to go to my Cousin, for a little Strumpet.

Raines. I cannot be so inhumane to refuse a Husband, that invites me to his own Wife: Allons, Mr. Bisket.

Bisk. Come, good Sir; I thank you for this Favour a thousand times; my Wife will be in a very good Humour to-day, Sir.

Raines. Go before, I'll follow you; and carry her this Kifs from me.

Bisk. I thank you, Sir; I'll carry it her; poor Rogue, she'll be over-joy'd: but pray don't stay long.

[*Exit Bisket.*

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Are Mr. Raines and Mr. Bruil here?

Bev. Yes; we two are they.

Boy. Here's a Letter for you.

Wood. How now, Gentlemen? What! an Affignation to both of you!

Raines. Upon my Life, Ned, 'tis from the Ladies.

Reads.] You two have injur'd a couple of Gentlemen, that will expect you with your Swords in your Hands, at Eleven, in a Field on the North-side of the Church. If you fail, you shall not fail to be posted. Till you meet us, you shall not know our Names; but know, that we are worth the meeting, &c.

Bev.

Dev. This is a Business of another Nature, *Raines*.

Raines. We must to Tilts and Tournaments, *Ned*; sure they are the Bullies we saw just now.

Dev. From whom did you bring this, Boy?

Boy. From a couple of Gentlemen in Buff Belts, red Coats, and shammy Breeches.

Raines. 'Tis from them; sure they'll not fight.

Dev. But we must try whether they will or no: Tell 'em, we'll not fail.

Boy. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Raines. I have a Business of another Nature to dispatch, *Ned*; I'll meet before eleven at your Lodging.

Dev. I have just such another Business too; but I'll not fail to meet you——But how can you relish Mrs. *Richter*, after the Lady you saw this Morning?

Raines. I am not sure of her I saw this Morning; besides, if I were, is it reasonable that a Man that has a good Stomach should refuse Mutton to-day, because he expects Quails to-morrow? But how can you in Conscience think of Concupiscence, when, for ought you know, we may venture our Lives within two Hours?

Dev. Since, for ought I know, my Life may be in Danger, I'll make use on't, while it is not.

Raines. Let's meet on the Bowling-Green in the Afternoon.

[*Exit Raines.*]

Wood. You are happy Men, Gentlemen; but I am going to visit one that I love more than my Eyes, and would give both of them to enjoy.

Dev. [*Aside.*] That's not his own Wife; I shall be safe enough there,---I have an Engagement too, and must leave you.

Wood. Adieu; we'll meet about five.

Dev. Agreed;——

[*Exit Bevil.*]

Wood. Now for my dear *Carolina*.——

Thus all the World by several Ways does move;

But all the mighty Business ends in Love.

[*Exit.*]

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Clodpate, Lucia and Carolina.

Lucia. PR'ythee stay with me, that I may be no longer
pester'd with this Country Coxcomb.

Caro. Would'st thou have me so barbarous, to interrupt
Lovers?

Lucia. He a Lover! yes, of a clear Title in his next
Purchase, his dapple Mare, a dear Year of Corn, or so.

Caro. Come, he has as violent a substantial Country
Passion for you, as one would wish; and I will leave
you to him.

Lucia. You mischievous Creature, I'll be reveng'd on
you. [Exit Carolina.]

Clod. If my Propositions be not reasonable, I'll ne'er
pretend to serve my Country more.

Luc. A pretty Country, to be serv'd by such Fellows!

Clod. In that noble Brick-House, moted round with
Turrets and fine Things, that I now spoke of, in the
best hunting Country in Europe, with a thousand Pounds
a Year will I jointure you. [Aside.]

Lucia. 'Tis not Profit, but Honour, I respect; and I
vow'd never to marry one that cannot make me a Lady;
and you are no Knight.

Clod. A Knight! no, I thank you; why, I have
known a Fishmonger knighted: Knighthood's a pretty
Bawble for a young Fellow to play with, that is no
Gentleman. But what needs he that is a Gentleman de-
fire to be more?

Lucia. But, methinks, the Name of *Clodpate* does not
sound well without a Title.

Clod.

Clod. I thank you heartily; my Name is now *Hugh Clodpate*; and I should give two or three hundred Pounds, to add three Letters to it; Sir *Hugh Clodpate*: No, no, I can't make so much on't again.

Lucia. Oh, a Knight is such a Thing!

Clod. Such a Thing! Has he more Hands or Legs, or more Brains than another Man?

Lucia. But, if I could be content without being a Lady, I have vow'd to spend all my Life in *London*.

Clod. Pox on her! live in *London*, did she say? [*Aside.*]
Death! have you vow'd to live in *London*, say you?

Lucia. Yes; is that so wonderful? Why, People do really live no where else; they breath, and move, and have a kind of insipid dull Being, but there is no Life but in *London*.

Clod. *London*! That Sink of Sin!

Lucia. I believe there's no Village, but sins as much in Proportion to the Bigness; only your Country Sins are something the more Blockheaded Sins.

Clod. Madam, give me Leave to ask you one Question.

Lucia. You may.

Clod. Do you resolve to live honest?

Lucia. 'Tis a familiar Question; you had need to ask my Leave first.

Clod. Why, you may as reasonably expect to preserve your Health in a Pest-House, as your Chastity in that damn'd lascivious Town.

Lucia. You are rude, Sir.

Clod. Come, Madam, Plain-dealing is a Jewel. But can you prefer an idle, scandalous, *London* Life, before a pretty, innocent, houswifely-Life in the Country, to look to your Family, and visit your Neighbours?

Lucia. To see my Ducks and Geese fed, and cram my own Chickens?

Clod. Ay.

Lucia. To have my Closet stink, like an Apothecary's Shop, with Drugs and Medicines, to administer to my sick Neighbours; and spoil the next Quack's Practice with the Receipt-Book that belongs to the Family?

Clod.

Clod. Very well.

Lucia. And then to have one approv'd Green Salve, and dress sore Legs with it; and all this to deserve the Name of as good a neighbourly Body as ever came into *Sussex*?

Clod. Very good.

Lucia. Never to hear a Fiddle, but such as sounds worse than the Tongs and Key, or a Grid-Iron: Never to read better Poetry, than *John Hopkins* or *Robert Wisdom's* vile Metre; nor hear better singing than a Company of Peasants praising God with doleful untuneable hoarse Voices, that are only fit to be heard under the Gallows?

Clod. However you make bold with the Country, be not prophane: Is not this better than any thing in that stinking Town?

Lucia. Stinking Town! I had rather be Countess of *Puddle-Dock*, than Queen of *Sussex*.

Clod. Oh soh—but ah, the excellant fresh Air upon the Downs.

Lucia. So there's fresh Air in a Wilderness, if one could be content with Bears and Wolves for her Companions. But, Sir, in short, I am resolv'd to live in *London*, and at or very near the Court too.

Clod. Sdeath! the Court? I shall not only be cuckolded, but lose my true Country Interest—Madam, I beg your Pardon; I shall take my Leave; I am not cut out for a *Londoner*, or a Courtier; fare you well, good Madam; though I like your Person pretty well, I like not your Conditions: I'd not marry a *London* Cherubin.

Lucia. Farewell, Sir, but I'll not be wholly ungrateful for the Address you have honoured me with: Know then, my Friend *Carolina* is the most averse to *London*, and the most infatuated with the love of the Country.

Clod. Ud's bud! infatuated! pray change that Word, if you please.

Lucia. You know my Meaning by it; she and I are parting, because she will not with Patience hear of returning to *London*; she calls it nothing but vain, obscene, wicked, filthy, popish Place.

Clod.

Clod. Ha! how's this? I did not think she had so much Sense.

Lucia. She often says, she had rather marry a Country-Justice of five hundred Pounds a Year, than a Man of five thousand Pounds in *London*: Nay, than a Duke at Court.

Clod. [*Aside.*] She's an ingenious Woman, Guds-ooks; — I had rather marry her naked, than you with all your Portion, Madam. [*To her.*] But, a Pox on't! I had damn'd ill luck, to make my Application to you first, as the Devil would have it.

Lucia. This is a very Country Courtier! Here she comes, let's withdraw; I will tell you more, and we'll consult about this Business.

Clod. Your Servant, Madam. [*Exeunt Clodpate, and Lucia.*]

Enter Carolina and Woody.

Wood. How can you mistrust a Man in so credible a Thing?

Caro. As what?

Wood. As that he should love the prettiest, sweetest, dearest Creature he ever saw —

Caro. So far from that, I believe he will love all the prettiest, dearest Creatures; as he calls 'em, that he ever shall see: But you have paid that Tribute already to virtuous Madam *Woody*, and are marry'd.

Wood. I am so, and there's the less Danger in my Love: I should else be tempting you to accept me for better for worse, 'till Death us do part, &c. Now, Madam, take my Heart upon its good behaviour, as much as you have use for, and the rest again, and no Hurt done.

Caro. Where there are so many free, why should I venture upon a Heart with so manifest a Flaw in the Title as a marry'd Man's?

Wood. 'Faith, there are none without their Incumbrances; your fashionable Spark has his Miss in the Play-House; your Lady's eldest Son his Mother's Chamber-Maid; The Country-Gentleman his Tenant's Daughter; a handsome young Fellow that is to make his Fortune, some elderly Sinner that keeps him fine; so that Marri-

age is the least Engagement of all; for that only points out where a Man cannot love.

Care. Since Marriage obliges Men so little, and Women so much; I wonder we endure the Cheat on't.

Wood. You're in the right; 'tis worse than *Croft-Twin-Pile you lose*. But there are some left, that can love upon the Square.

Care. A Woman may be undone upon the Square, as well as a Gamester, if she ventures too much.

Wood. Never, so long as you play for nothing but what you have about you; and, upon my Honour, I would engage you no deeper at this time; 'tis a Tick and After- reckonings, that ruine Lovers, as well as Gamblers: and, 'Gad, if you mistrust me, I am ready to make Stakes; and because you're a young Beginner, I'll play three to one.

Care. Not so fast, good Sir; you'll make me quit the few good Thoughts I had of you, if you persist.

Wood. Persist in loving you I must 'till Death; but the Method and Ceremonies I leave to you to prescribe. I guess'd you would not care for a whining Lover.

Care. Nor do I care for one in your Extremity the other way.

Wood. Take your Choice; I can make love from the stiff formal Way of the Year 42, to the gay brisk Way of this present Day and Hour.

Care. Since I suppose it is for Diversion, pray let me see how that is.

Wood. Look you, thus. [*Sings, dances, and combs his Perwig.*]

Care. Is this it? why, you don't mind me.

Wood. I mind my self though, and am to make you fall in Love with me, after a careless way, by the by.

Care. When do you begin?

Wood. Begin? why, I am at it all the while.

[*Sings and dances again.*]

Now have at you: These Breasts are not hard, to speak on; no, nor this Neck white; nor these Eyes black. Lord, how you look to-day! That ever a Man should

love such a Creature! What will you give me for a Piece, when you're Mother of the Maids?

Caro. Must I answer you like a Lady of the Times too?

Wood. Ay, by all means, Madam.

Caro. This Mr. *Woodly* is the strangest Man, he wou'd make one die to hear him, I vow; ha, ha, ha!

Wood. Lord! What a Sett of Teeth you shew when you laugh! if they were mine, I'd pull 'em out; sure your Breath can't be sweet; let me see. [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Caro. Well, I vow, you're a pleasant Man; but you go too fast.

Wood. For your Lover of the last Age, I grant you; but the World is well mended since: fair Ladies and fortified Towns yield upon easier Terms now a-days. —

[*Offers to kiss her again.*] Now I see you dare not stand the Tryal, 'tis e'en so; I'll be hang'd if you han't crooked Legs too. [*Offers to lift up her Coats.*]

Caro. I had rather you would think so, than take the Pains to satisfy you; but, I vow you'd make one burst, you have such a way with you; ha, ha, ha!

Wood. I hate to live in Doubt; you have a pretty Face; but an ill Breath and crooked Legs, 'Gad, are insufferable.

Caro. Is this your new Way? I have enough on't; no more. Drinking my Health in a Beer-glass, and quarrelling with the Man that can't pledge you; Scribbling your Passion in Glass Windows, and wearing of my Colours continually, I can better endure. But now I talk of scribbling, divert me a little better, and give me the Song you promis'd me.

Wood. I have taught it your Woman, who, I conceive, has something a better Voice than I; she's here too.

Caro. Sing that Song Mr. *Woodly* taught you,

She Sings.

How pleasant is mutual Love that is true?

Then, Phyllis, let us our Affections unite;

For the more you love me, the more I love you,

The more we contribute to each other's Delight:

For

*For they, that enjoy without loving first,
Still eat without Stomach, and drink without Thirst.*

*Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon Duty,
Because a canonical Coxcomb has made him;
And ne'er tastes the Sweets of Love and of Beauty;
But drudges, because a dull Priest has betray'd him:
But who in Enjoyment from Love take their Measure,
Are wrapt with Delight, and still ravish'd with Pleasure.*

*Each Night he's a Bridegroom, and she is a Bride:
When their Minds and their Bodies shall both so agree;
That neither shall Pleasure from the other divide,
But both at one Instant shall satisfy'd be.
Let Fools for Conveniency be drawn to their Love,
But this is the way real Pleasure to prove.*

Enter Clodpate and Lucia.

Lucia. So, you are pleasant here; Mr. Clodpate, how do you like this Song? 'tis a London Song.

Clod. Ay, Pox on't! I hate it for that; when I had the Misfortune to know that damn'd Town first, they had better Songs by half: they put no Wit in their Songs now a-days.

Caro. Pray do us the Favour to sing one of those you speak of.

Clod. 'Faith, Madam, I have but an ordinary Voice; but I cannot disobey you.

[Sings ridiculously this old Song,

Lay by your Pleading,

Law lyes a bleeding, &c.

Wood. What an incomprehensible Blockhead is this!

Clod. This pleases us in the Country; I know you like it ne'er the worse, Madam.

Caro. Nor much the better.

Clod. Come, Madam, I am sure you love a Country Life, and hate that vile Town of London; and I honour you for't.

Caro. I hate London!

Clod. I know you would dissemble it, but I know your Heart; 'tis true, indeed, 'tis a vain, obscene, wicked, filthy, popish Place.

Caro. What means the worshipful Fop?

Clod. And a Virtuous Lady had better marry a Country Justice of five hundred Pounds a Year, than one in London of five thousand Pounds; nay, than a Duke at Court—'tis granted, Madam, 'tis granted.

Caro. It may be granted by you, but not by me.

Clod. There are some such Fools to refuse good Offers: but there are others have more Wit, Heaven be prais'd.

Caro. Sure you have been at cross Purposes of late, Mr. Clodpate.

Clod. No, Madam, but I know you hate *Sodom* yonder; foh——methinks I smell it hither; let me tell you in Private, I would not marry Mrs. *Lucia*, if she had fifty thousand Pounds; Ud's-bud! marry one that would live at London, nay at Court! No, I had rather go to Sea in a Fire-ship; but I'll shew you the finest Seat in *Suffex*, which you shall call your own.

Caro. What do you mean by this?

Clod. All this I know very well; and though by the Sot her Uncle I was misguided to Mrs. *Lucia*, 'tis to you, Madam, my Affection first inclin'd.

Caro. Ah Mischief! have you contriv'd this? You thought to punish me much; but I had rather have such a Fellow to fool with, than a Lap-dog, or a Squirrel: abusing of a Fool is almost as pleasant as conversing with a witty Man.

Lucia. 'Tis true, now I consider it; and he that's laugh'd at is oft-times as good Company as he that laughs; nay, some have rais'd their Fortunes by it. But you forget our Appointment; pray let's go.

Caro. Ay, prythee, my Dear. Gentlemen, we must leave you; your Servant.

Wood. Will you not let me wait on you?

Caro. By no means; 'tis a private Affair.

Clod. Shall not I wait on you?

Caro.

Caro. I shall not refuse the Favour another time, but now I must beg your Pardon.

Lucia. Allons, let's meet the Duellists; I warrant you they are Men of Honour. [*Exe. Lucia and Caro.*]

Clod. Come, I am going a Setting; will you go?

Wood. No, I must go Home. [*Exit Clodpate.*]

Enter Fribble, and Dorothy his Wife.

Frib. Whither are you a going, Mr. *Woodly*? Will you not go to the Bowling-green to-Day?

Wood. Yes, perhaps in the Afternoon, — Adieu.

[*Exit Woodly.*]

Frib. Why do you follow me with your Impertinence?

Doro. My dear Honey, how have I offended thee? Did I not with my own Hands put thee to Bed, when thou wert fuddled last Night? Did I not set thy Bottle of small Beer by thy Bedside? Did I not rise early and make thee a Candle, when thou wert puking, and gave thee *Aqua Mirabilis*, to fetch up the Water off thy Stomach?

Frib. All this you did, and 'twas your Duty; but you are strangely troublesome.

Dor. Think not my Love a Trouble, Dear; I speak for thy Good: pr'ythee do not go abroad to-Day; thou'lt kill thy self with drinking, and thy Death will be sure to kill me.

Frib. You are impertinent; I'll go, let that suffice.

Dor. You are shrewdly mistaken, if you think I desire your Company. But I am sure this is the way to be rid on't. [*Aside.*]

Frib. I am to meet Mr. *Bisket*, and some *Cheapside* Neighbours; be silent; my Will is like the Laws of the Maids and Parsons.

Dor. I cannot hide my Love and Fears from thee; pr'ythee, Dearest, kiss me.

Frib. I say again, Peace; I shall be much offended.

Dor. Thou art a naughty Man, and always abroad, while I am languishing for thee; and I have thee but two Days in a Week at *Epsom*.

Frib

Frib. Know your Lord and Master, and be subject to my Government; I, though but a Haberdasher, will be as absolute a Monarch over you, as the Great Turk over his Sultan Queen.

Dor. Well, I can but submit, and weep for thy Absence.

Frib. Can't you keep Company with Mrs. Bisket?

Dor. What thou pleasest, my Dear.———So you'll go, and not hinder me from better Company. [Aside.]

Frib. Well, I have the most virtuous, and best govern'd Wife in all the Ward; but I must observe Discipline, and keep a strict Hand over her.

Dor. I am an unfortunate Woman, not to have thy Company; so I am.

Enter Mrs. Bisket.

Mrs. Bisk. What, in Tears, Mrs. Fribble! This is that naughty Man; out on thee! thou art a shame to all Husbands; thou use thy own Flesh, thy own Rib so! Out upon thee!

Frib. I am my own Master, and will be hers.

Mrs. Bisk. Ah, thou art a good one, i'faith; an thou wer't mine, I'd teach thee better Manners.

Frib. Dorothy. listen not to this lewd Woman; her Husband is a sneaking, sniveling Cuckold; if you should be like her, I would make you such a terrible Example!—Mrs. Bisket, you are impertinent; were I your Husband, I would swinge you much.

Mrs. Bisk. Swinge me, say you? I could tear thy Eyes out. Death! if you provoke me, I'll shew you what the Courage of an enraged Woman can do.

Dor. Nay, good Mrs. Bisket; Mr. Fribble is a good Man, for all his Passion.

Mrs. Bisk. Swinge me!———

Frib. This Woman is as outrageous as a Milch Bear that wants her Breakfast; Fare you well. [Exit.]

Mrs. Bisk. Come, Neighbour; you are a shame to all Wives, to be so tame and foolish; pluck up a Spirit, and order him, as I do my Bisket.

Dor. This is the only way to order a surly Husband.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bisk. I am asham'd of you; you betray our Cause: Submit to a Husband! I'd fain see that Husband I'd crouch to. I say again, pluck up a Spirit. I keep a strict Hand of Discipline over mine.

Enter Bisket.

Here he comes; you shall see how I order him.

Bisket. How now, my pretty Dear, poor Duck?

Mrs. Bisk. Duck, you Widgeon! how came you and I so familiar? — Observe me now.

Bisk. Well, Mrs. Fribble, 'tis such a pretty Rogue, and has such pleasant Fancies with her; ha, ha, ha. I protest and vow, I could kiss the very Ground she goes on. If she would eat Gold, nay, Pearls and Diamonds, she should have them, I vow and swear.

Mrs. Bisk. You Beast, you had best be drunk again; i'faith I'll order you, I'll keep you in better awe; you shall neither have Caudle nor Custard for't, this Week.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear, be not so cruel; I protest and vow, I could not help it: my Neighbour Fribble is a very merry Man; I could not forbear: we were at it, Tory Rory, and sung old Rose, the Song that you love so, Duck.

Thou shalt have any thing, thou shalt have me, &c.

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, Mr. Fribble maintains his Wife like a Lady, and she has all things about her as well as any Woman in the Parish; he keeps her the prettiest pacing Nag, with the finest Side-saddle of any Woman's in the Ward, and lets her take her Pleasure at *Epsom* two Months together.

Dor. Ay, that's because the Air's good to make one be with Child, and he longs mightily for a Child; and truly, Neighbour, I use all the means I can, since he is so desirous of one.

Bisk. All this thou shalt do, my Dear, I'll omit nothing that shall please thee.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you Nicompoop! you are a pretty Fellow to please a Woman indeed!

Bisk. But pr'ythee, my Dear, let me go to the Bowling-green to my Neighbours: would I might ne'er stir, if I drink above a Pint of Wine, or a Quart of Marm for my Share, at most.

Mrs. Bisk. You impertinent Puppy, I wonder you have the Impudence to ask me such a Question.

[She gives him a Slap on the Face.]

Bisk. *Mrs. Fribble*, my pretty *Molly* has some Hamours; but this is the worst you'll see of her.

Dor. How rarely she orders a Husband! I vow, I think I must pluck up a Spirit, as she does; that's the Truth, isn't it?

Mrs. Bisk. Where's *Mr. Raine*, you Lelpoop? Do you think you shall go, and he not here?

Bisk. O Duck, he'll be here presently, and sent thee a Kiss by me.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, I warrant, he'd kiss such a Fellow as thee.

Bisk. I vow, he did; pr'ythee take it of me, my Dear.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll swear, he's a fine Person. Well, because it comes from him, I'll take it; he's the completest Man, and so courteous and well behav'd.

Bisk. Now thou'ldst let me go.

Mrs. Bisk. No, not till he comes.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear.

Mrs. Bisk. I tell you, you shall not; get you in.

Bisk. Pray, Duck, now.

Dor. I never saw any thing so admirable as this Discipline of hers. I am resolv'd to try my *Fribble*, that's once.

Bisk. Why, look! here he is now already.

Enter Raine.

Dor. Oh me! is he acquainted with her?

[Aside.]

Mrs. Bisk. Does he know her?

[Aside.]

Bisk. I'll steal away, and say nothing.

[Exit Bisk.]

Mrs. Bisk. Come, *Mr. Raine*, let's in. *Mrs. Fribble*, your Servant.

Dor. Madam, I'll wait on you in; *Mr. Raine* will not think my Company troublesome.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bisk. Ah, shame on her! *[Aside]*
We shall entertain you but ill. *Mr. Raines* is pleased to
come and play at Cribb with me, and 'twill be no sport
to look on.

Dor. I'll make one at Cleek; that's better than any two-
handed Game.

Mrs. Bisk. I don't think so, by your leave, Madam.
Fribble.—Oh Impertinence!

Dor. Well then, I'll be content to be a Looker-on for
once.——She would fain have him to her self, but I'll
look to her for that. *[Aside]*

[Enter Raines, Dorothy, Mrs. Bisket,

Enter Mrs. Woodly in a Dining-Room.

Mrs. Wood. *Mr. Bevil* stays mighty long; pray Heaven,
he be not diverted by some paltry Citizen's Wife; here
are such a Company of them, that lie upon the Soap for
young Gentlemen, as Rooks and Bullies do for their Has-
bands, when they come to Town.

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Madam, your Servant.

Mrs. Wood. O *Mr. Bevil*! are you come? I vow, I was
afraid I had lost you. A Woman, that's apt to be jealous
as I am, should not make such a Person the Object of her
Affections.

Bev. Words are the common Payment of those that
intend no other. There is no such sign of having been
long fasting, as falling to with a good Stomach.

Mrs. Wood. I am so afraid you should be seduc'd by some
of these naughty Women at Epsom. A shame take em! I
hate a lewd Woman with my Heart; I vow, I do now.

Bev. Madam, I have a very pressing Affair, that re-
quires some speedy Conference with you in your Bed-
Chamber.

Mrs. Wood. No, Sir, no——I wonder you have the
Confidence to ask me, when you were so rude to me
there last time.

Bev. I do not know what she calls rude; I am sure, I
oblig'd her as often as I could there. *[Aside]*

Mrs. Wood. One can't be private with you, but you are
so

so uncivil presently. I can scarce forgive you; I wonder who learnt you such Tricks, for my part.

Bev. If I were ne'er so backward, she'd soon instruct me.—I am not so ill-bred, but I know what I owe to a Lady. Come, Dearest.

Mrs. Wood. Do not ask me; I vow, I won't. You are the strangest Man that I ever met with, you won't let one alone; nay, pish, fy! Mr. Bevil, art you asham'd?

Bev. No more; nay, Dear, come in, come in.

Mrs. Wood. Nay, pish, ha, ha, ha, ha. I vow, you make me blush; get you gone, you naughty Man you.

Bev. You'll make me outrageous; I shall force you: have a care.

Mrs. Wood. Well, I vow, you are a parlous Man. Will you promise me then to sit still when you are there, and not stir Hand or Foot?

Bev. Ay, ay; come, come.

Mrs. Wood. Nay, but will you swear?

Bev. Yes, yes; come, allons, my Dearest.——she'll soon dispense with that Oath.

Mrs. Wood. Well, I am so asham'd; I vow, I would not go, but that you said you would force me, and I swore too besides.

[As they are going into the Bed-chamber, enter Peg.]

Peg. Madam, here's my Master just coming in a-door.

[Exit Peg instantly.]

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what shall I do?

Bev. I told him I had private Business, to get rid of him; and he'll discover all.

Mrs. Wood. Go into the Bed-chamber; I'll lock it.

Bev. But how will you get rid of him?

Mrs. Wood. Let me alone; this is an unlucky Surprise; in quickly.

Bev. If I should be locked up so long till I fail Rains and our fighting Appointment, I shall get much Honour; I take it.

Mrs. Wood. In, in.

[Bev. goes in.]

[Enter

Enter Woodly.

O you unworthy Fellow! have you the Impudence to appear before me, after your beastly Usage?

Wood. I thought your Eye might have been off, by this Time.

Mrs. Wood. No, it shall never be off, thou inhumane Beast; to sit up a-Nights late, and come home drunk and wake me, and lie like a Statue by me all the rest of the Night; Flesh and Blood can't bear it! you make me cry my Eyes out, to see that you'll kill your self by your villainous Debauchery.

Woodly, while she scolds, sings: Fa, la, la, la, fa.

Mrs. Wood. Fa, la, la, la — Is that the Notice you take of me? If I were not the best Woman in the World, and did not love thee, thou base Fellow, 'twould not trouble me. Oh that I should be so unfortunate, so bewitch'd, to love such a Monster of a Man!

Wood. Fa, la, la, la. Oh Impudence!

Mrs. Wood. I wonder what I should see in thee to love thee so! Out on thee, for a Villain! Oh that I could withdraw my Affection from thee, thou Brute! but I can't, for my Life; 'tis that makes me miserable, thou barbarous wicked Wretch!

Wood. If to seek Quiet abroad, when one can't have it at home, be a Sin, Heaven help the Wicked; but pox on't!

Mrs. Wood. Ay, now you ban and curse, you Wretch: this you get by keeping Company with Wits, as you call them; a Company of wicked Fellows, the Scum of the Nation, Fellows that have no Religion in 'em, that swear, and drink, and wench, and never consider me, that am disconsolate at home.

Wood. Oh the incomprehensible Blessings of Matrimony!

Mrs. Wood. If I were so perfidious and false, to take Pleasure in a Gallant in the Absence of my Husband; but I am too honest, too virtuous for thee, thou ingrateful Wretch. Besides, if my Conscience would give me leave, I love you too well for that, you barbarous base Fellow.

Wood. A Pox on her troublesome Virtue! would to Heaven she were a Whore, I should know then what to do with her. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wood. Other Women can be happy, and have their Husbands carry 'em abroad, and delight in their Company, and be proud to be seen with them; but I have such an inhumane, ingrateful Creature to mine!

Wood. Come, come; I confess, I am behind-hand with you, but I'll pay thee all thy Arrears; I have a stock in Bank. [*Embraces her, and offers to go into her Chamber.*

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what shall I do?

Wood. Where's the Key? I'll break open the Door.

Mrs. Wood. Let the Key alone; go, get you gone; I am not so impatient, but I'll trust you till Night. I should leave open the Door, and let all my Things be lost? go, get you gone, you naughty Man; I love you too well, to hold out long.

Wood. Well, now you're come to your self, and speak Reason, and have left off railing, I'll go and incourage my self with eating and drinking well, and return, and pay you the foresaid Sum with Interest. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Wood. opens the Door. Are you gone? Joy be with you, and more with me.—Mr. Bevil!

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Madam, is he gone?

Mrs. Wood. Yes; now I hope we shall be safe from further Interruption.

Bev. S'death! this Accident has frighted me so, that I am afraid to venture, lest I should be taken Prisoner again, and disappoint the Duellists. [*Aside.*

And yet I will; Come, Madam.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, here's Mrs. Fitt coming up to give you a Visit.

Mrs. Wood. Why did you not deny me, Huswife? must that vain, silly Wench come to trouble us at such a time too? [*Aside.*

Bev. That is she, that reports every Man that she sees is in Love with her, and would marry her; and has been a Whore

Where these seven Years. I will take my Leave; I see this is an unfortunate Day.

Mrs. Wood. No; I'll get rid of her soon, by some Trick or other.

Bev. 'Tis impossible. I'll wait on you an Hour or two hence; but now I am engag'd upon my Reputation, and must not break my Engagement. Your Servant.

[Exit Bevil.]

Mrs. Wood. In such haste? There must be something more than ordinary in't; I long to know it. Peg, go and dog Mr. Bevil at a Distance, till you have fixt him somewhere, and let me have an Account of the Reason of his Haste.

Peg. I'll not fail.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Raines in the Field.

Raines. I wonder Bevil stays so long; this Mrs. Woodly has no Mercy on him; there's some cross Accident or other; for, methinks, after a Year or two's Intrigue, he should not be so very Termagant a Fellow. If these roguish Bullies should come; but, methinks, they are a little slow too. Oh, Bevil, are you come?

Enter Bevil.

Bev. I beg your Pardon, Jack; I have been lock'd up, to save the Honour of a Lady, whose Husband came in most uncivilly, without giving us warning enough of it.

Raines. Was that it? But the Rogues begin to think 'twill come to a Battle, and their Hearts misgive 'em.

Bev. I was afraid of this. A Hester dares no more fight than be honest, and yet 'tis strange they should make it their Trade, when they are so little fit for't.

Raines. 'Tis so in all Mankind; they are most violently bent upon the things they are least capable of, as if it were in spite of Nature.

Bev. 'Tis true, so I have observ'd: while a wise Man, that's fit for Employment, is restrained by his Modesty; your pragmatick dull Fool thrusts himself forward into Policy and Business.

Rains. Great Dulness qualifies Men for great Business; There's nothing but Order and Road in it. Your Mill-

horse is a Creature of great Business. The methodical Block-head, that is as regular as a Clock, and as little knows why he is so, is the Man cut out by Nature and Fortune for Business and Government.

Enter Carolina and Lucia disguised.

Hold! here come two sprightly Girls; this may prove the softer and pleasanter Encounter of the two.

Caro. I see they are Men of Honour, and will answer a Challenge.

Lucia. Now they are meditating on Blood, what a Disappointment they'll have! Well, Men, that are so punctual in their Anger, would sure be so in their Love.

Bev. Ladies, having the Honour to meet you in so Solitary a Place, we cannot but offer you our Service.

Lucia. You look as if you stay'd here to make Ladies stand and deliver.

Enter Peg.

Raines. If you should deliver your best Jewel, I'd be very honest, and make but a little Use on't for the present; and you should carry it away with you ne'er the worse.

Lucia. I know the Law too well to compound a Felony. If you should take any thing of mine, you should e'en keep it as long as you live; but I'd prosecute you for't.

Peg. 'Tis enough; this is Mr. Bevil's Engagement; that's *Carolina*, and the other is Mrs. *Lucia*. [*Exit.*

Caro. Ye don't look as if you would make Love, but War; ye have long Swords, and your Hair tuck'd up.

Bev. If we were never so much inclined to War, you have Power to soften us into Peace.

Raines. They are pleasant Wenches, if they are Handsome, we are undone. [*To Bevil.*

Bev. Twice in a Day catch'd with Vizor Masks!

Caro. What wild Fellow's Hands are we fallen into! They run at all, you see; they know us not. [*To Lucia.*

Lucia. Oh, if witty Men had but the Constancy of Fools, what Jewels were they! [*To Carolina,*

Rains. Ladies, pray lay by your Disguises, and let's converse upon the Square.

Caro. You make all Prize, Gentlemen; but I'll venture to

to shew my Face, Sir, if you'll give me your Word not to discover it to your Friend. [To Raines.]

Raines. I do, Madam.

Lucia. And you shall see mine upon that Condition. [To Beau.]

Beau. Upon my Honour, I will not discover you. [They pull off their Masks.]

Raines. Ha, who's this? This is a Trick. [Aside.]

Madam, I confess you are beautiful. I had the Misfortune to lose a Heart this Morning in your Company; but I think, Madam, you did not take it up; but my Friend has something to accuse you of.

Beau. I cannot invade the Propriety of my Friend, though I must confess the great Temptation would excuse the Crime.

Raines. This is the Lady I must apprehend. [To Lucia.]

Beu. And, Madam, I must seize upon you. [To Carolina.]

Cara. Who says they are not a couple of Constant Men?

Beu. What, I warrant, you think we did not know you?

Lucia. O! yes, as Falstaff did the true Prince, by Instinct. You are brisk Men, I see; you run at all.

Raines. The wilder we are, the more Honour you'll have in reclaiming us.

Beu. 'Tis in your Power to make us a couple of as constant dull Fellows as ye could wish.

Cara. Ye have Constancy enough of all Conscience, for the Use we shall have of it.

Lucia. And for Dulness, for our own Sakes, we do not wish it you; since I find ye are resolv'd to be acquainted with us, whether we will or no.

Cara. Is it not pity that witty Men should be so scandalous, that if we converse with them, we must do it with the same Privacy that Statesmen debauch?

Beu. If Wit be a scandalous Thing, you are the most scandalous Women I have met with; but, methinks, Fools should

should rather be scandalous, since they can have but one way of passing their Time with you.

Lucia. You rally well, but your Wit is never without Extravagancy; you drink *Burgundy*, and *Scower*, as you call it.

Bev. We hate debauching, but love Complaisance, Madam. And can no more deny a Friend that calls for another Bottle, than you can deny to turn up a Card at *Ombre*.

Raines. We use Wine, Madam, to elevate our Thoughts; but Love has done it for me a pleasanter Way.

Bev. And, Madam, your Beauty has already reclaim'd me.

Lucia. If you're as soon Drunk, as you're in Love, you're the weakest Drinkers in Christendom.

Raines. You see, Madam, the Strength and Spirit of your Beauty.

Lucia. For Love, I bar you; can't we converse, without remembering we are of different Sexes?

Caro. If you will accept of such Conditions, we may sometimes admit you into our Privy-Council.

Raines. Would you have us spend our Time like some visiting Fools, that never aspire at more, than playing at *Langtriloo* with Women, all Days of their Lives?

Bev. Our Communication would then be as dull and insipid, as the Mirth of Statesmen.

Enter Cuff and Kick.

Lucia. Yonder's Company coming! such Scandal has want of Discretion brought upon your Wit, that we dare not stay with you.

Raines. Let's have the Honour to know your Names and Lodgings, before you go.

Caro. Our Names are *Carolina* and *Lucia*; and our Lodgings next House to *Mr. Woody's*, nearer the Wells.

Bev. The Rogues are come at last.

[Caro. and Lucia retire.]

Cuff. Let's make to the Bowling-Green; we shall be too late to begin to engage, and bubble the Citizens.

Kick. Who are these make towards us?

Lucia. What do *Raines* and *Bevil* make up to yon two for?

Caro.

Caro. We have done finely, if our feigned Challenge should occasion a real Duel——Let's stay and observe.

Raines. Come, Gentlemen, you are very late.

Cuff. I hope we shall be time enough there.

Bev. You've done scurvily, to make us wait so long; we are not us'd to it.

Kick. What the Devil do they mean, *Cuff*!

Bev. Come, prepare.

Cuff. Prepare to what?

Raines. Silence, ye Rascals! do you trifle with us? Come, Draw.

Kick. Draw, Sir! why should we draw, Sir?

Cuff. What! this is for the Ladies in the Morning. Never be jealous of us; Gad take me, we resign to ye.

Raines. Why, what impudent Rascals are ye! did not you send this Challenge?

Kick. We send a Challenge, Sir!

Raines. You're a couple of harden'd Cowards.

Kick. Cowards! Gad take me, ye were never so much in the wrong in your Life.

Cuff. But I believe, if you did not think us Cowards, you'd scarce call us so.

Bev. Ye shall be very much kick'd.

Kick. We scorn to be kick'd, Sir.

Cuff. I see some body behind the Trees, *Kick*; draw, and be valiant. Kick'd, d' ye say! I'd fain see that.

[They draw, and fight retiring.]

Enter Lucia and Carolina.

Lucia. Hold, hold, Gentlemen!

Caro. Hear us; what do you do?

Lucia. Hold, for Heaven's sake!

Raines. Oh you nimble-footed Rogues! we cannot run so fast forward, as you do backward.

Caro. What's the Matter, Gentlemen?

Bev. These Fellows sent us a Challenge, and then disown'd it.

Kick. As Gad mend me, not we: But if we be not reveng'd on 'em, *Cuff*——

Cuff

Cuff. What a Pox ail they? We ne'er trouble such as they are, if they'll be quiet; we know our Men.

Lucia. No, to our Knowledge, they did not send the Challenge.

Caro. The Challenge was sent by better Friends of yours, but such as would be as loth to engage with you at this Weapon, as they are; and would not have discovered this, but to prevent Bloodshed.

Raines. Oh, is it so, Ladies?

Bev. 'Sdeath! what dull Rogues were we! Gentlemen, ye may go.

Kick. Well, Sir, fare you well.

Cuff. Who cares! you may pay for this, though —

[*Ex. Cuff and Kick.*]

Raines. Had you a mind to try our Courage? Gad, we would have met ye in any Ground in Christendom, without being dar'd to't.

Lucia. We did send the Challenge, and are here to answer ye; make your best on't.

Bev. 'Faith, Ladies, if you shrink from us now, we shall think ye have as little Honour as yon Bullies have.

Caro. We did not doubt your Honour, and pray don't you doubt ours.

Lucia. We know you have too much Wit to be vain upon this, and too much Generosity to impute it to our Weakness. We told ye you should hear from us, and we kept our Words, not thinking of this Accident.

Caro. We had no way to quit the Obligations you did us in the Morning, but this.

Raines. But, Ladies, I hope you'll give us leave now to meet without these Preparations; tho' we should be glad to meet you upon any Terms.

Bev. Shall we have free Admittance?

Caro. So long as you use your Freedom wisely.

Lucia. But let us now part in the next Field; and when you see us, still take this Rule with you;

*Think not what's Pleasant, but what's Just and Fit;
And let Discretion bridle in your Wit.*

ACT



ACT III SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Woody and Peg.

Mrs. Wood. ARE you sure *Bevil* met with *Carolina*?
Peg. I am sure 'twas one in her Dress, and *Mr. Raines* walk'd with *Mrs. Lucia*; but I do not know but they might meet by Accident.

Mrs. Wood. I'll soon try that. Find some means to convey this Note to *Bevil*, as from *Carolina*.

Peg. I will, Madam, and give you an Account of it.

Mrs. Wood. If he be False, I shall soon turn my Love into Revenge. *[Exit Peg.]*

Enter Mrs. Jilt.

Jilt. Madam, I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; I have stay'd too long within; my Maid brought me a Love-Letter from a sweet fine Person indeed, and I vow I could not but answer it.

Mrs. Wood. No doubt, you had Reason. Am I sacrific'd to *Carolina*?

Jilt. He's in the saddest Condition for me, just for all the World like a Man in a Consumption; I'll swear, 'twould grieve your Heart to see him: I'll swear it would, Madam—*[Aside.]*

Mrs. Wood. And why were you so cruel?

Jilt. I vow, I am the strangest Person for that in the whole World; I could not marry a Prince, if I did not like his Person strangely; and I have a world of Choice: upon my Word, that's all; I'll swear, it is.

Mrs. Wood. Since you have such a Choice, why are you unmarried two Days?

Jilt. I have such an odd Fancy, Madam, I am so nice and

and hard to please; and, I vow, I don't care for Marriage; but that I would be a little settled in the World, that's all; there's Mr. Bevil. Oh he loves me dearly.

Mrs. Wood. Love her! How she stabs me! [Aside.]

Jilt. And I'll swear he's a fine Person! I have the prettiest, sweetest, delicate Letters from him every Day.

Mrs. Wood. What says she? [Aside.]

Jilt. Your Ladyship will be secret, I know: He has a strange Passion for me; upon my Word, he sighs and sits with his Arms a-cross, and makes *Doux yeux* upon me; I'll swear, 'twould do your Ladyship good to see him. Now I think on't, I'll shew your Ladyship the kindest Letters from him. I have so many Love-Letters, I vow, I can scarce find it. I have twice as many come to me in a Week. [She pulls out a great Bundle of Letters.]

Mrs. Wood. Vain, silly Creature!

Jilt. Oh, here's one of his Hand!

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! it his Hand.

Mrs. Wood. Reads.] Mrs. Jilt, I wonder at the Occasion of your Mistrust, unless you have been tampering with some body else; I am very well, and drink much Hockamore, and perhaps have given you more Occasion for a Midwife than a Surgeon.

Bevil:

July 22. 72.

O perfidious Wretch! this is since my Intrigue with him. This will distract me; I could tear him in Pieces.

Jilt. Your Ladyship is disturb'd at something.

Mrs. Wood. No, no; but this is a very familiar Love-Letter, as you call it.

Jilt. Oh mischief! that I should put this among the rest of my Letters; but I'll face her down in it. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Wood. What's the Cause of your Laughter?

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, to see what a ridiculous Mistake this was! It seems there's a Wench in *Coven-Garden* of my Name, and Mr. Bevil's Man brought this Note to me, instead of her; I'll swear, he did; ha, ha.

Mrs. Wood. Oh Impudence!

Jilt. We had such a Quarrel about it, I did not speak to him for three Days after; I vow, I did not.

Enter

Enter Peg.
Mrs. Wood. How now, Peg? What News of Brail?

Peg. I got a Maid of my Acquaintance to deliver the Note to him; which he received with the greatest Joy imaginable, and said he would wait on her instantly.

Mrs. Wood. Oh perfidious Wretch! I'll to him immediately: Excuse me, Mrs. *Fib*; I am in great Haste.

[Exit Mrs. Woodly.]

Fib. Your Servant, sweet Madam.—She's strangely nettled about something. Well, now we are alone, Sister, I'll own thee; I hope your Lady knows not that we are of Kin.

Peg. No, nor any Body else here.

Fib. Pr'ythee keep it secret still, that I may be taken for a greater Person than I am; it will further my Designs.

Peg. But I wonder you will not bend all your Designs upon Mr. *Clodpate*.

Fib. I have Baits ready for him; I can humour him to a Hair; but I'll lay by no Design that can get me any manner of Husband, that's once for all. But 'tis strange *Clodpate* and I should not meet, I lying in this House too, where he comes often.

Peg. Next time he comes to visit my Master, I'll give you Notice.

Enter Clodpate.

Fib. Oh me! He's here to our wish, and we alone; remember your Cue.

Clod. Mr. *Woodly* is not here, I see.

Fib. Oh that villainous lewd Town of *London*! how happy am I, that am out on't; nothing shall ever persuade me thither again.

Peg. Why? Sir *William*, your Father, sent you thither for Breeding.

Fib. Breeding? yes; could I not play, I am the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Green Sleeves*, and the fourth Psalm, upon the Virginals; and did I not learn, and could play six Lessons upon the *Viol de Gambo*, before I went to that nasty, stinking, wicked Town? out on't!

Clod. Ud's bud! this is an ingenious Woman.

Peg.

Peg. Besides, Madam, though you be a Person of Quality, and have a good Portion, yet *London* is the properest Place to get a Husband in.

Fils. Oh foh! — I'll swear I had rather matry a Farmer of forty Pound a Year in the Country, than a vain, idle, fluttering, foolish *London-Fellow* of two thousand Pound a Year. Oh the Pleasure of a pretty innocent Country-Life!

Clod. Ud-looks she's i'th' right; as God judge me, she's a judicious Person.

Peg. O hang a dull, silly, Country-Life!

Clod. A Pox on that Carrion! how I could beat her!

Fils. Out on thee, for a foolish Wench! were I thy Lady, I'd turn thee away for that Word.

Peg. Pray pardon me, Madam; I am sorry I offended your Ladyship.

Fils. Canst thou talk so, after the Song the Fiddler sung this Morning in praise of the Country? Oh that he were here! I should never be weary of hearing that Song.

Peg. I see him yonder; I'll call him to you. [*Exit Peg.*]

Clod. Madam, I have over-heard and admired your excellent Discourse upon the Country.

Fils. Who are you? some bold, jeering, sneering *Londoner*? avoid my Presence.

Clod. Ud's bud, you wrong me; I am a Country-Justice, God-looks.

Fils. Pray be gone, and leave me; you are some rude *London Fellow*; foh! you smell rank on't.

Clod. As Gad shall save me, she's a fine Person! If I were not engag'd to *Carolina*, I should like her strangely.

Enter Peg and Fidler.

Peg. Here's the honest Fellow that sings the Song, Madam.

Fils. I have nothing to say to him; I am troubled with an impertinent Fellow here, and he shall not sing.

Clod. By your Leave, Madam, 'tis in praise of the Country; and he shall sing. Sing, dear Rogue,

Fidler sings.

Oh how I abhor

The Tumult and Smoak of the Town,

*The Clamour of War,
The glittering Court, the fraudulent Gown;
The Suburb Debauches,
The Cheats of the City,
The rattling of Coaches,
And the Noise of the Men they call Wise!*
Clod. Admirable!
*But give me the Man from all Vanity free,
With good Store of Land,
And a Country Command,
Who honest dares be;
Who Justice dares do, and the Nation will serve,
And ne'er from his true Country Principle swerve:
This, this is the Man for me.*

File. Very fine!
*While the flustering vain Gallant in London consumes
His Estate in rich Cloaths and Perfumes,
And with drinking and swilling corrupts all his Health;
Or on Park and on Bawd spends his Youth and his Wealth,
While such shall his Wit and his Bounty applaud:*
Clod. Admirable!

*Give me the good Man, that lives on his own Grounds,
And within his own Bounds
Has room for his Hawks and his Hounds;
Can feast his own Tenants with Fowls and with Fishes,
And from his own Plenty, with good Store of Dishes;
And not with damn'd Wine, but with good English Ale,
O'er their faithful Hearts can prevail,
And nothing to others does owe:
But from his own House hears his own Oxen low,
And his own Sheep bleat,
While the grateful Sounds sweet Echoes repeat.
This, this is the Man, that is truly call'd Great.*

*File. Excellent! there's a Crown; pray come and sing
this to me twice a-day, as long as I stay in Epson.*
Fid. I will, Madam.
Clod. 'Tis incomparable! Let me embrace thee; there's
ten

ten Shillings for thee; and if thou wilt live with me in *Suffex*, thou shalt never see *London* again.

Fid. Pardon me, Sir; I was born and bred in *London*, and would not live out o'nt for five hundred Pound a Year.

Filt. Out on you, you scurvy Fellow!

Clod. [*Aside.*] A Pox on him for a Rascal!—Thou art a very honest Fellow; give me my ten Shillings again, and I'll make it a Guinea.

Fid. There 'tis, and please you.

Clod. Ay, and here 'tis, and shall be. Do you think I'll let a *London* Rogue carry away ten Shillings of my Money?

Fid. Why, you will not take it away thus?

Clod. Yes, I will; and you may thank Heaven that it is wisely in a Magistrate to break Heads. Be gone, you insolent Rascal, lest you should tempt me to condemn to break yours.

Fid. What the Devil, are you both mad? Farewell.

Clod. An insolent *London* Rogue! to sing against his Conscience. But pray, Madam, let me salute you; you're a fine Person. [*Exit.*]

Filt. No, Sir; fare you well, Sir; you're a Stranger, fare you well; I am none of those. [*Exit Filt.*]

Clod. Who's this, Mrs. *Margaret*?

Peg. She's a Person of Quality, comes to *Epsom* for her Pleasure; I must wait on her. [*Exit Peg.*]

Clod. She's a fine Lady; but I must to *Carolina*.

[*Exit Clodpate.*]

Enter Bevil in a Field.

Bev. *Carolina* write to me to meet her alone! She's very frank; let me see, she says meet me alone; that we may confer about an Affair, which nearly concerns us both. 'Sdeath! I have dropt my Letter! unlucky Accident! I must go back for't. I cannot now, she's here.

Enter Mrs. *Woody* disguised.

'Tis a solitary Place; I hope no Body will find it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wood. Ah false Wretch! how punctual he is! [*Aside.*]

Bev. Ah my dear *Carolina*!

Mrs. Wood. Ah my cursed *Bevil*!

Bev. I have not Words enough to acknowledge and thank you for this Favour.

Mrs. Wood. Nor I Words enough to upbraid you for this Injury.

Bev. How now! What, is she dumb? Madam, you see how conscientious I am in my Duty of Affignation; you shall always find me a Man of Honour.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, I thank you, you're a Man of Honour.

Bev. 'Sdeath, Mrs. *Woodly*! How unlucky is this? She'll stay too, and prevent my Meeting with *Carolina*; I am undone; I must conceal the Intrigue. Nothing but Impudence can bring me off.

Mrs. Wood. Unworthy Man!

Bev. You do well; pray, who was this Affignation made to? I can watch your private Haunts, you see, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. Are you past all Sense of Modesty?

Bev. We shall soon see your Lover here, I suppose.

Mrs. Wood. Have I caught you, and do you accuse me? I have been as virtuous and as constant to my Intrigue as any Woman breathing: Have I not had as many Addresses made to me by the fine Persons of the Town and Court, as any Lady has?

Bev. And have refus'd as few, I'll say that for you.

Mrs. Wood. Have I not deny'd all to be constant to you?

Bev. Gad, I hate Constancy in a Woman after a little while; especially in an impertinent one, as much as Constancy in a Quartane Ague.

Mrs. Wood. And all this to be betrayed to *Carolina*! perfidious Man!

Bev. Ha, ha, ha, ——— I knew I should catch you; there was no way, I knew, to make you show your Face, but my pretending to another: *Carolina* I think I call'd her.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wood. Oh abominable Treachery! I forged that Letter from *Carolina*, which you even now received with the greatest Joy imaginable. Ungrateful Man!

Bev. Well, give me your little Punk: for Marriage is not so troublesome as the Imperiousness of your Whore of Honour.

Mrs. Wood. Have I deserv'd this from you? [*Aside.*]

Bev. Well, I confess, you have catch'd me. I was indeed amaz'd at the Letter, having only heard of *Carolina*, and had a Curiosity to see the Meaning on't.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, 'twas Curiosity made you walk with her in the Forenoon, in the Field beyond the New-Inn.

Bev. 'Sdeath! How came she to know it? [*Aside.*]

Was that *Carolina*? [*To her.*]

Mrs. Wood. As if you did not know it, inhumane Creature! Nor is this all: I saw a Letter just now to *Mrs. Fils*; wherein you tell her you have given her more Occasion for a Midwife than a Surgeon.

Bev. 'Sdeath! how came she to see that? She deals with the Devil! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Wood. You shall find, ungrateful Man, that Love does as naturally degenerate into Revenge, as Wine into Vinegar: Do you abuse me, a virtuous Lady, a Lady of Honour, for such a Creature, without any Consideration of my Quality?

Bev. Pox on her Quality!—This is all a Mistake, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. I know your Hand too well for that: You might use your little, tawdry, mercenary Creatures so, that flutter about the Town in their short-liv'd Bravery: But a Woman of my Quality.

Bev. Well, however 'tis in other Things, I would have no Liberty of Conscience in Whoring: I would have none but those Women hold forth, that are in lawful Orders; 'tis the more settled Way, and has more the Face of Discipline.

Mrs. Wood. If I be not reveng'd for this—

Enter Woodly with a Note in his Hand.

Wood. How the Devil came *Bevil* to lose this Note in the

the Fields? *Carolina* appoint to meet him privately! I thought he ne'er had seen her——Death, how she jilts me!

Reads.] That we may freely confer about an Affair, which nearly concerns us both.
Carolina.

Hell and Devil! he's with her there! I'll steal behind 'em, and surprise 'em. So, *Bevil*, is this your private Business?

Mrs. Wood. My Husband! I die! I die!

Bev. You have done well; you have frighted a Lady into a Swoon; Heaven knows what will become of her.

Wood. I knew she would be surpris'd.

Bev. Unlucky Man!

Wood. Death, Ned! you'll stifle her; pull off her Mask, and give her more Air.

Bev. Pray forbear, Sir; you are not to see her; she recovers.

Mrs. Wood. Give her more Air, quoth a? How he has frighted me!

Wood. Good, Sir *Pol*, make a Secret on't no longer; she may as well unmask; she and I are no Strangers to one another.

Mrs. Wood. What says he?

Bev. You may have seen her, but you are not acquainted with her. *[Aside.]*

Wood. *Ad aure;* pr'ythee leave fooling.

Bev. Upon my Honour, you are not——
A Gentleman ought in Honour to lye for his Mistress.

Wood. I could sooner believe a Country Gentleman, that swears and lyes for the Honour of his Horse, when he is selling him. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Wood. He knows me; I am lost, undone for ever.

Bev. Whatever happens, do not discover your self.

Wood. I am oblig'd to you; you can be kind to others.

Mrs. Wood. Can any Thing be more plain?

Bev. Pr'ythee, *Woodly*, trouble us no farther; I assure you, you neither do nor shall know this Lady.

Wood.

Wood. Is it so? Fare you well. I will let 'em alone at present. [Exit *Woodly*.]

Bro. He'll go home and discover that 'tis you.

Mrs. Wood. As good Luck would have it, I have the Key of the Back Gate, and can be there before him: I hope I shall bear him down that it was not I.

[Exit *Mrs. Woodly*.]

Bro. I doubt not. Oh Woman! Woman! Impudence and Invention never fail thee at a Pinch. [Exit.]

[A Noise within of rub, rub, narrow, short, gone a thousand Yards, and such like Words of Bowlers.]

Enter Bisket, Fribble, Cuff and Kick.

Cuff. Come, Mr. Bisket, let's hold them t'other Game.

Bisk. As I am an honest Man, I have lost all my Money.

Frib. And so have I; and yet you bow'd like an Emperor, Neighbour *Bisket*, the two last Games; but Mr. *Cuff's* Hand was quite out.

Bisk. A Deuce take it! we ne'er won one Game since Mr. *Kick* laid against us; and, in my Conscience and Soul, he is a Witch; for Mr. *Cuff* ne'er plaid well after.

Cuff. I'll make you amends, if you'll play again.

Frib. But we have no Money.

Kick. I have 40 or 50 l. to spare, you shall have it betwixt you.

[*Mrs. Bisket and Mrs. Fribble look out at the Window.*]

Bisk. No, we'll drink a Bottle first, and rest; my Thighs ake with bowling. Cods me! yonder are our Wives looking out at the Window to see us bowl! Poor Rogues, i'fact, we'll have a Bottle with them. I warrant you, they have been dancing in a Barn yonder, with some Neighbours; I hear their Fiddles.

Dor. Mr. *Rames* is not yonder; I'll swear, he is rare Company.

Mrs. Bisk. A Murrain take you! as you had not troubled us with your Impertinence, he had been better Company to me to Day than he was. [Aside.]

Dor. Yonder are our Husbands! I am resolv'd, as you have advis'd me, to pluck up a Spirit. But let's down to 'em now, for fear we lose 'em. [They go down.]

Bisk.

Bisk. Now here's my Wife, I'll be bound to say, I'll
slew you the handsomest Woman in *Epsom*.

Frib. It must be my Wife then, I'll tell you that.

Bisk. Your Wife handsomer than mine! that's pleasant,
ha, ha.

Cuff. This may prove as good as bowling with them.

Kick. I never saw two so cut out for honest, tame,
suffering Cuckolds.

Cuff. There are many as sit here, if their Wives be
as handsome as they say they are.

Frib. Come, I'll hold you 20s. to be spent, and these
Gentlemen shall be Judges here.

Bisk. With all my Heart. But I am sure mine is the
prettiest, neatest, timest Woman in the Ward.

Frib. I have seen our Minister stare at my Wife in her
Pew, 'till he has been out in his Sermon. She's so pretty.
And you shall see, Gentlemen, what Discipline I keep her
in; 'tis the obedientest poor Creature!

Bisk. Nay, mine has some Humours, but they become
her so prettily; and 'tis the sweetest little Rogue! I vow,
she has had more Temptations than any Woman in
Chenyside, ne'er stir.

Frib. More Temptations than my Wife! I scorn your
Words. There are a Company of the bravest Gallants
come to my Shop to see her, and she'll not speak to any
of them—I'faith, not she.

Bisk. I have known Knights, nay, Lords, in love
with my Wife; and she does make such Fools of 'em
all. Poor Rogue, ha, ha, ha: my dear Lamb, are they
come?

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Dorothy.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you Sir; but is't not time for you to
come home? Mr. *Raines* has been gone these three Hours.

Bisk. I told you she had some Humours. Pretty Duck,
i'faith, now I have catch'd you, I'll give you a Bottle of
Wine and a Quart of Mum.

Frib. These are my Friends.—Gentlemen, an please you.

[He presents them to his Wife, and they salute her.]

Bisk.

Bisk. This is my Duck, Gentlemen.

[*They salute Mrs. Bisket.*
Has not my Lamb a rare way of kissing! I warrant you, for the Wager, Neighbour.

Frib. I fear you not.

Cuff. What admirable Cuckolds and Bubbles have we met with?

Frib. Now, Gentlemen, observe; here's a stately Fore-Head!

Bisk. But here's a delicious Eye-Brow, and a sweet rowling wanton Eye! She's my *Cacara camouchi*, my pretty Pigsnye, as *Marmamouchi* notably has it.

Kick. Excellent fine!

Mrs. Bisk. Alas, alas, I! But what do you mean by this? You are always fooling thus before Company.

Bisk. Peace; I have laid a Wager on thy Head, against *Mrs. Fribble*.

Frib. Here are pretty, plump, red Lips!

Bisk. But see my Duck's Teeth, and smell her sweet Breath! breath on 'em, Duck.

Frib. Here's pure Red and White; here's a Shape!

[*He turns her round.*

Cuff. Most admirable!

Frib. 'Tis your Goodness, Sir.

Kick. These Fools praise their Wives, as Horse-Cour-sers do their Horses, to put 'em off.

Bisk. Pr'ythee, Dear, but shew them a little of your Foot and Leg; good Duck now, if thou lovest me, do, pr'ythee now.

Mrs. Bisk. Well, well, so I can: There 'tis.

Bisk. A little higher, but up to your Garter, good Lamb.

Mrs. Bisk. You are such a simple Fellow.

Cuff. Oh, 'tis charming!

Mrs. Bisk. You are so obliging, really.

Frib. Here's a fine, round, small, white Hand.

Kick. Extreme fine!

Mrs. Frib. You are pleas'd to Compliment.

Frib. Now you shall see how obedient my Wife is, she durst

durst as well eat her Nails as refuse what I command. Doll, pray kiss these two Gentlemen immediately.—Now you shall see.

Dor. Pray, Dear, what do you mean?

Frib. How now, Huswife! dare you dispute my Commands, hah?

Dor. Be not angry; I must obey.

Kick. Your Servant, dear Madam.

Cuff. Your humble Servant.

[*They kiss her.*]

Frib. Look you, did I not tell you what Discipline she was under?

Bisk. Good, sweet, dear Lamb, do thee as much; if thou lov'st me, do.

Mrs. Bisk. Not for your bidding: But they shall find I am not behind Mrs. *Fribble* in good Breeding.

Bisk. Gentlemen, my Dear shall salute you too.

Frib. Ay, it won't do.

Kick. Your Servant, dear Lady.

[*They kiss her.*]

Cuff. Sweet Madam, your humble Servant.

Frib. Come now, let's in, and be very merry, and decide the Wager.

Kick. Allons! this is the most extraordinary Adventure; but you know we have a weighty Affair in Hand; our Bullies will be all ready immediately.

Cuff. We'll swinge the Rascals *Raines* and *Bevil*: But we must make haste; this is the Time they use to come to the Bowling-Green; we'll meet them.

Kick. There is another weighty Affair: *Clodpate* is to dust his Stand of Ale, and he must be bubbled; we have not long to stay with 'em.

Cuff. We must borrow our selves of 'em for a while.

Frib. Gentlemen, will you please to walk in?

Cuff. Come on.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter Raines and Lucia.

Lucia. A Man of Wit, and make Love! leave off this foolish old-fashion'd Subject: I'd have all Discourse between us tend to something.

Raines. 'Tis as unseasonable for a young Lady not to entertain Love, as for a Judge or a Bishop to make Love.

Lucia. Love is so foolish and scandalous a Thing, none now make use of any thing but ready Money.

Raines. Methinks ready Love is a pretty Thing.

Lucia. But there are few in this Age have it about 'em.

Raines. I have as good a Stock, and am as full of Love, Madam——

Lucia. That you squander it away upon every one you see; as a young Prodigal, newly of Age, treats and pays Reckonings for every body.

Raines. How prodigal soever I have been, I am resolv'd to take up in my Expences, and reserve all my Love for you.

Lucia. For me? I am as hard to be fixt as you: I love Liberty as well as any of ye.

Raines. Say you so? 'Faith, let's make use on'r.

Lucia. Not the lewd Liberty you mean: Come; to divert us better, go a little further, and try the Echo; here is an extraordinary one, that will answer you to as much purpose as I can.

Raines. 'Tis a fine Echo; but, Madam——

[Ex. *Raines and Lucia.*

Enter *Woody and Carolina.*

Caro. Nothing but Love, Love! Always one Note, like a Cuckow!

Wood. Fine *Fits!* I can no more restrain my self, than a Fanatick full of new Lights and Revelations can himself.

Caro. Can I suffer this any longer, without Prejudice to my Virtue and Honour? Let me hear no more; you will not suffer me to use you like a Gentleman.

Wood. I am too Loyal to rebel against you; but I may attack your evil Counsellors, your Virtue and Honour.

Caro. You'll find them impregnable.

Wood. Virtue and Chastity, unsociable foolish Qualities! I hope to live till every such Woman shall be thought vicious, or at least as much scandalous as a Lawyer out of Fradice with a tatter'd Gown. We are in a fair way to it.

Caro.

Caro. If you resolve to persist in this Subject, I will ask the Advice of your Lady, before I treat farther.

Wood. Say you so, Madam? There is a pleasant Field behind my Lodgings, 'tis delicate walking there at this time o'day; especially if you have one you like there.

Caro. What say you, Sir?

Wood. No, no, Madam; you were not there; you know not what I mean.

Caro. What Riddle's this of yours?

Wood. But the Lady was not so ill to pull off her Mask, and discover her Face, tho' for more Air.

Caro. You are mad; that, I confess, is one sign of a Lover.

Wood. Oh Woman-kind, the Original of all lying! I confess he said, upon his Honour, I did not know her; but I could read her Note, it would not do.

Caro. This is so extravagantly ridiculous, it deserves no serious Answer.

Enter Bevil.

Wood. Here's Bevil! I'll not shew her Note, till I have an Opportunity to push this Business home.—I knew you were not far off, Ned; come.

Caro. Does he know of our Interviews?

Bev. What mean'st thou, Frank? [*Aside.*]

Wood. You are not acquainted with this Lady, no!

Bev. I with nothing more than the Acquaintance of so fine a Lady. [*Raines and Lucia appear.*]

Wood. What Impudence is this, that makes thee Fool with me any longer thus? Yonder's *Raines*! he is not acquainted with my Cousin *Lucia* neither. No, no; come, *Raines*, you may shew your self, your Intrigue is discovered.

Raines. What Intrigue, Frank?

Wood. Cousin *Lucia*, your Servant.—I see, Sir, you can serve your self, without the help of your Friends.

Raines. Is this his Cousin *Lucia*?

Lucia. Oh! is that the Intrigue? These two Gentlemen rescu'd us this Morning from the Insolence of two Hectors.

Caro. Yes, and with their Swords protected us from their Violence, and reveng'd the Affront.

Lucia. We are not so ungrateful to disown those that had oblig'd us so much.

Caro. This Morning was the first time they ever saw us.

Wood. You are grown very familiar already, Madam.

Caro. If I be, you are not concern'd, I assure you.

Wood. I fear, too much. But how do you like *Lucia*, Jack? Have you a Design of lying with her one way or other?

Raines. Mum, *Woodly*, or I will discover all your Rogueries to your Lady Bright at home; be satisfied, I like her too well to dishonour her. But, to divert this,

[*He whistles, and the Fiddles flourish.*]

Wood. What a Devil's this?

Bev. We are fallen into an Ambuscade of Fiddlers.

Lucia. Do you conjure?

Caro. You charm the Air to give us Sounds.

Raines. The Truth is, Madam, 'tis a Trap I have laid for you; and you have no way but to dance your self out on't.

Caro. No? then I am resolv'd to free my self as soon as I can. Play a Jig. [She dances.]

Enter Clodpate with a Dog.

Clod. What, you are merry with your Fiddles! I have been hunting up and down for Madam *Carolina*; I came to present you with some Country Partridges: here's dear *Tray*, a *Suffex* Dog, set 'em for you. Oh he ranges with such Mettle, and points so true! Poor *Tray*! Gad I love and honour him.

Bev. That *Tray* is the better qualify'd Beast of the two.

Clod. Pray, Madam, kiss him a little.

Caro. Kiss a Dog!

Clod. A Dog! Ud'sooks, he has as sweet a Breath as any Man, I won't say Lady, has. Your scurvy London Ladies feed their Dogs at their Tables, and have Joyns of Mutton roasted on purpose for 'em, and make them their Bed-fellows, for want of better. But since you don't

don't love a Dog, Madam, I'll be bold to say, you'd see the beautifullest Dapple Mare of mine, that my Man leads there. There's a Buttock, Madam! how clean she treads upon her Pasterns! There's a Body, round as a Barrell! there's a Head and Neck finely rais'd; a delicate broad Chest! Guds' oaks, she's the finest fore-headed Mare in Christendom; there's Beauty, an you talk of Beauty!

Raines. He describes his Mare so passionately, I shall begin to suspect her Virtue.

Clod. But I must desire some Words with you in Private.

Caro. I am going to visit now; but shortly I will hear you.

Clod. I had waited on you sooner, but that I have been giving out Warrants, and binding some London Rogues to the Peace, and the like. Thus I represent the King's Person, I.

Caro. You are the worst Picture of him that ever I saw.

Clod. I am content, Madam, to employ my self in Business, and to serve my Country; while your London Sparks, lascivious, libidinous Swines, follow their beastly Lusts, and sensual Pleasures. Poor Fools! I pity 'em.

Wood. Why, we have Justices of the Peace, that serve the Nation, at London.

Clod. What, honest ones! thank you for that: they are the greatest Malefactors there; they make a pretty Trade on't in the Suburbs, with Bribes receiv'd from Pads, Pick-pockets, and Shop-lifts, with the Taxes they raise from labouring Whores, and Contributions from Tributary Bawds; but, Gentlemen, will you dust a Strand with me?

Enter Kick and Cuff with six more.

Raines. We are all engag'd.

Kick. Here they are; they shall find that none shall affront any of our Gang unpunish'd.

Cuff. As long as we Bullies hold together, we defy the World; we'll chastise their Insolence: fall on!

[They fight, Lucia and Carolina shriek, and run away.]

Kick. Come, hays at you.

Raines. How now!

Rev. Rogues!

Wood. You Dogs!

Clod. Hold! I command you, in the King's Name, keep the Peace. I am a Justice of *Quorum*, and represent the King's Person. I say, keep the Peace, or I'll bind you over to the Sessions. [*The Bullies are Beaten off.*]

Wood. Let's pursue the Rogues; and now we have won the Field, take them Prisoners.

Raines. Damn 'em! they are not worth our Pursuit; I know two of 'em, and shall find out the rest.

Clod. Go, I say, and bring 'em before me, and I will bind 'em to the Peace, and make 'em be of good abearing till the next Sessions, or they shall forfeit their Recullesence.

Rev. We are oblig'd to you for your Help; you fought bravely.

Clod. 'Tis very indecent for a Magistrate to fight; I will give you Law.

Wood. Pox of his Cowardize! but what mean these Rogues?

Raines. Let's find the Ladies; I'll tell you, as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clodpate, two Country-Fellows, Cuff and Kick in Country-Habits.

Kick. These Disguises have done us Knights-Service.

Cuff. He'll begin to be Drunk by and by; preach the Parlon upon him, or try Coal under the Candlestick, even or odd with a Witness, or the grand Game at Put, for I find he hates Dice.

Clod. Come, Gentlemen, put about a Cup of Ale. 'Tis Stingo,

Stingo, i'faith! is not this better than your foolish *French* Kickshaw Claret? This is of the Growth and Product of our own Country, and we encourage the noble Manufacture of Ale. How say you? Come, fill all. [*Drinks.*]

1 *Count.* His Worship is a notable Man in the Poloticks, as e'er a Justice of *England*; no dispraise——

2 *Count.* He has a brave Head-piece of his own.

Clod. Fill again once more. Oh Gentlemen! Things do not go well. There's the *Streights* Trade I was speaking of, why, it signifies not a Farthing to us; for, look you, if the Manufacture or Commodity exported, be not equal to the Commodity imported, we must ruin our Trade, that's clear Demonstration. Now we send them Money, in Specie, for foolish Superfluities, for Currants to make Mince-Pyes with; it grieves my Heart to think on't: but come, dust it away.

Kick. Your Worship speaks like an Oracle.

Clod. Then there's your *Canary* Trade takes away not one of our Manufactures. Well, no more to be said; I am not thought worthy; but here's to you. [*Drinks.*]

Cuff. A very politick Coxcomb!

[*Aside.*]

1 *Count.* What News is there in the *Gazette*, an't please you?

Clod. Why there 'tis. We keep a Pother between the honest *Dutch*; I say nothing, but I hate *French* Fricasies and Ragousts, and *French* Dances too; but no more to be said; fill again. Gudfooks, here's your true *English* Ale, and your true *English* Hearts!

[*He drinks.*]

2 *Count.* I purteit, he's an incomparable Man!

Clod. In the mean time poor *Poland*'s in Danger, and yet *Sobeski*'s a pretty Man; and *Wisnowski*, and *Lubomirski*, and *Potoski* too, pretty Men, very pretty Men; but alas! they are but Men; we ne'er think of assisting 'em; and poor *Poland* may be lost, and we are in a fine Condition; but here's t'other Pot.

[*All Drink.*]

Kick. Excellent Coxcomb!—But what hurt can the loss of *Poland* do us, Sir?

Clod. Lord, that you should ask such a Question! why, 'twill spoil our Trade for Tin; no People in the World

can

can make Lattin Ware, or work our Tin well but they; the *Germans* indeed pretend to it: This would trouble a Man, that loves his Country as I do.

2 *Count*. What Religion are they of in *Poland*, an't please your Worship?

Clod. Why, they are Christians; they are not within the Pale indeed, but they are very good Out-liers.

Cuff. Let's ply him hard. Come, here's a Health to all your Deputy Lieutenants.

Clod. Come on; I hope to be one my self; I serve the Nation upon a true Country Principle, and have as many Friends as any Man, upon a National Account.

1 *Count*. Here's News from *Ditto*; an't please your Worship, what Place is that? I ask'd our Minister, and he could not tell me.

Clod. Fy upon him! why, *Ditto* is a Town in *Pomerania*, a very fine Town: But fill again.

Kick. Here's a Health to the Bishop of *Munster*.

Clod. Excuse me, Sir; he's a Popish Bishop, and I'll drink ne'er a Papist's Health on 'em all. He a Clergyman, and run up and down Soldiering and Fighting! truly, he may be asham'd on't; an he were a godly Man, he'd stay at home and Preach. I hate a lazy Bishop, that won't preach: But here's my Cup. Come on. Udsbuds, I begin to be fox'd!

Cuff. That's good News, *Kick*.

Clod. Well, *Poland*'s a brave Nation; and they have a Company of the fiercest magnanimous Fellows, your *Isnies*, *Oskies*, *Irskies*, *Ouskies*, *Erskies*, and the *Cossacks* upon the *Ukraine*; there's a Monarchy as it should be, every thing governed by the great Council. Udsbud, they have the best Diet in Christendom.

2 *Count*. Nay, with his Worship's leave, an they have better Diet than *English* Beef, I'll be sacrific'd——

1 *Count*. An't please your Worship, we'll present you with a Country-dance; we have Companions without, if you please, Sir.

Clod. With all my Heart.

[Dance of two Clowns, and two Country Wenches.

Udsbud,

Uds-bud, my Head begins to turn round; but let's into the House. 'Tis Dark; we'll have one *Bellarmino* there, and then *Bonus Nocius*: I must to my Mistress, she's the prettiest Rogue—

*Sings, Her Lips are two Brimmers of Claret,
Where first I began to miscarry;
Her Breasts of Delight
Are two Bottles of White,
And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.*

[*Excellent Omnes.*]

Enter Raines.

Raines. Mrs. *Jilt* appointed to meet me here; she's handsome, and, I hope, sound. I love *Lucia*, even to the renouncing of Wine and good Company; but Flesh and Blood is not able to hold out her Time, without some Refreshment by the by.

Enter Mrs. Jilt.

Jilt. O, are you here! well, you think me a strange confident Person, to meet you thus; but if I had not known you to be a fine sweet Man, and 'tis dark, and you cannot see my Blushes, Sir, I would have suffer'd all the Extremities in the World, before I would have done it; I'll swear, I would.

Raines. What Extremities can you suffer, pretty Mrs. *Jilt*?

Jilt. No, 'tis no matter what I suffer, Alas! Alas!

Raines. What's the matter?

Jilt. I am the most unhappy Lady in the whole World, I'll swear; ha, ha; but 'tis no matter; I may thank my self for't, I vow.

Raines. What, have you lost Friends, or Money?

Jilt. No, no; I have something nearer my Heart than all that: 'Tis not Money that I care for, I'll swear, not I.

Raines. I find that somebody has catch'd you; you are in Love.

Jilt. If I were not in Love, I were a happy Woman, but now I am the most unfortunate Maid in the whole World, I'll swear; oh, oh!

Raines. Fy on't! young and pretty, and despair in this Age!

Filt. Oh! but this is so fine, so excellent a Person, he'll ne'er love me. I am ruin'd; oh, oh!

Raines. Who is this bewitching Man?

Filt. Oh, it's no matter! alas! who cares what becomes of me? a poor inconsiderable Person, tho' none can say I am not a Gentlewoman, and well bred! but 'tis no matter. Oh, oh! but the Gentleman is no ill Friend of yours, upon my Word, now.

Raines. Pr'ythee who is it?

Filt. A great Acquaintance of Mr. Bevil's, a Norfolk Gentleman.

Raines. Sdeath! she won't put this upon me at last! he's acquainted with none of my Country but my self.

[*Aside.*]

Filt. He's the wittiest, finest, handsomest, well-bred Gentleman in the World, I'll swear.

Raines. Pr'ythee tell his Name: I can be secret.

Filt. The first Letter of his Name is R. but why should I say so much? I am a lost Woman, he'll never love me; oh, oh!

Raines. Though not by your fine Description, yet by my Country and by my Name you'd perswade me, that I am the happy Man.

Filt. [*She kisses his Hand.*] Now shall I never see you again; you'll hate me for my Confidence. Oh that my Tongue should betray me thus! Oh that I had bit it out before I had said this! Oh my Heart will break, I'll swear!

Raines. Gad, her Tears have mollified me. It shall ne'er be said a Woman shall die under my Hands; but she might have brought it about without all these Circumstances.

[*Aside.*]

Filt. Oh, unfortunate Woman! I know you'll hate me for this, oh, oh!

Raines. No, my Dear, I am none of those; do but step into my Lodging, where there's a good Conveniency as can be; and if I do not give you as good Proof of my Affections—

Filt.

Filt. Good Sir, you mistake me; do you take me for a Strumpet? No, Sir, I'd have you to know I am no such, I swear.

Raines. I know you are Modest; but Lovers should lay by that.

Filt. I lay by my Modesty! Heaven forbid! you are a wicked libidinous Person; I wonder you have the Confidence to affront one of my Birth and Breeding thus, like a base Man.

Raines. Oh, oh, all this talk of Love is a Trick, is it? you might have plac'd it better, good Madam *Filt.*

Filt. No, Sir, it is no Trick; and that you should find, if you would but——

Raines. But what?

Filt. But Marry me; that's all, I swear.

[*Cries.*

Raines. All, in the Devil's Name! Marry, quoth she! Zounds! what a Word was that?

Filt. I knew how I should be us'd by an ungrateful Man; oh that I should betray my Weakness! oh, oh!

Raines. Fare you well, good Mrs. *Filt.* 'Sblood, Marry! ha, ha, ha, ha.

[*Ex. Raines.*

Filt. Miserable Woman! how unlucky am I! but I am resoly'd never to give over till I get a Husband, if I live and breath.

[*Exit Filt.*

Enter Mrs. Woodly, Lucia, and Carolina.

Lucia. This is your Husband's Story.

Mrs. Wood. No, 'tis their own, I assure you: why, did you intend your Acquaintance with *Raines* and *Bevil* should be a Secret? that's Pleasant; they have only proclaim'd it in the Town yet, no where else.

Caro. They cannot be so base; we saw 'em but by Accident.

Mrs. Wood. By Accident! you are pleasant, Madam; ha, ha, ha.

Lucia. What's the Cause of your unseemly Mirth, Cousin?

Mrs. Wood. By Accident Mr. *Raines* applies himself wholly to you, and by Accident Mr. *Bevil* makes Love to you, Madam; by Accident ye all met in a Field this Forenoon;

by

by Accident, Madam, Mr. Bevil expected you to meet him alone in a Field on the Backside of my Lodging.

Caro. Me! you drive a Jest too far; do you intend to affront me?

Mrs. Wood. I have no mind to fall under the lash of their malicious Tongues; but I walked over that Field in a Masque, Bevil meets me, calls me dear *Carolina*, said he had obeyed my Summons, and that I was punctual in my Assignment; thank'd me for the Favour of my Note—

Caro. Heaven! what do I hear! this is your Project; you must be acquainted with witty Men.

Lucia. Unworthy Men! have they no Sense of Honour?

Enter Mr. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. Yonder, I believe, comes one of them; I'll leave ye, lest I should be suspected to tell this.

[Exit Mrs. Woodly.]

Wood. I love *Carolina* so, I must undermine Bevil, whom, I fear, she's inclin'd to; I must render *Raines* suspected too, lest they should clear one another.

Lucia. If this be true, we have been finely mistaken.

Wood. Oh Ladies, are you here? you're Punctual; are your new Gallants come yet——Perhaps I may guess right. *[Aside.]*

Caro. What Gallants?

Wood. Nay, perhaps it may be a Mistake; but I was told by five or six Gentlemen upon *Clay-Hill*, that you were to meet with *Raines* and Bevil privately this Night here in *Mamse's* Garden; that's all.

Caro. O base perfidious Men!

Lucia. We meet 'em?

Wood. Why, did you think it had been a Secret? so is a Proclamation: they themselves have bragg'd on't.

Caro. Do they already boast of our Baseness, vile Men! Well, I see we must condemn our selves to the Conversation of dull sober Fools.

Lucia. Or, which is as bad, confine our selves to the Impertinence of our own Sex.

Wood.

Wood. I propos'd to-Day to bring *Raines* acquainted with you, Cousin; but he refus'd it, and said he would not marry you for his own sake, nor lie with you for mine; and that a Man had no Excuse for himself, that visited a Woman without Design of lying with her one way or other.

Lucia. Oh Impudence!

Wood. They are Men of Wit and good Company, but not so fit for young Ladies that love Reputation; but I hope my Cousin is not so intimate with *Raines*, as you are with *Bevil*, Madam?

Caro. I intimate with him! what mean you?

Wood. You are pleasant, Madam: I mean, she does not meet him alone, as you do *Bevil*.

Caro. Had he the Impudence to say this? Or have you so little Honour to believe the Words of a vain idle Fellow?

Wood. But I must believe my Eyes: Did I not see you with him mask'd? and speak to you? by the same Token, you fell into a Swoon at the Surprise.

Caro. You are mad, Sir; or would make me so.

Wood. To shew you I am not mad, there's the Note you wrote to *Bevil*.

Caro. That I wrote? Heaven! *Lucia*, do you hear what Monsters of Men our ill Fate, or your worse Conduct, have thrown us upon? Let's in, and read this Note.

Lucia. How am I amazed!

Wood. All this Confidence won't clear her with me; I know Woman-kind too well.

Enter Raines and Bevil.

Raines. *Lucia* and *Carolina* are slipt into the House, or some Arbour. I see a Hackney Coach, for they resolv'd not to bring their own.

Bev. Death! that we lewd young Fellows shou'd be catch'd thus! I ne'er had any Love yet, that I could not satisfy with Gold, or wash away with *Burgundy*; but to be content to leave all the numerous Ladies of the Game

in London, for two, that, on my Conscience, are foolishly Honest.

Raines. But by your leave, *Bevil*, London is so overstock'd with Wenches, that, like too many Harts in a Harwarren, they cross our Hunting, and we can make no Work on't; the Difficulty of finding is one part of the Game.

Bev. I love these Women the more, for declaring against Fools, contrary to most of their Sex.

Raines. I hate a Woman that's in love with a fulsome Coxcomb; she's a foul Feeder, and I can no more have an Appetite to her, when I think of her Diet, than to a tame Duck, when I think it feeds on Toads.

Bev. Well, I love *Carolina* beyond all sense of Modesty, so much, that I am resolv'd, if she will, to turn Recreant and Marry her, let what will be the Consequence.

Raines. To forbear pleasing our selves to-Day, for fear of being troubled to-Morrow, were to adjourn Life, and never to live.

Bev. I am sure of the present Pleasure, and but venture the future Pain.

Raines. But I am resolv'd to venture, though the Gallies were the Consequence.

Bev. And I too. I will live fifty Years in that one Night I first enjoy her, and care not if I were to be a Slave all the rest of my Life. Yonder, I believe, they are.

Enter Carolina and Lucia.

Caro. Ungrateful Men!

Lucia. 'Tis not too late to retreat from this Adventure.

Bev. Ladies, your humble Servant: I see you are to be trusted.

Caro. But you are not, you treacherous ungrateful Men!

Bev. How's this, Madam?

Lucia. Your infamous dealing with us exceeds all Barbarousness; *Indians* and *Cannibals* would have us'd us better.

Raines.

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Raines. What mean they?—Do you think, Madam, we would eat you? we have a pleasanter way of using Ladies.

Lucia. Do you make our Anger your Mirth?

Caro. We may thank our selves, to trust such perfidious Men.

Bev. You amaze us; you are just declaring War, when we thought to have concluded a Peace with you.

Caro. Avoid our Sight, thou vain Man.

Lucia. And take thy lewd Companion with thee.

Raines. Ladies, you have so much Wit, that I cannot think you are in earnest.

Bev. Our Love is not so dull, that it needs to be spur'd with Anger.

Raines. I hope this is only to make us relish your Kindness the better: Anger is a Sawce to Love, as Sickness is to Health.

Bev. For my part, I love so violently, that every Look of yours charms me; your Anger pleases; I am in Love with your Frowns.

Caro. It seems so; you wou'd not else so justly have provok'd 'em.

Raines. 'Tis some Honour, Madam, to be thought worth your Anger: I cou'd never be angry with those I despis'd.

Lucia. But you shall find I can. Let's leave 'em, *Carolina.*

Raines. Death! this is Madac's; I'll not leave you so. [Exit Lucia.]

Caro. I write Letters, and make private Appointments with you! perfidious Man, to blast my Reputation thus— [Exit Raines.]

Bev. This is Mrs. Woodly's Malice— [Aside.]
Pray hear me, Madam—

Caro. No, Sir. Farewell.

Enter Woodly, as they are going out.

Wood. There go Bevil and Carolina.

[Ex. Bev. and Carol.]

Now, Jealousie, assist me; I may o'erhear something. 'Tis not

not so like a Gentleman, but 'tis like a wife and jealous Lover: I'll follow. [Exit Woodly.]

Enter Mrs. Woodly at the Door on the right Hand of the Stage.

Mrs. Wood. I long to hear what my Information has wrought upon 'em; Mischief enough, I hope.

Enter Bevil and Carolina at the Door on the left Hand; at which Mrs. Woodly starts back, and conceals her self.

Here are the two who I am most concern'd in; 'tis dark, and I shall easily conceal my self.

[Woodly enters a little after Bevil and Carolina, and stands close.]

Caro. Why do you follow me thus far? be gone, inhumane Creature!

Mrs. Wood. Oh, it works finely!

Bev. Hear me but one Word: if you condemn me then, I will own my self the Rascal you speak of.

Caro. What can you say in Defence of your Treachery? I write Notes to you!

Bev. I know who is my Accuser, and the Reason of my Accusation.

Caro. Who is your Accuser, besides your self?

Bev. I have had the Misfortune to be pursu'd by the Love and jealousy of a Woman, cholerick, haughty, and revengeful, Mrs. Woodly; I am sure she is my Accuser.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what says the Villain! I will tear him in Pieces.

Wood. Death, Hell, and the Devil! the Love of my Wife! But I will hear further.

Caro. Is this possible?

Bev. 'Tis true, I assure you; she wrote that Letter as from you to me, and met me in the Field; I was amaz'd at the Letter, and resolv'd to see the event on't: But I found her instead of you.

Wood. Damnation on this Woman!

Mrs. Wood. I cou'd stab the Trayor: But I'll yet have Patience.

Bev. Her Husband came by in the mean time, and, as

I believe, took her for you; said he knew her, and seem'd to be much concern'd; and she swooned.

Care. Now the Riddle's clear'd.

Wood. I will yet hear farther.

Care. But how came you to part with the Note, which I have now? I see, you are not to be trusted with a Ticket.

Bev. I am glad you have it, Madam. I unluckily dropt it, I know not how; and have been afraid of the Effects a Stranger's finding it might have produc'd. With all my Diligence, I cou'd not find it; but how came you by it?

Care. You have told a plausible Story, and I will let you know; but I conjure you take no Notice of it.

Bev. You shall command me, Madam—

Care. Know then, I have been perpetually importun'd, since I came to *Epsom*, by the Love of Mr. *Woodly*; and I suppose he, having the same Jealousie of me, that his virtuous Lady has of you, though there's no Danger, gave me this Note, with an excellent Character of Mr. *Rains* and you—

[*Woodly and his Wife both start, as surpris'd at the News*

Wood. Hell and Devils! now all's out.

[*Both appear, and speak together*

Mrs. Wood. Where's the Traitor that has abus'd me thus?

Mr. Wood. Madam *Caroline*, I thank you; you have oblig'd me much.

Mrs. Wood. My Husband! I am undone.

Wood. 'Sdeath! is she here?

Care. Heaven! What will this come to?

Bev. Unlucky Accident!

Mrs. Wood. Oh let me stab this perjur'd Man!

Care. Hold, Madam!

Wood. Sir, I must have a farther Account of you.

Bev. Let it suffice to tell you, my Anger against your Wife, for contriving this Mischief against me, made me say more than was true. She's innocent of any Intrigue with me, only the Letter she did write; what made her, I know not.

Wood. But, Sir—

Bev.

Bev. But, Sir, I must demand an Account of you concerning the Letter and the fair Character you gave me; 'twas not so like a Gentleman.

Wood. 'Sdeath, not like a Gentleman!

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.

Caro. Hold, Gentlemen.

Wood. Oh, Madam, I thank you for your Favours!

Caro. If I have any Power with you, follow me, or I shall distrust all you have said. [To Bev.

Mrs. Wood. Oh base, inhumane Villain! so falsely to asperse my Honour!

Bev. Madam, I must obey you. *Monsieur, ne mettez vous pas en peine, je trouverai l'occasion de vous voir demain au Matin.*

Wood. *Et Bien, Monsieur, si faites.*

Caro. None of your French, to shew your Breeding; come along. [Ex. Car. and Bevil.

Mrs. Wood. I am basely abus'd by a forsworn Wretch! If you have Honour in you, bear it not. Heaven knows, I know nothing of the Letter, nor have I seen him this Day before.

Wood. No! What could provoke him to so injurious an Accusation?

Mrs. Wood. Do you wonder at the Malice of base lascivious Men, that cannot have their Ends? I was loth to make a Quarrel between you, not knowing how fatal it might be: But I have never rested from the Importunity of his Love—

Wood. I know how to deal with him; but for you, Madam—

Mrs. Wood. For me! Heaven knows, I am innocent and virtuous; but 'tis too apparent thou art false: *Carolina* speaks Truth certainly; besides, I have heard this Day, that you are pleased to keep a Wench too, nay, one that was a Bawd; and you pervert the Use of her, and turn her into a Whore; and honest Gentlemen complain on't. I'll not endure it.

Wood. 'Tis well invented: But methinks, Madam, you shou'd have too much to do to clear your self, to think of accusing me.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wood. If thou hadst Courage in thee, thou would'st revenge me of this false Rascal. But why should I expect such Honour from you? You are one of those keeping Coxcombs, that, rather than not keep, will keep a Bawd: Nay, your Mistress, forsooth, has turn'd from Bawd to Punk, from Punk to Bawd, as often as they say *Thames-Water* will stink and grow sweet again, at Sea.

Wood. 'Sdeath! None of your foulery; clear your self, or I'll make you an Example. [Exit. *Woodly.*

Mrs. Wood. Now all the Power of revengeful Rage assist me. Here's Company; I'll away. [Exit *Mrs. Woodly.*
Enter Raines, Lucia, and Roger, as Mrs. Woodly is going out.

Raines. There can be nothing plainer, than that the Jealousie and Malice of *Mrs. Woodly* contriv'd this. Can you believe we can be such Rascals without Provocation?

Luc. 'Tis probable *Woodly* has done this for Love and Jealousie of *Carolina*, and his Wife for Love and Jealousie of *Bevil*. [Aside.] But if you were not monstrously lewd, the Freedom of *Epsom* allows almost nothing to be scandalous.

Raines. Do you know, Madam, there is no such thing as Scandal in this Age? Infamy is now almost as hard to get as Preferment.

Enter *Clodpate.*

Clod. Who's here, Mr. *Raines*? Udsbud, I am almost fox'd. We have dusted it away, Gud-socks; but there were two Country Fellows there, that I never saw before, won above forty Pound of me at Put: but they are honest Country Fellows; one of 'em is a chief Constable, a very honest Fellow. But where's Madam *Carolina*? I have been at her Lodging.

Lucia. Oh, Mr. *Clodpate*! I am glad I have found you; I have sent all up and down the Town for you.

Clod. Udsbud! Madam, what's the Matter? is my Mistress not well?

Lucia. Her Brother is come this Evening to Town, with a Resolution to force her to *London*, to marry one, he has

has provided for her: The poor Lady is almost distracted, and bid me tell you, if you'll relieve her from this Distress, she'll be for ever yours.

Clod. Udslooks! does he take her *vi & armis*? I'll send my Warrant for him, and stop his Journey.

Lucia. No, she has design'd a better way; her Brother has carried her in his Coach to see a Kinswoman, that lodges near the Church, and intends to sup there, and not to come home 'till eleven of the Clock.

Clod. Good.

Lucia. If you'll go, and stay for her in the Church-yard, and have your Man with Horses just by, she'll steal away, and come to you, and go where-e'er you'll dispose of her; she'd rather die, than live in London.

Clod. As Gad judge me, she's a fine Person; but why the Church-yard? that's a Place to meet in when we are dead, not while we are living; there are Spirits, and dead Folks walk: I tremble to think on't.

Raines. This Fellow has not yet out-grown the Belief of *Raw-Head* and *Bloody-Bones*.

Lucia. There is now no Remedy; if you omit this Opportunity, you will for ever lose her.

Clod. Nay, rather than that, I'll venture; but I'll take my *Practise of Piety* in my Pocket.

Lucia. Do so; and then let 'em walk their Hearts out.

Clod. Well, God save you. I'll marry her to-Night.

[*Exit Clodpate.*]

Lucia. If I had not sent him away, we had been peester'd with him all Night.

Raines. Since you have gone thus far with him, I'll have my Share in the Sport.

Lucia. If he shou'd see *Bevil* and *Carolina*, 'twould spoil all.

[*Enter Foot-Boy.*]

Foot-boy. Madam, my Lady sent me to tell you, that she is gone home with Mr. *Bevil*, and desires your Company.

Lucia. I'll follow her.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Raines. Roger, you heard what pass'd; pray go you with

with my *Valer de Chambre*, and take each of you a Sheet, and wait in the Church-porch 'till *Chapman* comes into the Church-yard, and then fall out upon him, and fright him to purpose.

Rog. I will, Sir; and am glad of the Employment. Let us alone for Mischief.

Rains. He believes in Spirit's and dead Folk's walking, as stedfastly as in his Creed.

Lucia. This may make excellent Sport.

Rog. I'll about it instantly; if we do not fright him out of that little Wit his Justice-ship has, I am mistaken.

[Exit.

Enter Fribble, Mrs. Fribble, and Bisket.

Frib. Where's Mr. *Kick* and *Cuff*, *Doll*? We left 'em here but even now, when we went to drink with our Neighbours.

Mrs. Frib. They were sent for upon extraordinary Business; they paid the Reckoning.

Bisk. I vow, they are very civil, fair-condition'd Gentlemen, as one would wish to drink or bowl with; but, I vow, there were some Bullies there swore so bloodily, I was afraid the Bowling-Green would have fallen upon our Heads. But where's my Lamb?

Mrs. Frib. She's slept to a Neighbour in the Bowling-Green; she'll come instantly.

Frib. Come, Neighbour *Bisket*, will you go? our Friends expect us to be merry with them; I could be so brisk to Night, fa, la, la, &c.

Bisk. Ay, and I too, fa, la, la; we'll sing old *Rose*, faith; hey, Boys!

Mrs. Frib. Why, have you the Confidence to offer to leave me, when the Gentlemen are gone, and you in this Condition?

Frib. How! what say you?

Mrs. Frib. I have been too tame; 'tis time now to pluck up a Spirit, you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. As Gad judge me, the Jade's drunk!

Mrs. Frib. 'Tis you are drunk, Beast, every Night; you are sipping off your half Pints all Day long, and one

has no more Comfort of you at Night than of a Bed-stuff, nay, not so much.

Frib. Oh monstrous Impudence! the Woman's possess'd, as I hope to breath.

Bisk. Pish, this is nothing; my Duck says more to me than this every Day; they will have these Humours with 'em: mine has Abundance, pretty Rogue, ha, ha.

Frib. But if you be a Fool, Neighbour, I'll be none; I'll not endure it:—Know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. I am my own Mistress. Did I marry a foolish Haberdasher, to be govern'd by him? out upon thee, Nickcompoop! I'll order thee, i'faith.

Bisk. Just my Duck, to a Hair; ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Oh unheard-of Impudence!

Mrs. Frib. All my Neighbours cry out on me, for suffering you in your Impudence. Shall I endure a Fellow to be drunk and loose, and spend what abroad, that he should spend with me at home? You villainous Man, I'll not endure it.

Bisk. Just my *Mollie*, for all the World; ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Nay then, 'tis time to be earnest. Hufwife, know your Lord and Master; I say, know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. My Lord and Master! I scorn thee, thou insolent Fellow; know your Lady and Mistress, Sirrah; I'll order you better, you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. Oh horrible! she's distracted. Hufwife, get you home and sleep, and be sober; or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear.

Mrs. Frib. Get you home, you pitiful Fellow; or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear, an you go to that, thou fumbling Fool.

Frib. This is prodigious! Do you know, Hufwife, that I will give you much Correction?

Mrs. Frib. You give me Correction, you Coward!

Frib. The Law allows me to give my Wife due Correction. I know the Law, Hufwife; consider and tremble.

Mrs. Frib. You give me Correction, you Wretch! I'll teach you Law.

[She gives him a Dash on the Chaps.]

Frib. Oh Impudence! Nay, then have at you. If you be mad, I'll cure you, without the help of Bellam! *Beats her.*

Mrs. Frib. Help! help! Murder! Murder!

Bisk. Nay hold, Neighbour, for Heaven's sake.

Frib. Stand by, let me alone, or I will mischief you. Would you be so wicked as to part Man and Wife? a Curse will follow you, if you do.

Bisk. Nay then, whom Heaven has join'd I will not put asunder.

Frib. Come, Hufwife, ask me pardon; or I will swinge you immoderately. *[Frib. strikes her again.]*

Mrs. Frib. Held! I do ask you Pardon. *[She kneels.]*

Frib. Will you never be insolent again?

Mrs. Frib. No, I will never pluck up a Spirit again.

Frib. Go, get you home.

Mrs. Frib. Yes, I will; but if I do not make your Head ake for it before to Morrow Morning. — *[Aside.]*

[Exit Mrs. Frib.]

Frib. *Castigo te, non quod odio habeam, sed quod amem,* is an excellent Sentence I learnt in my Grammar.

Bisk. This is incomparable. Oh that I could govern my Wife thus! If I thought I could, I would swinge my Duck extremely, I'd beat my Lamb inordinately.

Frib. I warrant you; try. This is the only way to govern her; let her feel, if she can't understand, that you are her Head.

Bisk. I vow and swear, I have a good Mind, really; though she is a pretty Rogue. She does lend me such a Life sometimes, I protest and vow, Flesh and Blood is not able to bear it.

Frib. I tell you, Neighbour, 'tis a dishonourable thing to bear an Affront from a Woman, especially your own Wife.

Bisk. Uds me! here she is, I tremble.

Frib. Draw up, for shame.

Enter Mrs. Bisket.

Mrs. Bisk. Where have you been, you Fop Doodle?

Bisk. What's that to you, Jil-Flirts?

Mrs. Bisk. What says the Fellow?

Bisk.

Bisk. I say, know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Bisk. O Heaven! the Boar's drunk, and has lost his Senses.

Bisk. No, the Sow is drunk, and has lost her Manners.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh horrid Insolence! you Villain, I'll order you. I can hear you have lost all your Money at Bowls. Get you home, Sirrah, you drunken Beast! you shall have Money again, you shall!

Bisk. Peace, you impertinent, unseasonable Ass! or I shall grow passionate.

Mrs. Bisk. You scurvy Fellow, I'll tear your Eyes out. I am amaz'd! What can this Insolence mean!

Bisk. Stand by me, Neighbour,——I have too long endur'd your Impudence. I will give you a great deal of Correction: I am your Head, Hufwife.

Mrs. Bisk. You my Head! you Cuckold! Nay, then 'tis time to begin with you. I'll head you, before I have done. *[She gives him a dounce on the Chaps.]*

Frib. Now it begins.

Bisk. Nay, then have at you. *[He strikes her.]*

Mrs. Bisk. Strike your own Wife! I'll tear your Throat out. *[She takes away the Stick and beats him, he tumbles down.]*

Bisk. Help! Murder! Murder! Neighbour, help! help!

Mrs. Bisk. I'll make an Example of you. Ha, would you govern your own Wife? Lord and Master! Quoth a!

Bisk. Oh my Throat! Oh my Eyes!

Frib. Come off, for Shame; you're an insolent Woman; and were you my Wife, I would take off your Woman-Hood.

[Bisk gets up, and runs away as hard as he can drive.]

Mrs. Bisk. Oh, you are one of the Rascals, that put him upon this! I'll try a Pluck with you, I'll tear your Eyes out, you Villain, you Cuckoldly Villain! *[She dies.]* *Fribble.*

Frib. Hold, hold!——Oh cowardly Rogue! Has he left me in the Lurch?

Mrs. Bisk. I'll order all such Rascals.

Frib. Hold, hold! this is a the Devil.

[Fribble runs from her and Exit]

Mrs. Bisk.

Mrs. Bick. So, are you routed? now the Field's my own; but I'll order my Cuckold. Attempt to conquer his own Wife!

*I to my Husband scorn to be a Slave:
I ne'er can fear the Beast, whose Horns I gave.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Kick and Cuff.

Kick. **T**HIS has been a lucky Day; but this last Business you drew me into, frightened me devilishly.

Cuff. We, that are to live by virtuous Industry, ought to stand out at nothing.

Kick. But no more of this, if you please; yet 'twas well design'd to rob Clodpate; a false Rogue! to have three-score Pounds in his Pocket, and leave us off at Putt! He robb'd us of that first, and we took it by way of Reprisal.

Cuff. His Man is gagg'd and bound, far enough from helping him.

Kick. And away the Horses are gone for London. The Rogue will neither go nor send to London for a Discovery, he hates it so; but what a Fox made the Sot in the Church-yard!

Cuff. Nay, I know not, unless he waited to kill some Body, and then give him Christian Burial. I am sure is furnished me with a good Invention.

Kick. If thou had'st not been a thorough-pac'd Rogue, thou could'st never have been so present to thy self. If we had only bound him, some Body might have pass'd by, by Accident, and unloos'd him; but to tie his Hands behind him, and take a Sheet off the next Hedge, and tie him up in it like a Ghost, and gag him, was a Master-piece of Roguery.

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M

Cuff.

Coff. This way will not only secure us from present Pursuit (for no Body durst come near him to unbind his Hands) but it will make excellent Sport: he'll fright all the Town out of their Wits.

Enter Raines and Roger.

Kick. There's *Raines*; let us retire, for fear of broken Heads. *[Exeunt Kick and Cuff.]*

Raines. How now! what News of *Clodpate*!

Roger. Oh, Sir, we had like to have been frightened out of our Wits our selves.

Raines. How so?

Roger. When we expected to have frightened Mr. *Clodpate*, we saw another in a Sheet, at which at first we cry'd out for fear; which he (to our Comfort) hearing, roar'd like a Bull at a Country Bear-baiting, and run from us with all the Speed he could.

Raines. 'Tis strange! Who should it be!

Roger. We know not, Sir: but the Amazement made us soon pull off our Ghostly Habits, and come home.

Enter Woody.

Raines. Who's here?

Wood. Mr. *Raines*, I am glad I have found you.

Raines. Oh, Sir, is it you? we are to thank you for the favour you did us, in giving those excellent Characters of us to our Mistresses.

Wood. Your Mistresses? you are Men of Dispatch; you take Women as fast as the French Towns; none of 'em endure a Siege, but yield upon the first Summons to you.

Raines. You are in the wrong; such as we can buy, or corrupt the Governours of, may be easily had; but there are your *Nimweguen* Ladies, that will hold out, and pelt damnably.—But, Sir, I must be a little more serious with you. Do you think you have us'd a Couple of honest Fellows as you ought?

Wood. Why, I could do no less for the Honour of my Kinswoman, or the securing my own Love to *Carolina*, which was desperate; and let me tell you, it is a silly Honour, that will hinder a Man the satisfying of his Love, and is never to be found but in foolish rhyming Plays and Romances.

Raines.

Raines. I could however be no rub in your way, since all my Pretences are to your Cousin *Lucia*; and, I'll assure you, as honourable——

Wood. That's as she pleases; for you have no more honour in Love than needs must. There's no trusting young Ladies now a-days to the *Invasion of Audacious Men.*

Raines. But they may to the *Men of easie Phlegm.*

Wood. You are no Man of *easie Phlegm*; but this is not my Business. I suppose you have heard of the Bustle at *Mawse's Garden to-Night.*

Raines. I have.

Wood. I have no more to say, but that you would tell *Bevil* I desire to see him with his Sword in his Hand.

Raines. Sure you are too well grounded in the Belief of your Wife's Virtue, to entertain a slight Suspicion of her.

Wood. I am sure they ne'er shall know that I suspect her. [*Aside.*] Sir, since I do not question her Honour, do not you make bold with it; 'tis for his false Accusation that I require Satisfaction.

Raines. The same Love that provok'd you to accuse him falsely, made him do the same to your Wife; he loves *Carolina* almost to Madness.

Wood. The Honour of my Wife is too nice a thing to be us'd at that Rate, especially by one that rivall'd me in my Mistress. Without further dispute, I will fight with him; if he refuses to meet me, I shall think he dares not.

Raines. That you shall not think; since you are so brisk, provide one to entertain me; I am his Friend.

Wood. Such a one you shall not want instantly.

Raines. We cannot possibly meet to-Night: at five in the Morning we'll meet you at *Box-hill.*

Wood. I will expect you there. Adieu. [*Exit Woodly.*]

Raines. Good Night.

Enter Fribble, and Bisket drunk, with Fiddlers.

Bisk. Come on, Fiddlers, play us a Serenade; a Serenade's a fine merry Tune; we'll be as merry as the veryest

Roysters of 'em all, and as drunk too, when we set up-
on't, Neighbour Fribble.

Frib. I warrant you; come, we are choice Lads; come,
play a Serenade at this Window; fa, la, la, la.

Bisk. Sings. Fa, la. Hold, can't you sing?

Hey for Cavaliers, ho for Cavaliers,

Dub, a dub, dub,

Have at old Belzebub;

Oliver stinks for fear.

Fid. No, an't please you, Sir.

Frib. Ah brave Neighbour Bisket! you a merry Man,
i'fack.

Bisk. Ay, am I not? I defie any Man in *Eyford* to be
merrier, i'fags. Come, let's all be Musitioners, and all
roar and sing.

Here's a Health unto his Majesty,

With a Fal, la, la, la, la lere.

Frib. Come on; hey Boys! strike up——

Bisk. Now have I as much Courage as any Man upon
the Face of the Earth. If my Sweeting were here, I'd
beat her extreemly, I'd chastise my Pigsneye immoderate-
ly: I love her, poor Bird; but she's too unruly.

*If she prove constant, obliging and kind,
Perhaps I'd vouchsafe for to love her;
But if Pride or Inconstancy in her I find,
I'd have her to know, I'm above her.*

Frib. Bravely resolved! But, for all that, you left me
cagag'd basely and scurvily.

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Mrs. Fribble.

Mrs. Frib. Mr. Raines should be here, by the Fiddles. O
lamentable! our Husbands are drunk, and roaring, and
serenading.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh, my Fingers itch at 'em; I'll order my Rogue.

Bisk. 'Slife! here they are; now does my Heart fail me: Fiddlers, do you keep back; they shall be the Reserve, you shall lead the Van, and I'll bring up the Rear: There's Discipline for you.

Frib. We are fallen into an Ambush; bear thy self bravely.

Mrs. Bisk. Where's my drunken Beast? do you sneak behind? I'll make you an Example.

Bisket Sings.

*But if Pride or Inconstancy in her I find,
I'd have her to know, I'm above her.*

Mrs. Bisk. Above me! a pitiful Comfit-maker above me! I'll have better Men above me, Sirrah! I'll spoil your singing.

Enter Kick and Cuff, with Fiddles.

Kick. There are our Bubbles, drunk, but not drunk enough; and their Wives with them too. Now for some Stratagem to part 'em——

Cuff. Ladies, a Word of Consultation.

Mrs. Bisk. Your Servant, Sir.

Bisk. Oh Gentlemen! your Servant; now we'll be merry as Princes, i'faith: who cares for you now? come, strike up, Fiddlers.

Frib. Ay, come, fa la; let 'em alone, who cares?

Bisk. Ay, come; let 'em alone, who cares?

Kick. Ladies, let me desire you to walk away; your Husbands are too drunk for your Company; we'll carry 'em to our Lodgings, and they shall sleep till they be sober.

Cuff. And we'll come back and wait on you with our Fiddles.

Mrs. Frib. Your Servant, sweet Sir; you are very obliging.

Mrs. Bisk. We shall be proud to wait on you. Your humble Servant. [Exit.

Frib. Are you gone? Come, Gentlemen, let's join our Forces, and away a serenading; fa, la, la.

Kick. Come on, toward our Lodging.

Bisk. Strike up; fa, la, la, la.

Enter People crying The Devil! the Devil! Clodpate with his Hands bound behind him in a Sheet, like a Ghost. Bisket and Fribble run with the Fiddles, crying The Devil! the Ghost! &c.

Kick. He's here! the Rogue has made haste; now will our Ladies be afraid to lye alone to-night.

Cuff. We must e'en be content to supply their Husbands Places. Come along. [Exeunt.

Clod. Oh, oh, oh! Udsooks, there's my Gag broke at length, thanks to the Strength of my Teeth; unmerciful Rogues! if it had been like *Dapper's* Gag of Ginger-bread, it would have melted in my Mouth. Never Man has been so unfortunate as I have been this Night; I have been frightened out of my Wits; I saw two Ghosts in the Church-yard; I have almost sweat my self into a Consumption; my Man's gone, and, for ought I know, murder'd; nay, which is worse, my Dapple Mare's lost; I am robb'd of threescore Pounds; my Hands ty'd behind me; every one takes me for a Ghost: Oh, oh, oh!

Enter a Country-man.

Count. Oh the Devil! the Devil! [Exit.

Clod. Do you hear? I am no Devil, stay, stay! — If I should run after him, he'd run ten times faster: If I go home, they'll shut the Doors upon me, no body will come near me this Night, nor, for ought I know, to-morrow.

Enter Landlord and two more with him whistling.

Land. Oh here's the Ghost! the Ghost! [Exit.

Clod. Stay! I am no Ghost. Landlord! Rogue! stay! I will pursue that Rascal.

[He runs after him, and both run over the Stage again, and Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Toby.

Toby. How luckily was I reliev'd? I had been sure for one Night, if an honest Fellow had not come by, by Miracle; but he told me a dreadful Story of a Spirit walking to-Night.

Enter Clodpate.

Clod. Who's this? my Man Toby?

Toby. Oh the Devil! the Devil! *[He runs off the Stage.*

[Clodpate follows him, and they enter again.]

Clod. Why Toby! Rogue! Rascal! I am your Master Clodpate.

[As they run cross the Stage, Clodpate overtakes Toby, and strikes up his Heels.]

Justice Clodpate, Rogue! Rascal!

Toby. Devil, I defy thee and all thy Works: Oh, oh, oh!

Clod. Lye still, or I will stamp thy Guts out; hear me, hear me; why Rogue! Toby! Rascal! I am thy Master.

Toby. Ha! I think it is my Master's Voice.

Clod. Oh I am robb'd and abus'd! rise, and unbind my Hands.

Toby. Oh it is he! let me recover the Fright. Oh! how came you in this Condition?

Clod. Ask no Questions, but unty my Hands.

Toby. Oh, Sir, your Dapple Mare's gone.

Clod. Oh what shall I do? oh miserable Man! Oh poor Dapple!—I love her so, I could go into Mourning for her. I had as good almost have lost *Carolina*.

Toby. Nay you had better, Sir; she was in the Plot against you to-Night, and abus'd you all the while with a Story of the Church-yard.

Clod. Gudfooks, abuse me!

Toby. She has no Brother, hates the Country, is an absolute vain *London* Lady, and has made Sport with you all this Night.

Clod. Now I reflect upon't, udsbud, the Assignment in the Church-yard was very odd.

Toby. Mrs. *Woodly's* Maid told me all; she has been laughing at you, and her Design upon you, all this Night.

Clod. Gudfooks! laugh at me, a Magistrate! I could find in my Heart to bind her to her good Behaviour.

Enter Peg.

Toby. Ha, who's this, Mrs. Margaret? Look you, Sir, he's come in time. I told my Master what you told me.

Peg. 'Tis true; but I shall be ruin'd, if he tells it again.

Clod. Fear not that; Gudsbud, I tell! but if I be not reveng'd on her.—Hold, it comes into my Head; what is become of the pretty Country-Lady I saw to-Day?

Peg. At her Lodging, the same we lie in; why do you ask, Sir?

Clod. As Gad judge me, 'tis the finest Lady I ever saw.

Peg. I could tell you, Sir, but I dare not.

Clod. What couldst thou tell me? Upon the Honour of a Country Justice, I'll be secret.

Peg. Sir, she is extreemly taken with your Worship. Alas! she's a poor, innocent, Country thing.

Clod. Nay, but is she, poor Rogue?

Peg. She loves your honest, true *English* Country Gentlemen; and wonders what Ladies can see in foolish London Fellows, to charm 'em so.

Clod. And so do I; a Company of Spindle-shank'd, Pocky Fellows, that will scarce hold together: I am of your true, tough, *English* heart of Oak, Gudsooks.

Peg. But, Sir, I am in haste; my Lady sent me of an Errand, and I must go.

Clod. Hold, Mrs. Margaret; if you can bring about my Marriage with this Lady, I will give you so!

Peg. That I know not whether I can do or no; but, Sir, I'll endeavour to serve you without a Reward, if you be in earnest.

Clod. I am; prepare a Visit for me presently.

Peg. I'll do what I can to serve you; but I must go: your Servant. [Exit Peg.]

Clod. If I do not give *Carolina* such a Bob, she shall repent it all her Life-time. [Ex. Clod. and Toby.]

Enter Raines, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Caro. Good-brisk Sir, you shall not meet with *Woody* this Night.

Lucia. And you, Sir, shall pass your Word for your self

and him. I know you'll offer your Help to commit a Gentleman-like Murder for his Honour.

Raines. Faith, Ladies, there's no way to secure us, but to take each of us, and keep us in your several Chambers all Night.

Lucia. No, Sir; we shall be in more Danger with that, than you'll be with fighting.

Care. We shall find a better way, with a Constable and Watch, if you will not pass your Words to go home peaceably to-Night.

Bev. If I could think this Care of me proceeded from a Value you have for me, I would renounce my Honour for Love.

Care. Perhaps I have such a Value for you, as in time might grow to a kind of Friendship: But that's the farthest Point I shall ever stretch it to.

Bev. Friendship's a dull, foolish, flegmatick Affection, which you might a' had, being a Woman for the Matter; but if it could ever grow to Love, I would renounce my dear Friends, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil for you.

Raines. A Lady will be little pleas'd with one, that should renounce the Flesh for her sake.

Lucia. Are not you angry in your Heart to be kept from your belov'd Bottles?

Raines. The Devil take me! I love you so, that I could be content to abjure Wine for ever, and drink nothing but Almond-milk, for your sake.

Bev. We never meet, like Country Sots, to drink only, but to enjoy one another; and then Wine steals upon us unawares, as late Hours do sometimes upon your selves at Cards.

Raines. And it makes your dull Fools sit hiccupping, sneezing, drivelling, and belching, with their Eyes set in their Heads; while it raises Men of Heat and Vigour to Mirth, and sometimes to Extravagance.

Bev. And which is most scandalous, witty Extravagance, or drivelling, snivelling, sneaking Dulness?

Enter Peg with a Note.

Peg. Is my Lady here, Ladies? 'tis past Eleven, and she's not come home yet.

Lucia. No, she's not here.

Peg. My Lady is at home, and bid me give you that Note.

[Gives a Note to Raines.]

Not a Word to Mr. Bevil; good Night. I have taken Order; the other Note shall be given to Mr. Bevil.

[Aside.]

Caro. Gentlemen, we are not us'd to your late Hours, we must retire; but if you will not promise to go home peaceably, I will send for the Constable.

Raines. Take my Word, Madam, there shall be nothing done to-Night.

Lucia. Gentlemen, your Servant.

Raines. I hope the Noise of Fiddles under your Window will not offend you.

Lucia. In a Town, where there are such vile Noises all Night long, we may suffer good Musick to come into the Consort.

Caro. Adieu.

Bev. Your Servant, dear, dear Madam. *[Ex. Women.]*

Enter Messenger with a Letter, and delivers it to Bevil.

Bev. Is this for me?

Mes. It was left in the House for you.

Raines. What's this? *[Reads,]* *I know you to be a generous Person, and that you will succour a distressed Lady, who stands in need of your Advice immediately.*

Sarah Woodly.

'Gad, I believe she stands in need of something else than my Advice; she has a Design on my Chastity; shall I go? good Devil, don't tempt me. I must be constant, I will be constant; nay, Gad I can be constant when I resolve on't, and yet I am a Rogue. But I hope I shall have Grace, and yet I fear I shall not; but come what will, I must suffer this Tryal of my Virtue.

Bev. How now, Jack; an Assignment?

Raines. Peace, Ned, Peace; go home, I'll be with you in half an Hour.

Bev. Farewell, Constancy.

[Exit Raines.]

I am glad he is gone; *Woody* has repented him of fighting in the Morning, and wou'd dispatch the Business to-Night; 'tis a Moon-light Night, and we shall do't well enough. [Reads.] *Meet me in the Field, behind my Lodging.* And I will, Sir, since you are pleas'd to doubt whether I durst or no. [Exit.]

Enter Clodpate and Mrs. Jilt.

Clod. Udsooks, do you suspek me? my Word will go for ten thousand Pounds in *Sussex*.

Filt. Alas! I am a poor, innocent, Country Thing, un-experienc'd in the World; do not go about to betray a harmless Maid as I am, God-wot.

Clod. As I am an honest Man, I am in Earnest; here's a Parson lies in the House, and I'll marry you immediately.

Filt. Alas! I am an inconsiderable Person, and not worth your Love; though I have been offer'd the Love of Knights, nay Lords, upon my Word; but they were scurvy *London* ones, and, I swear, I scorn 'em all.

Clod. As Gad-judge me, you are in the right.

Filt. Oh I hate that Town; my Father forc'd me thither for Breeding, forsooth. Excellent Breeding is learnt there indeed! to wash, daub, paint, and be proud, and senseless; out on 'em for *Jezebels*!

Clod. Very fine! she's an Angel, Gudsbud!

Filt. I had rather wait upon a Lady in the Country, than be that vain Thing at *London*, upon my Word now.

Clod. Leave all, and cleave to me; we'll into *Sussex*, far enough off that Jewd Town.

Filt. Alas! I am a silly, innocent, poor Creature, I cannot abide Marriage, upon my Word, not I; yet I wou'd undergo any thing rather than live at *London*; I had rather milk Cows in the Country, than be a Maid of Honour there.

Clod. Maid of Honour! I'll make you a Wife of Honour, if you'll go with me; that's better.

Filt. Well, I vow, I use to go sometimes for my Pleasure

sure to milk a Cow; it is very pleasant Recreation to stroke the Cows Teats, I delighted in it extremely.

Clod. Admirable——

Jilt. Nay, I have gone a Hay-making in a Frolick, upon my Word now; but my Father was stark mad with me, and forc'd me to *London* to learn Breeding, and to break me of those Tricks, as he call'd'em.

Clod. Gudfooks, he was to blame. If you'll be my Wife, you shall milk and make Hay, as much as you will.

Jilt. Sir, you are in a manner a Stranger to me; though *Mrs. Margaret* has told me your Condition and Quality; yet an innocent simple thing as I must take Advice of Friends.

Clod. Friends! Gad take me, I have 2000*l.* a Year; take Advice of that, 'twill be the best Friend you can advise with.

Enter Mrs. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis strange this Husband of mine is not come home yet; but I hope *Mr. Raines* will not fail his Appointment.

Clod. Here's Company; let us retire and discourse of this Business. If I do not give *Carolina* such a bob as she never had in her Life——

[*Ex. Clodpate and Jilt.*]

Mrs. Wood. *Mr. Raines* seems to be a Person of Worth, and fitter to be trusted with an Intrigue, than that Villain *Bevil*.

Enter Raines.

Raines. What a Rogue am I to run into Temptation! but Pox on't! *Lucia* will ne'er miss what I lose. Madam, your humble Servant; I have obey'd your Summons.

Mrs. Wood. Sir, I hope you'll pardon the Confidence of a Stranger, that blushes for't, as I do.

Raines. I must thank you for the Honour. I'll ne'er stand out at serving such a Lady with my Soul and Body too. I'Gad, as far as it will go—— I am a Rogue; poor *Lucia*, forgive me.

Mrs. Wood. Your Friend *Bevil* is the falsest of Men, but I do not doubt your Honour; you are fit to make a Friend of,

of, and advise a Lady in the dangerous Actions of her Life.

Raines. It was an unlucky Embroilment you were in this Night.

Mrs. Wood. It was, Sir; but I am more easily appeas'd, since it has offer'd me an Occasion of knowing in some Measure so worthy a Person as your self.

Raines. Why, there it is — I see what it must come to. [Aside.]

Enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, Mr. Bevil is walking yonder, but my Master is coming in.

Raines. S'death! Madam; I shall be discover'd.

Mrs. Wood. Fear it not; go in. [Exit Raines.]

Peg. go down.

Enter Woody.

Wood. So, Madam! does not your Ladyship blush, and tremble at my Presence?

Mrs. Wood. You are an unworthy Man to suspect my Virtue; I am the most abus'd Woman upon the Earth.

Wood. Abus'd! it is impossible.

Mrs. Wood. I can clear my self; 'wou'd you cou'd do so, barbarous Man!

Wood. You clear your self!

Mrs. Wood. That false Villain, *Bevil*, has again had the Impudence to sollicite my Virtue; and after he had ask'd me a thousand Pardons, he was so audacious to press me to a Meeting, saying, he would defend me against all your Rage; and that there was no way for me left, but to sing my self upon him for Protection.

Wood. S'death and Hell! and I'll reward him for't.

Mrs. Wood. Lord, how I tremble! do not quarrel, good Dear; though you are a naughty Man, I cannot but love you yet, and wou'd not have told you this but to clear my Honour; take two or three of your Servants, and beat him soundly; do not quarrel, good Dear.

Wood. I'll warrant you; let me alone. [Exit Woody.]

Mrs. Woody. I know he has too much Honour not to meet him

him singly; if he kills *Bevil*, I am reveng'd; if *Bevil* kills him, he rids me of the worst Husband for my Humour in Christendom: but I'll to Mr. *Raines*, he's a Gentleman indeed.

[*Ex. Mrs. Woody.*]

Enter Bevil in the Field.

Bev. Where is this *Woody*? 'Tis as fine a Moon-light Night to run a Man through the Lungs in, as one would wish; 'Twas unlucky he shou'd over-hear me to-Night: but 'tis too late to retreat now.

[*Raines and Mrs. Woody appear at the Window above.*]

Raines. 'Slife! yonder's *Bevil*! I must to him, for I gave my Word to keep him from meeting your Husband to-night.

Mrs. Wood. You need not fear; my Husband's gone another way.

Raines. However, Madam, I must secure him in my Lodgings; I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. Wood. But, Sir, I have an immediate Occasion for your Assistance and Advice.

Raines. Madam, I'll return immediately.

Mrs. Wood. My affair is so pressing and urgent, it must be dispatch'd instantly.

Raines. I'll not stay a Moment from you.

Mrs. Wood. Stay but one Minute; they'll not meet, I tell you.

Raines. Madam, I pass'd my Honour, and dare not venture it.

Mrs. Wood. Excellent Honour, to leave a Lady, that has such Occasion for you as I have!

Raines. I have as much Occasion, Madam, for you; but those old Enemies, Love and Honour, will never agree.

Mrs. Wood. Sir, you shall not stir, for a Reason I have to my self.

Raines. For a Reason I have to my self, I must, Madam.

[*Breaks from her, and Exit.*]

Mrs. Wood. Farewell, you ill-bred, rude, unworthy Fellow. Heaven! How unlucky this is? I am ruin'd.

[*Exit Mrs. Woody.*]

Enter Woody.

Wood. All's true she has said; he's here.

Bev.

Bev. Oh, Sir, are you come? I have waited sufficiently for you.

Wood. Oh Cunning! how ready he's at a Lye to excuse himself! Do you think to carry it off thus?

Bev. Carry what off? you see, Sir, I dare meet you.

Wood. Rare Impudence! meet me! have at you, Sir.

[*Draws.*

[They fight, Woodly falls and is disarm'd.]

Bev. Your Life——

Wood. Take it——I deserve to lose it, since I defended it no better.

Bev. No, Sir——live——and live my Friend, if you please; and know your Lady's innocent: I had not gone so far, but that you were pleas'd to make a Question to *Raines*, whether I durst meet you or no.

Enter Raines.

Raines. How, Gentlemen! You have put a fine Trick upon me, to engage me, and then leave me out at this Business.

Wood. He came hither to meet another, Sir, not me.

Bev. Another! you are mad, Sir.

Enter Lucia and Carolina in Night-Gowns.

Lucia. So, Gentlemen; you are Men of Honour; you keep your Words well; but we would not trust you—we had you dogg'd——

Caro. This will redound much to our Reputation, to have our Names us'd in one of your Quarrels.

Raines. There's a Mistake, Madam; hear it out.

Wood. Did not you come to meet a Lady of my Acquaintance?

Bev. I receiv'd a Challenge from you; there 'tis——

Wood. From me? I sent none. Ha, this must be my damn'd Wife! 'Sdeath and Hell! but no more; I am resolv'd.—Ladies and Gentlemen, do me the Favour to go into my Lodgings with me, and you shall see I will behave my self like a Man of Honour, and doubt not but to have your Approbations.

Raines. What does he mean?

Lucia. Come, let's in.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Bisket and Fribble in the Hall.

Bisk. A deuce take Mr. Cuff and Mr. Kick, for locking us up. I'll take him up roundly for't to-morrow: It's well his Landlord took pity on us, and releas'd us.

Frib. Well, I am so loving in my Drink, I'll go to bed to my Dear, and forgive her all.

Bisk. I can hold out no longer, I'll go to bed, and make Peace with my Bird; there's no such Peace as that concluded between a Pair of Sheets. Prythee, Neighbour, go you first gently into her Chamber, and try to appease her a little to prepare my way.

Frib. Well, I'll venture a broken Head for you once.

Bisk. Gently, gently.

Frib. 'Sdeath! what do I see!

[Peeps in.]

Bisk. Be not afraid, Man; what's the Matter?

Frib. Mr. Kick is in a very indecent Posture upon the Bed with your Wife.

Bisk. *Peeps in.*] 'Slife! what do you say? Oh, 'tis true, 'tis true! what shall I do? If I should go in, he'd grow desperate at the Discovery, and, for ought I know, kill me.

Frib. You must get a Constable, and apprehend him; but for my Jade, I'd maul her, if I should find her at it.

Bisk. I will, I will; come along with me, Neighbour.

Frib. Stay but a Minute, 'till I see how my poor Rogue does, and I'll go with you; I beat her damnably, and am very sorry for't, i'fack.

Bisk. Oh make Haste, make Haste!

Frib. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

[Peeps.]

Bisk. What's the Matter?

Frib. Oh Lord!

Bisk. What's the Matter? come away.

Frib. As Gad judge me, my Jade's at the same Recreation with Mr. Cuff. Oh look, look, Neighbour, that you may be my Witness, as well as I am yours.

[Bisket peeps.]

Bisk. She has given you Occasion to maul her, Neighbour.

Frib.

Frib. This I may thank you for, you must be bringing Fellows acquainted with your Wife, you sot.

Bisk. And you must be laying Wagers upon your Wife's Head. Come, come, let's fetch a Constable, the World shall know what lewd Creature they are. [Enter.

Enter Raines, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Raines. Since Mr. *Woody* is so busie within, sending his great Affair with his Lady, let us mind our Business. Ladies, our Loves to you two are so violent, they must end in Marriage.

Lucia. Your Love is violent, indeed, it is a Hotspur French Love:

Bev. I am sure I have lov'd out a Year of ordinary Love in this one Day.

Caro. Marriage! that were time to talk of, when we have known you seven Years.

Raines. Sleath! would you have a Man have the Patience of a Patriarch?

Lucia. Methinks, 'twere enough to arrive at Platonick Love at first.

Bev. The Pretence to that is more out of Fashion in this active Age, than Ruffs and Trunk-breeches are.

Caro. If we hear one Word of Marriage more, we'll discard you. We may perhaps admit of a little harmless Gallantry.

Lucia. This is no Age for Marriage; but if you will keep your Distance, we will admit you for a couple of Servants, as far as a Country-Dance, or Ombre, or so.

Enter Clodpate.

Clod. So, Ladies, I thank you for the Tricks you have put upon me; but, Madam, I am even with you for your London Tricks, I have given you such a Bob.

Caro. Me?

Clod. You have lost me, Madam, you have. I have married a pretty innocent country Lady, worth fifty of you: Come in, my Dear. Here's the Parson too, that dispatched the Business for us. I think I have met with you now.

Enter

Enter Jilt with a Parson.

Raines. Mrs. Jilt!

Bev. Old Acquaintance!

Clod. How's this!

Jilt. I have got a Husband at last, though with much ado, I'll swear.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Sister, I wish you Joy. Now, I hope, I may be loved by you.

Clod. Is she her Sister! Curs'd Instrument of Hell! I am cheated, abus'd.

Bev. Is this your Country-Lady? she has liv'd in London all her Life.

Clod. Udsbud! is this true?

Jilt. I was never so far out of London, nor never will be again, I'll swear.

Clod. Nay, now I am sure she has liv'd in London, she could not have been so impudent else.

*Care. I wish you happy in her, Sir, though it was not my good Fortune to be made so by you; but let's in, and hear *Woody's* Resolution.*

[Ex. Raines, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.]

*Jilt. Did you think I would be mop'd up in a House in *Suffex*? Sister, take a Place in the Coach, and go to-morrow to London; get my Brother to bespeak me a fine Coach and Horses, and to hire me a House in *Lincoln-Inn-Fields*; I shall find Credit for Furniture: but now I think on't, my Dear, you shall go with me. You are so strangely rustical, I swear, you must be better bred, if you think to please me, upon my word, you must.*

Clod. Gud-sooks, Guds-bud, I'll go hang my self.

Jilt. A Person of your Quality keep Company with Boors and Rascals! it's a Shame. I'll ha'you to London, and bring you acquainted with Wits and Courtiers, upon my Word; and you shall learn such Breeding of 'em—I am belov'd and courted at a high Rate by 'em all, I'll swear.

Clod. Oh miserable Man! I have not only marry'd a Londoner, and consequently one that is not sound; but the most

most audacious of her Sex, a Mad-Cat-purse, a Doll-Common.

Fils. My Dear, you are strangely unkind, upon your Wedding-Night; we'll to *London* together to-morrow; you'll find great Respect there, for my sake. I have had so many Lovers, I have been cruel to, that I'll swear, you'll be the most envy'd Man in the whole World; upon my Word, you will.

Clod. I am distracted; I know not what to do or say.

Fils. Why are you troubled, my Dear? you shall and I have Interest at Court, and can keep you from being Sheriff; nay, I believe I could get you Knighted.

Clod. Knighted, with a Pox! 'would you had Interest enough with the Parson, and wou'd get me unmarried, I wou'd willingly give a Leg or an Arm.

Fils. Unmarried! nay, Sir, an' you despise me, I scorn such a pitiful Fellow as you are; Matters are not gone so far, but upon good Terms I can release you.

Clod. How! Gudsbud, what say you?

Peg. Leave it to me; give me a handsome Reward, and her some Consideration for the Loss she shall have in such a Husband, and I'll do't.

Clod. I will do any thing that you can in Reason demand.

Fils. We'll in, and consult about the Business.

[*Ex. Fils. and Peg and Parson.*]

Clod. 'Sbud! I'd give half my Estate to be rid on her.

Enter Bisket and Fribble, with a Constable and Watch, bringing in Mrs. Fribble, Mrs. Bisket, Kick and Cuff.

Bisk. Sir, an' please your Worship, I have brought a Malefactor before you here, that in a most unseemly Manner did make an Assault upon the Body of my Wife.

Frib. And I another, that committed the same Insolence upon mine.

Clod. Ha, Rogues! I'll vent some of my Anger upon them: Hah, you were the Rogues in Country-Habits, to Day, that won my Mony at Putt: I'll make you Examples, cheating Villains! You, for ought I know, robb'd me, bound me, and stole my dapple Mare.

Kick.

Kick. Shameless Rascals, to publish thus your own Disgraces!

[*To Bisk. and Frib.*]

Cuff. Rogues! we shall meet with you.

Clod. Away with 'em, cheating Slaves! adulterous Rogues!

Cuff. Mr. Justice, you are a Coxcomb, and I shall find a time to cut your Nose.

Kick. And I will make bold to piss upon your Wor-

Clod. Oh Impudence! Constable, secure 'em to-Night, and I'll send 'em in the Morning to *Kingston* Goal, without Bail or Mainprize.

Cuff. Phen, our Party is too strong for that, here in Town.

[*Ex. Constable, Cuff, and Kick.*]

Clod. Oh this cursed Match of mine! I'll see what they do within.

[*Ex. Clodpate.*]

Mrs. Frib. Good Dear, forgive me! I will never do the like again.

Frib. Again, quoth she! no, she had not need

[*They kneel.*]

Mrs. Bisk. Good Duck now, forgive me; I will never commit Adultery again, nay, I will never pluck up a Spirit against thee more. Thou shalt command me for ever, if thou'lt say no more of this Business.

Bisk. Well, my Heart melts——I cannot deny my Lamb, when she begs any Thing upon her Knees. Rise, poor Bird——but frack you were to blame, Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. I was; but I will never do so again.

Bisk. But will you swear, as you hope to be sav'd?

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, as I hope to be sav'd.

Mrs. Frib. Pray, Dear, forgive me.

Frib. Ay, now you are upon your Knees; but you were in another Posture just now.

Mrs. Frib. And I wish I may never stir out of this Place alive, if I e'er do so again. Pray forgive me.

Frib. Well, I'll pass it by for once; but I'll not fail to sue *Cuff* upon an Action of Assault and Battery.

Bisk. And I'll sue *Kick* too. If we order our Business wisely,

wisely, and summon a good substantial Jury of all married Men, they'll give us vast Damages.

Erib. I have known a Man recover 4 or 500*l*. in such a Case, and his Wife not one jot the worse.

Bisk. No, not a Bit. But shall I always command you?

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you shall, you shall.

Bisk. Why then, this is the first Day of my Reign.

Enter Woody, Mrs. Woody, Raines, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Wood. I desire you all here to stay, and be Witnesses of what I now shall do.

Raines. Be not rash; consider 'till to-morrow.

Wood. I have consider'd; dissuade me not; next to the Obligation she did me to let me enjoy her when I lov'd her, is the giving me Occasion to part with her, when I do not like her.

Bev. I am extream sorry, Madam, that I was the Occasion, though unwillingly, of this Breach.

Mrs. Wood. You are not the Occasion; he believes you not; but if you were, I should thank you, for you would rid me at once of him and your self too. But the Business is, we like not one another, and there's an End on't.

Woody. But let's execute our Divorce decently; for my Part, I'll celebrate it like a Wedding.

Mrs. Wood. To me 'tis a more joyful Day.

Enter Clodpate, Jilt, Peg and Parson.

Peg. Do but sign this Warrant, to confess a Judgment to my Sister, and this Bond to me; and I'll null your Marriage, or declare these Writings before all these Witnesses to be void.

Clod. Give me the Writings; I'll do't with all my Heart.

Lucia. What's here, another Divorce! *Clodpate* begins betimes.

Clod. Here they are; take 'em.

Peg. Well now, Sir, know, the Parson would not marry you, because the Hour was not Canonical; but I was fain to steal a Cask, and counterfeit a Beard for Mr.

Woody's Man. Look you, this is the first Parson I ever ordain'd.

[Pulls his Beard off.]

Jilt.

File. I release you of your Marriage, and thank you; you have qualified me to marry one I like better; for I am resolv'd to marry, upon my Word, and suddenly too.

Clod. Death and Hell! If ever I come so near London again, I'll commit Treason, and have my Head and Quarters set upon the Bridge. [Exit Clodpate.

Wood. Now listen, and be Witnesses to our Agreement.

Mrs. Wood. This, I think, is the first time we're agreed since our Wedding.

Wood. Imprimis. I *Francis Woodly*, for several Causes me thereunto especially moving, do declare, I will for ever separate from the Company of *Sarah* my now Wife—

Mrs. Wood. Your lewd disorderly Life made you separate before: The said *Sarah* having for these two Years scarce seen you by Day-Light.

Wood. And that I will never hereafter use her like a Wife.—

Mrs. Wood. That is, scurvily. Also, all Obligations of conjugal Affections shall from henceforth cease, be null, void, and of none effect.

Wood. Then, that I am to keep what Mistress I please, and how I please, after the laudable Custom of other Husbands—

Mrs. Wood. And that I am to have no Spies upon my Company or Actions; but may enjoy all Privileges of other separate Ladies, without any Lett, Hindrance or Molestation whatsoever.

Wood. And if at any time I should be in drink, or otherwise in a loving Fit, and should be desirous to visit you, it shall and may be lawful for you to deny me Ingress, Egress, and Regress—

Mrs. Wood. Yes, though you serve me as you do others, and break my Windows.

Wood. Lastly, I restore you all your Portion, and add 1000*l.* to it, for the Use I have had on you.

Mrs. Wood. So, it is done.

Wood. Is not this better than to live and quarrel, and to keep a Pother with one another? Faith, take a Kiss at parting, for old Acquaintance.

[Kisses her.
Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Wood. Farewell, dear Husband.

Wood. Adieu, dear Wife.

Frib. to his Wife.] This 'tis to marry a Gentleman, for-
sooth; if you had marry'd one, you certainly had been
turn'd away for the Prank you play'd to-Night.

Bisk. Ay, but we Citizens use our Wives better: Let
me tell you, Neighbour Fribble, I would not part from
my Lamb for all the World, let her do what she will;
she is such a pretty Rogue.

Lucia. See what Matrimony comes to

Raines. Madam, since we cannot agree upon better
Terms, let me claim your Promise, and admit me for
your Servant.

Lucia. I do receive you upon Tryal.

Caro. And I you upon your good Behaviour: I think
you have gone far enough in one Day. [To Bevil.]

Lucia. If you should improve every Day so, what would
it come to in time?

Raines. To what it should come to, Madam.

Bev. 'Twill come to that, *Fack*, for one Fortnight's
conversing with us will lay such a Scandal upon *em*,
they'll be glad to repair to Marriage.

Wood. To shew you that there was never yet so de-
cent a Divorce, I have Fiddles to play at it, as they use
to do at Weddings.

Mrs. Wood. And to shew you I am extremely pleas'd,
I'll dance at it.

Wood. How easie and how light I walk, without this
Yoke! Methinks, 'tis Air I tread—Come, let's Dance:
strike up. [Dance.]

*Marriage, that does the Hearts and Wills unite,
Is the best State of Pleasure and Delight:*

But

*When Man and Wife no more each other please,
They may at least, like us, each other ease.*

[Exeunt Omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

A Play without a Wedding, made in spite
Of old Black-Fryars! 'tis a fine way they write:
They please the wicked Wenchers of the Age,
And scold at civil Husbands on the Stage:
To th' great Decay of Children in the Nation,
They laugh poor Matrimony out of Fashion.
A young Man dares not marry now for Shame,
He is afraid of losing his good Name.
If they go on thus, in a short time we
Shall but few Sons of honest Women see:
And when no virtuous Mothers there shall be,
Who is't will boast his ancient Family?
Therefore, for Heav'n's sake, take the first Occasion,
And marry all of you for th' good o'th' Nation.
Gallants, leave your lewd ~~habits~~ and take Wives;
Repent, for Shame, your Covent-Garden Lives.
Fear not the Fate of us, whom in the Play
Our ~~Country~~ Poet Cuckolded to-Day;
For ours are Epsom Water-drinking Wives,
And few in that lewd Town lead stricter Lives:
But for the rest he'd have it understood,
By representing few ill Wives, he wou'd
Advance the Value of the many Good.
He knows the Wise, the Fair, the Chaste, the Young,
A Party are so numerous and strong,
Would they his Play with their Protection own,
They might each Day fill all this House alone.
He says, none but ill Wives can ever be
Banded in Faction 'gainst this Comedy.
Therefore come all, who wish to have it known,
Though there are scurvy Wives, that They are none.

THE
HISTORY
OF
TIMON *of* ATHENS,
THE
MAN-HATER.

As it is Acted at the
DUKE'S THEATRE.

Made into a PLAY.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

THE
HISTORY

OF THE
TIMON OF ATHENS

THE



OF THE
TIMON OF ATHENS

OF THE
TIMON OF ATHENS



To the Most Illustrious PRINCE

GEORGE,

Duke of Buckingham, &c.

May it please your Grace,



Nothing could ever contribute more to my having a good Opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The Thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so Noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment, Qualities which even your Enemies could

Epistle Dedicatory

could never doubt of, or demand from: And which make all good Men, and Men of Sense, admire you; and none but Fools and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extremely sensible what Honour it is to me, that my Writings are approv'd by your Grace; who, in your own, have so clearly shown the Excellency of Wit and Judgment in your self, and so justly the Defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest Example, and the sharpest Reproof. And no Man, who has perfectly understood the *Rehearsal*, and some other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epistle to make a Declamation upon these and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: Who cannot have greater Commendations from me, than all, who have the Honour to know him, already give him. Amongst which Number I think it my great Happiness to be one; and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the Honour of having been admitted sometimes into your Grace's Conversation, the most charming in the World. I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleas'd to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable Hand of *Shakespeare* in it, which never made more masterly Strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play; which I humbly lay
at

Epistle Dedicatory.

at your Feet, begging the Continuance of your
Favour, which no Man can value more than I
shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

*S*ince the bare Gleanings of the Stage are grown
The only Portion for brisk Wits o'th' Town,
(We mean, such as have no Crop of their own;) }
Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
Who are to watch, and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
As you do Mistresses, for others Use:

The wittiest Play can serve him but one Day,
Though for three Months it finds you what to say.
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Echo's can repeat Wit, though they've none; }
Like Bag-pipes, they no Sound have of their own,
Till some into their Emptiness be blown.

Yet——

To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
And labour for's, as if they were Wit mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into Reputation:
Some Scribblers will Wit their whole Business make,
For labour'd Dulness grievous Pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a foolish Song:
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a parlous Fudge will seem.
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thousand ways the same to gain.

Pray

PROLOGUE.

Pray judge the numerous Forces of the Age,
And meddle not with Sense upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one Line submits,
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits;
'Tis you, who truly are so, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with Ease:
In the Art of Judging you as wise are grown,
As, in their Choice, some Ladies of the Town:
Your neat shap'd Barbary Wits you will despise,
And none but lusty Sinewy Writers prize:
Old English Shakespear-Stomachs you have still,
And judge, as our Fore-fathers writ, with Skill,
You Coin the Wit; the Wittings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down.
Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Brass,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits 'twill current pass.
Try it, to-Day, and we are sure 'twill hit;
All to your Sov'reign Empire must submit.



Dramatis Personæ.

T IMON of Athens.	Mr. Betterton.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.	Mr. Smith.
Apemantus, a rigid Philosopher.	Mr. Harris.
Nicias,	Mr. Standford.
Phæax,	Mr. Underhill.
Ælius,	Mr. Leigh.
Cleon,	Mr. Norris.
Isander,	Mr. Percival.
Isidore,	Mr. Gillo.
Thrafillus,	
Demetrius, Timon's Steward.	Mr. Medburne.
Diphilus, Servant to Timon.	Mr. Bowman.
Old Man.	Mr. Richards.
Poet.	Mr. Fevon.
Painter.	
Jeweller.	
Musician.	
Merchant.	
Evandra,	Mrs. Betterton.
Melissa,	Mrs. Shadwell.
Chloe,	Mrs. Gibbs.
Thais,	Mrs. Seymour.
Phrinias,	Mrs. Le-Grand.

} Senators of Athens.

} Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Servants, Messengers, several Masqueraders, Soldiers.

SCENE ATHENS.

TIMON



TIMON of ATHENS:

OR, THE MAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

HOW strange it is, to see my Riotous Lord
With careless Luxury betray himself!
To Feast and Revel all his Hours away;
Without Account how fast his Treasure
ebbs,

How slowly flows! and when I warn'd
him of
His following Dangers, with his rigorous Frowns
He nipt my growing Honesty i'th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did so:
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit.
But now, like evil Counsellors, I comply,

N 5

And

198 TIMON of ATHENS:

And sell him in his soft Lethargick Life;
And, like such curst Politicians, can
Share in the headlong Ruin, and will rise by
What vast Rewards to nauseous Flatterers!
To Pimps and Women what Estates he gives!
And shall I have no Share? Be gone, all Honesty;
Thou foolish, slender, thread-bare, starving Thing, be gone!

Enter Poet.

Here's a Fellow-horse-leech:—How now, Poet, how goes the World?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but, is Lord Timon visible?

Dem. He'll come out suddenly; what have you to present him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse: She's in Travel daily for his Honour.

Dem. For your own Profit, you gross Flatterer. By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written Himself up to my Lord's Table, Which he seldom fails; nay, into his Chariot, Where he in Publick does not blush to own The sordid Scribbler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick Style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by Style? that of good Sense is all alike; that is to say, with apt and easie Words, not one too little or too much: And this I think good Style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' Matter! apt and easie! Heroicks must be Lofly and high Soundings, No easie Language in Heroick Verse; 'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion, I must not in Heroicks call him so.

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'd as soon call him an As. No; thus—
The fierce *Namidian* Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes; but a Lion would sound so badly, not to be Endur'd; and a Bull too—but
The mighty Warrior of the horned Race:

Ah—

Ah———how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive Sound's the great Matter in this Way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you sound a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvy Beast for Heroick Verse.

Dem. Hum———is it so? how will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.

That black and dreadful Fate denouncing Fowl.

Dem. An excellent Sound!——But, let me see your Piece.

Poet. I'll read it——'Tis a good-Morrow to the Lord Simon.

Dem. Do you make good-Morrow sound loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily!——

*The fringed Vallance of your Eyes advances,
Shake off your canopy'd and downy Tresses:
Phœbus already quaffs the Adorning Dew;
Each does his daily lease of Life renew.*

Now you shall hear Description; 'tis the very Life of Poetry.

*He darts his Beams on the Lark's Mossie House,
And from his quiet Tentement does rouse
The little, charming, and harmonious Poet,
Which sings its lump of Body to a Soul;
Swiftly it clambers up in the steep Air
With warbling Throat, and makes such Note a Sair.*

There's Rapture for you! hah!——

Dem. Very fine!

Poet. *This the solicitous Lover straight alarms,
Who too long slumber'd in his Coelia's Arms;
And now the swelling Spunges of the Night
With aching Heads stagger from their Delight:*

Slevent

300 TIMON of ATHENS.

*Slovenly Taylors to their Needles haste:
Already now the moving Shops are plac'd
By those, who crop the Treasures of the Fields,
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.*

Who d'ye think they are, now? Why — Nothing but
Herb-women: there are fine lofty Expressions for Herb-
women! ha! — *Already now, &c.*

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true; 'tis Description though.

Dem. Yes, in twenty Lines to describe to him that 'tis
about the fourth Hour in the Morning — I'll in, and
let him know in three Words 'tis the Seventh.

[Exit Demetrius.]

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good Morning, Sir: whither this Way?

Mus. To present his Honour with a Piece of Musick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very Spirit of Nobility —

'And like the Sun, when ever he breaks forth,
His universal Bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, and several others.

Jewel. Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the House?

Poet. What Confluence the worthy Timon draws!

Magick of Bounty — These familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewel. 'Tis of an excellent Water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb Piece of Poetry: but
you present a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing slipt idly from me:
The Fire within the Flint shews not it self
Till it be struck; our gentle Flame provokes
It self —

Dem.

OF THE MAN-HATER. 303

Dem. You write so curvily, the Devil's in any Man that provokes you but your self.

Poes. It is a pretty mocking of the Life.

Paint. So, so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all, As if they had stee'd his Honour, or his Life, And I must have a feeling in the Business.

Enter certain Senators going to to Timon.

Poes. How this Lord is follow'd!

Enter more, who pass over.

Paint. See, more! well, he's a noble Spirit!

Jewel. A most worthy Lord!

Poes. What a Flood of Visitors his Bounty draws!

Dem. You see how all Conditions, how all Minds, As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as Of grave and austere Quality, present Their Services to Lord Timon's prosp'rous Fortune.

He to his good and gracious Nature does subdue All sorts of Tempers; from the smooth-fac'd Flatterer To *Aperiantus*, that Philosophical Churl; Who hates the World, and does almost abhor Himself.

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the finest Picture!

Poes. The Joy of all Mankind! he deserves a *Homer* for his Poet.

Jewel. A most accomplish'd Person!

Poes. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all Parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this Man poor, would fly him, as I would them, if I were he.

Poes. Here's excellent Musick! *[Soft Musick.]* In what Delights he melts his Hours away!

Enter Timon and Senators; Timon addressing himself

courteously to all,

Tim. My Lord, you wrong your self, and bate too much of your own Merits: 'Tis but a Trifle!

Exit

Alone

302 TIMON OF ATHENS:

Alcius. With more than common Thanks I must receive it.

Isidore. Your Lordship has the very Soul of Bounty.

Phaax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my Friends too much.

My Lord, I remember, you the other day
Commended a Bay Courier which I rode on;
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Phaax. I beseech your Lordship, pardon me in this.

Tim. My Word is past: Is there ought else you like?
I know, my Lord, no Man can justly praise
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friend's Affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your Visits, Lords,
My Heart is not enough to give; methinks,

I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends, and ne'er be weary.

Alcius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast Bounty!

Cleon. The Spirit of Magnificence reigns in you!

Phaax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much Honour.

Isid. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thrasil. None but the Sun and He oblige without
A prospect of Return.

Enter a Messenger, and whispers Timon.

Tim. *Lamprius* imprison'd! say you?

Mess. Yes, my good Lord; five Talents is his Debt:
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict;
He begs your Letter to those cruel Men,
That may preserve him from his utter Ruin.

Tim. I am not of that Temper, to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me: I know him,
A Gentleman that well deserves my Help;
Which he shall have: I'll pay the Debt, and free him.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your Service.

Tim. Commend me to him; I will send his Ransom;
And when he's Free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the Feeble up,
But to support him after—tell him so.

Mess.

My. All Happiness to your Honour.

Enter an old Auctioneer.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd Diphi.

Tim. I have so; that is his name.

Old Man. That Fellow there by Night frequents my
I am a Man that from my first have been [House;
Inclined to Theft, and my Estate deserves
A nobler Heir than One that looks a Trencher.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter, no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got;
The Maid is fair, & th' youngest for a Bride;
And I have bred her at my dearest Cost.
This Man attempts her Love; pray, my good Lord,
Joy'n with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my Mind in vain.

Tim. The Man is honest.

Old Man. His Honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diphi. Yes, my good Lord; and she accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her Marriage my Consent be wanting,
I call the Gods to witness, I will make
The Beggars of the Street my Heirs, & the
Shall have a Drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;
There is a Duty from a Master too:
To build his Fortune, I will strain a little;
Whate'er your Daughter's Portion weighs, this Man's
Shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so, my Noble Lord!
Upon your Honour this! then he is his.

Tim. Give me thy Hand: my Honour on my Promise.

Diphi.

Diphi. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my Knees:
May I be as miserable, as I shall be base,
When I forget this most surprising Favour:
No Fortune or Estate shall e'er be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your Feet.

Tim. Rise.—I ne'er do good with Prospect of Return,
That were but Merchandizing, a mere Trade
Of putting Kindness out to Use.

Post. Vouchsafe
To accept my Labours; and long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
What have you there, my Friend?

Paint. A Piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Tim. 'Tis welcome: I like it, and you shall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here is the Jewel.

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wearing.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Post. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all Men think.

Apem. Scum of Flatterers! wilt thou still persist
For filthy Gain, to gild and varnish o'er
This great Man's Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Post. I can bear with your Lordship.

Apem. Yes, and without him too. Vain, credulous Ti-
If thou believ'st this Knave, thou art a Fool. *[Mon.]*

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good-morrow to thee.

Apem. Till I am gentle; stay for thy good-morrow
Till thou art *Timon's* Dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They are *Athenians*, and I'll not recant;
They're all base Fawners: what a Coile is here,
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums!
I wonder whether all the Legs they make
Are worth the Sums they cost you; Friendship's full
Of Dregs; base filthy Dregs. Thus honest Fools
Lay out their Wealth for Cringes.

Exit.

Elms. Do you know us, Fellow?

Apem. Did I not call you by your Names?

Tim. Thou preacheſt againſt Vice, and thou thy ſelf art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.

Tim. Why ſo?

Apem. To give Belief to flatt'ring Knaves and Poets,
And to be ſill my ſelf the greateſt Flatterer.

What ſhould Great Men be proud of, 'ſtead of Noiſe,

And Pomp, and Show, and holding up their Heads,

And cocking of their Noſes; pleas'd to ſee

Base ſmiling Knaves, and cringing Fools bow to 'em?

Did they but ſee their own ridiculous Folly,

Their mean and abſurd Vanities, they'd hide

Their Heads within ſome dark and little Corner,

And be afraid that every Fool ſhould find 'em.

Tim. Thou haſt too much Sowerneſs in thy Blood.

Poet. Hang him! ————— ne'er mind him —————

Apem. What is this fooliſh Animal, Man, that we
Should magniſie him ſo? a little warm

And walking Earth, that will be Aſhes ſoon!

We come into the World crying and ſqualling,

And ſo much of our Time's conſum'd in driv'ling Infancy,

In Ignorance, Sleep, Diſeaſe and Trouble, that

The Remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Phaex. A preaching Fool!

Apem. A Fool? If thou haſt half my Wit, thou'dſt find
Thy ſelf an Aſs! Is it not Truth I ſpeak?

Are n't all the Arts and Subtleties of Men,

All their Inventions, all their Sciences,

All their Diversions, all their Sports, little enough

To paſs away their happieſt Hours with,

And make a heavy Life be born with Patience?

Tim. I, with the Help of Friends, will make mine eaſier,
Than what your Melancholy frames.

Apem. How little doſt thou look before thee!

Thou, who tak'ſt

Such great Felicity in Fools and Knaves,

And in thy own Enjoyments, wilt e'er long

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Find 'em such thin, such poor and empty Shadows,
That thou wilt wish thou never hadst been born.

Tim. I do not think so.

Phaex. Hang him! send him to the *Areopagus*, and let him be whipt.

Apem. Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often suffer;
Whilst Injurers, Oppressors, and desertless Fools
Swell in their brief Authority, look big,
And strut in Furs; 'tis a foul Shame;
But 'tis a loathsome Age, ——— it has been long
Imposthumating with its Villany;
And now the Swelling's broken out
In most contagious Ulcers; no Place free
From the destructive Pestilence of Manners.
Out upon't! 'tis time the World should end!

Tim. Do not rail so — 'tis to little Purpose.

Apem. I fear it is; I've done my Morning Lecture,
And I'll be gone —

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* Brains.

Tim. Why, that's a Deed thou'lt die for, *Apemantus*!

Apem. Yes, if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? How dost thou like this

Apem. Better than the Thing 'twas drawn for; [Picture?
'Twill neither lye, drink, nor whore,
Flatter a Man to his Face, and cut
His Throat behind his Back;
For since false Smiles and base Dishonour
Traffick with Man's Nature,
He is but mere Outside; Pictures are
Ev'n such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The Insides of these Fellows Minds about you,
You'd loath the base Corruptions, more than all
The putrid Excrements their Bodies hide.

Elivs. Silence the foul-mouth'd Villain,

Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'st thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not so well as plain Dealing, which will not
cost a Man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem.

Apem. What Fools esteem it, 'tis not worth my thinking.
Lo now the mighty Use of thy great Riches, [sing.
That must set infinite Value on a Dawble!
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy Thirst,
Or Hunger? No; it is Comparison,
That gives it Value; then, thou look'st upon
Thy Finger, and art very proud to think
A poor Man cannot have it: Childish Pleasure!
What stretch'd Inventions must be found, to make
Great Wealth of Use! Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'st thou do?

Apem. I would cudgel

Two Men a Day for flattering me, till I
Had beaten the whole Senate.

Phaax. Let the Villain

Be soundly punish'd for his licentious Tongue.

Tim. No; the Man is honest, 'tis his Humour: 'Tis odd,
And, methinks, pleasant. You must dine with me,

Apemantus.

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No; if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet, they, with all their modest Simperings,
And varnish'd Looks, can swallow Lords, and get
Great Bellies by't; yet keep their virtuous Vizards on,
'Till a poor little Bastard steals into
The World, and tells a Tale.

Enter Nicias.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! Most welcome to
my Arms!

You are the Fountain, from which all my Happiness
Did spring! your matchless Daughter, fair *Melissa*

Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.

Tim. I cannot;

She is the Joy of *Atkins*! the chief Delight
Of Nature, the only Life I live by! Oh, that her Vows
Were once exp'd! it is, methinks, an Age
'Till that blest Day, when we shall join our Hands
And Hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord.

Tim.

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Tim. 'Tis a thousand Years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou, to compleat
All thy Calamities, that Plague of Love,
That most unmanly Madneſs of the Mind,
That ſpecious Cheat, as falſe as Friendſhip is?
Didſt thou but ſee how like a ſniveling thing
Thou look'ſt and talk'ſt, thou wou'dſt abhor or laugh at
Thy own admir'd Image.

Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this Subject.

Apem. *Oh vile corrupted Time! that Men ſhould be*

Deaf to good Counſel, not to Flattery! [dens,

Tim. Come, my dear Friends; let us now viſit our Gar-
And reſreſh our ſelves with ſome cool Wines and Fruit:
I am transported with your Viſits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unleſs it be that he can more beſtow
Upon the Men he loves.

Ælius. My noble Lord, who would not wed your
Friendſhip, though without a Dowry?

Iſidor. Moſt worthy *Timon!*

Who has a Life you may not call your own?

Phaax. We're all your Slaves.

Poet. The Joy of all Mankind!

Jewel. Great Spirit of Nobleneſs!

Tim. We muſt not part this Day, my Friends.

Apem. So, ſo, crouching Slaves! Aches contract and
make

Your ſupple Joints to wither; that there ſhould be
So little Love among theſe Knaves, yet all this Courteſie!
They hate and ſcorn each other, yet they kiſs
As if they were of diſſ'rent Sexes: Villains! Villains!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra!* methinks, your Looks
are chang'd,

And clouded with ſome Grief that miſbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my Ears this Morning were ſaluted
The moſt unhappy News, the diſmall'ſt Story. (with
The only one could have afflicted me;

My

My Dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted,
With a cold Sweat o'er all my Limbs!

Tim. What is it, Madam?

Evan. You speak not with the Kindness you were
I have been us'd to tenderer Words than these: [wont;
It is too true; and I am miserable!

Tim. What is't disturbs you so?—too well I guess.
[Aside.

Evan. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was
The only earthly Blessing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my Life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent Evander!

Evan. Melissa will not suffer it: Oh cruel Timon!
Thou well may'st blush at thy Ingratitude!
Had I so much t'wards thee, I ne'er should show
My Face without Confusion: Such a Guilt,
As if I had destroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Estate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold Respects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return;
That 'tis beyond Expression.

Evan. Call to mind
Whose Race I sprung from, that of great Alcides:
Though not my Fortune, Beauty and my Youth
And my unspotted Fame, yielded to none.
You on your Knees a thousand times have sworn,
That they exceeded all; and yet all these,
The only Treasures a poor Maid possess,
I sacrific'd to you; and rather chose
To throw my self away, than you should be
Uneasie in your Wishes; since which happy
And yet unhappy Time, you've been to me
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All.
I never had one single Wish beyond you;
Nay, every Action, every Thought of mine,
How far soe'er their large Circumference

Stretch'd

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Stretch'd out, yet enter'd all in you: You were
My End, the only thing could fill my Mind.

Tim. She strikes me to the Heart! I would I had
Not seen her!

[*Aside.*

Evan. Ah *Timon*! I have lov'd you so, that had
My Eyes offended you, I with these Fingers
Had pluck'd 'em by the Roots, and cast them from me:
Or had my Heart contain'd one Thought, that was
Not yours, I with this Hand would rip it open.
Shew me a Wife in *Athena*, can say this;
And yet I am not one; but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heav'n can wit-
By many long-repeated Acts of Love
And Bounty I have shew'd you

[*ness,*

Evan. Bounty! Ah *Timon*!

I am not yet so mean, but I condemn
Your transitory Dirt, and all Rewards,
But that of Love: your Person was the Bound
Of all my Thoughts and Wishes; in return,
You have lov'd me! Oh miserable Sound!
I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not Master of his Appetites;
Heav'n sways our Mind to Love.

Evan. But Hell to Falshood:

How many thousand times you've vow'd and sworn
Eternal Love! Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
You of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever:
My Love's as much too much, as yours too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my Happiness;
Melissa's Beauty and her Love to me,
Has to inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
My dear, false *Timon*, swore to me, would you
Have wish'd I might have found my Happiness
Within another's Arms? No, no; it is
To Love a Contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a Truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Besides, *Melissa's* Beauty

Or, the MAN-HATER. 311

Is not believ'd t' exceed my little Stock;
Ev'n Modesty may praise it self, when 'tis
Asper'd: But her Love is mercenary,
Most mercenary, base, 'tis Marriage-Love:
She gives her Person, but in vile Exchange
She does demand your Liberty: But I
Could generously give, without mean Bargaining.
I trusted to your Honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my Friends and Kindred: But little thought
I should have lost my Love, and cast it on
A barren and ungrateful Soil, that would return no Fruit.
Tim. This does perplex me; I must break it off.

[Aside.]
Evan. The first Storm of your Love did shake me so,
It threw down all my Leaves, my hopeful Blossoms,
Pull'd down my Branches; but this latter Tempest of your
Hate

Strikes at my Root, and I must wither now,
Like a desertless, sapless Tree: must fall——

Tim. You are secure against all Injuries,
While I have Breath——

Evan. And yet you do the greatest.

Tim. You shall be so much Partner of my Fortune,
As will secure you full Respect from all,
And may support your Quality in what Pomp
You can desire.

Evan. I am not of so coarse a Mould, or have
So gross a Mind, as to partake of ought
That's yours, without you.
But oh! thou too dear perjur'd Man, I could
With thee prefer a Dungeon, a low and loathsome Dungeon,
Before the stately, gilded, fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the Noise, the Show, the Revelling,
And all the glittering Splendor of a Palace.

Tim. I by resistless Fate am hurry'd on——

Evan. A vulgar, mean Excuse, for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my Honour is engag'd——

Evan. It had a Pre-engagement——

Tim

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Tim. All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry, and to preserve my Race.

Evan. Suppose your Wife be false; (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*;) and suffer others to graft upon
Your Stock; where is your Race? weak vulgar Reason!

Tim. Her Honour will not suffer her.

Evan. She may do it cunningly, and keep her Honour.

Tim. Her Love will then secure her; which is as fervent —

Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long; and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law
Made Love a Merchandize, to traffick Hearts
For Marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
Now her great Sign of Love, is, she's content
To bind you with the strongest Chains, and to
A Slavery, nought can manumize you from
But Death: And I could be content to be
A Slave to you, without those vile Conditions —

Tim. Why are not our Desires within our Power?
Or why should we be punish'd for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own Affections;
They're mov'd by some invisible active Power,
And we are only passive; and whatloc'er
Of Imperfection follows from th' Obedience
To our Desires, we suffer, not commit.
And 'tis a cruel and a hard Decree,
That we must suffer first, and then be punish'd for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle — but what
Security of Love from her can be like mine?
Is Marriage a Bond of Truth, which does consist
Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
First list'd o'er the Threshold, and then
Led by my Parents to *Minerva's* Temple:
No young unyok'd Heifer's Blood was offer'd
To *Diana*; no Invocation to *Juno*, or the *Parca*;
No Coachman drove me with a lighted Torch;
Nor was your House adorn'd with Garlands then:

No

Nor had I Figs thrown on my Head, or lighted
By my dear Mother's Torches to your Bed:
Are these slight Things, the Bonds of Truth and Con-
I came all Love into your Arms, unmixt [stancy?
With other Aims; and you for this will cause
My Death.

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to
Melissa;

For I shall die, to see another have
Possession of all, that e'er I wish'd for on Earth.

Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa*.

Evan. Ah, my dear Lord, there is some Comfort left;
Cherish those noble Thoughts, and they'll grow stronger:
Your lawful Gratitude and Love will rise,
And quell the other rebel Passion in you;
Use all th' Endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my Relief, I'll die to make you happy.

Tim. You've mov'd me to be womanish; pray retire,
I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy Word! Heav'n ever bless my Dear;
Farewells: But will you never see *Melissa* more?

Tim. Sweet Excellence! retire.

Evan. I will — Will you remember your *Evandra*?

Tim. Yes, I will.

[*Ex. Evan.*

How happy were Mankind in Constancy!
'Twould equal us with the Celestial Spirits.
O could we meet with the same Tremblings still,
Those panting Joys, those furious Desires,
Those happy Trances which we found at first!
But, oh!

Unhappy Man, whose most transporting Joy
Feeds on such luscious Food as soon will cloy,
And that, which shou'd preserve, does it destroy?

[*Exit Timon.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

Mel. **W**HAT think'st thou, *Chloe*? will this Dress become me?

Chloe. Oh, most exceedingly! This pretty Curl does give you such a killing Grace, I swear, that all the Youth at the Lord *Timon's* Masque will die for you.

Mel. No! But dost thou think so, *Chloe*? I love to make those Fellows die for me; and I all the while look so scornfully, and then with my Head on one Side, with a languishing Eye, I do so kill 'em again: Pr'ythee, what do they say of me, *Chloe*?

Chloe. Say! That you are the Queen of all their Hearts, their Goddess, their Destiny; and talk of *Cupid's* Flames, and Darts, and Wounds. Oh the rarest Language! 'twould make one die to hear it; and every now and then they steal some Gold into my Hand, and then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they? and do they die for me?

Chloe. Oh yes! the finest, properest Gentlemen——

Mel. But there are not many, that die for me? humph——

Chloe. Oh yes; *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Theophilus*, *Eumolpides*, *Mernnon*, and indeed all, that see your Ladyship.

Mel. I'll swear!—How is my Complexion to-day? ha, *Chloe*?

Chloe. O most fragrant! 'tis a rare white Wash this!

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought; had I not best lay on some more Red, *Chloe*?

Chloe. A little more would do well; it makes you look so pretty, and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this Morning in dressing.

Chloe. Oh no; I vow, you have been but bare three Hours.

Mel.

Mel. No more! well, if I were sure to be thus pretty but seven Years, I'd be content to die on that Condition.

Chloe. The Gods forbid!

Mel. I'll swear, I would; but dost thou think *Timon* will like me in this Dress?

Chloe. Oh! he dies for you in any Dress, Madam!

Mel. Oh! this vile Taylor, that brought me not home my new Habit to Day! he deserves the Ostracism! a Villain, to disorder me so! I am afraid it has done harm to my Complexion: I have dreamt of it these two Nights, and shall not recover it this Week——

Chloe. Indeed, Madam, he deserves Death from your Eyes.

Mel. I think, I look pretty well; will not *Timon* perceive my Disorder? — hah——

Chloe. Oh no; but you speak as if you made this killing Preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one; I love to have all the young Blades follow me, kiss my Hand, admire, adore me, and die for me: But I must have but one favour'd Servant; it is the Game, and not the Quarry, I must look after in the rest.

Chloe. Oh Lord! I would have as many Admirers as I could:

Mel. Ay, so would I——but favour one alone. No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my Honesty. Those Admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*, and that undoes us; 'tis our Interest to be honest.

Chloe. Would they? No, I warrant you: I'd fain see any of those Admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honestly, and is rich——

Chloe. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*: He is the rarest Person!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh! he was the beautiful'st Man, the finest Wit in *Athens*; the best Companion, fullest of Mirth and Pleasure, and the prettiest Ways he had to please Ladies; he would make his Enemies rejoice to see him!

Chloe. Why, he is all this, and can do all this still.

316 TIMON OF ATHENS:

Mel. Ay, but he has been long banish'd for breaking *Mercury's* Images, and profaning the Mysteries of *Proserpine*; besides, the People took his Estate from him; and I hate a poor Fellow, from my Heart, I swear: I vow, methinks I look so pretty to-day, I could kiss my self, *Chloe*.

Chloe. Oh, dear Madam! — I could look on you for ever. Oh what a World of Murder you'll commit to Day!

Mel. Dost thou think so? ha! ha! no, no —

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon's* come to wait on you, and begs Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Desire his Presence.

Tim. There is Enchantment in her Looks;
Afresh I'm wounded every time I see her.
All Happiness to beautiful *Melissa*.

Mel. I shall want none in you, my dearest Lord.

Tim. Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all th' Excellence
Of heav'nly Woman-kind is seen unmixt!
Nature has wrought thy Metal up without alloy.

Mel. I have no Value, but my Love of you,
And that, I'm sure, has no alloy; 'tis of
So strong a Temper, neither Time, nor Death,
Nor any Change can break it —

Tim. Dear charming Sweet! thy Value is so great,
No Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me:
But I have still an Enemy with you,
That guards me from my Happiness; a Vow
Against the Law of Nature, against Love,
The best of Nature, and the highest Law.

Mel. It will be but a Week in Force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole Age: In all approaching Joys,
The nearer they come to us, still the Time
Seems longer to us: But, my dear *Melissa*,
Why should we bind our selves with Vows and Oaths?
Alas! by Nature we're too much confin'd,
Our Liberty's so narrow, that we need not

Find

Find Fetters for our selves: No, we should seize
On Pleasure, wheresoever we can find it,
Left at another Time we miss it there.

Chloe. Madam, break your Vow; it was a rash one.

Mel. Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; dost think I will
Be marry'd like some vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the first Offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other?

Tim. Is there no Hope that you will break your Vow?

Mel. If any thing, one Word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once secure I'll keep
A Vow to you, that would not to my Self?

Tim. Some dreadful Accident may come, *Melissa*,
To interrupt our Joys; let us make sure
O'th' present Minute; for the rest, perhaps,
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a Vow:
No, you shall never find a Change in me;
All the fixt Stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular Motion, than I change:
This may assure you of my Love; if not,
Upon my Knees, I swear ———
Were I the Queen of all the Universe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to Rags and Misery,
I would not change my Love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
Should the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage,
With such a Fury, to disorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were huddled into their first Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
The same Adorer of *Melissa*!

Mel. This is so great a Blessing, Heav'n can't add to it:

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n, *Melissa*, the last Mark
Of all my Hopes and Wishes; so I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

318 TIMON of ATHENS:

Enter a Servant of Timon's.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready; and your Lordship's Guests wait your wisht for Presence: the Lord Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's haste to wait on him, *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my Duty to my Father.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in order for the Feast.

Poet. His Honour will soon be here; I have prepar'd the Masquers; they are ready.

Apem. How now, *Poet*! what piece of Foppery hast thou to present to *Timon*?

Poet. Thou art a senseless snarling Stoick, thou hast no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:
Thou art a wordy, foolish Scribbler, who
Writ'st nothing but high-sounding, frothy Stuff;
Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little Sense;
'Tis all Leaf-gold, it has no Weight in it.
Thou lov'st impertinent Description,
And when thou hast a Rapture, it is not
The sacred Rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like Mad-men's Thoughts; and this thou call'st Poetical.

Poet. You a Judge! shall dull Philosophers judge
Of us, the nimble Fancies and quick Spirits
Of th' Age?

Apem. The Coxcombs of the Age:
Are there such eminent Fopperies, as in the
Poets of this Time? their most unreasonable Heads
Are whimsical, and fantastick as Fiddlers;
They are the Scorn and Laughter of all witty Men;
The Folly of you makes the Art contemptible;
None of you have the Judgment of a Gander.

Enter Aelius, Nicias, Phazax, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick; write your self, and you dare.

Apem. I confess, 'tis a daring piece of Valour, for a Man of Sense to write to an Age, that likes your spurious Stuff.

Nici.

Nici. What time of the Day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves always.

Apem. Then what Excuse hast thou, that would'st thus long omit it?

Isid. You stay to be at the Lord *Timon's* Feast.

Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Ass, to bid me farewell.

Cleon. Why so?

Apem. Because I have not so little Reason, or Honesty, to return thee one good Wish for it.

Phaax. Go hang thy self!

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding; make thy Requests to thy Friend, if there be such a Wretch on Earth.

Phaax. Be gone, unpeaceable Dog! or I will spurn thee from me.

Apem. Though I am none, I'll fly like a Dog at the Heels of the Ass.

Nici. He's Opposite to all Humanity.

Ælius. Now shall we taste of *Timon's* Bounty.

Phaax. He hath a Heart brimfull of Kindness and Goodwill.

Isid. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if *Plutus*, the God of Wealth, were but his Steward.

Phaax. No Meed but he repays seven-fold above its self, no Gift but breeds the Giver such Return as does exceed his Wishes.

Thrasil. He bears the noblest Mind, that ever govern'd Man.

Phaax. Long may he live with prosperous Fortunes; But I fear it.

Ælius. I hear a Whisper, as though he fails his Creditors, even of their Interest.

Phaax. I fear, it is too true——well, 'tis pity: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon with Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, and a great Train with them.

Here he comes!—My Noble Lord!

320 TIMON of ATHENS:

Nici. Most worthy *Timon*!

Alius. My most honour'd Lord!

Tim. You over-joy me with your Presence! is there on Earth a Sight so splendid, as Tables well fill'd with good and faithful Friends, like you?——Dear *Melissa*! be pleas'd to know my Friends:——Oh *Apemantus*! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome; I come to tell thee Truth, and if thou hear'st me, I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think On th' Ebb of your Estate, and flow of Debts; How many prodigal Bits do Slaves and Flatterers gorge? And now 'tis noble *Timon*! worthy *Timon*! royal *Timon*! And when the Means are gone, that buy this Praise, The Breath is gone, whereof the Praise is made.

Tim. It is not so with my Estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy Vanities. So the Gods bless me, When all your Offices have been oppress'd With riotous Feeders, when ev'ry Vault has wept With drunken spilh of Wine, when every Room Has blaz'd with Lights, and bray'd with Minstrels, Or roaring singing Drunkards; I've retir'd To my poor homely Cell, and set my Eyes At flow for thee, because I find something In thee, that might be worthy——but as thou art, I hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more; had I no Estate, I Am rich in Friends, my noble Friends here, The dearest loving Friends, that ever Man Was blest with.

Nici. Oh might we have An happy Opportunity to shew How we love and honour you!

Alius. That you wou'd once but use our Hearts!

Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your Service.

Phaax. Yes, all our selves; if you wou'd put us to A Tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know, you'd serve me, all;

Shall

Shall I distrust my Friends? I've often wish'd
My self poorer, that I might use you——We are
Born to do good one to another: Friends,
Unless we use 'em, are like sweet Instruments
Hung up in Cases: But oh, what a precious Comfort
'Tis to have so many like Brothers, commanding
One another's Fortunes! Trust me, my Joy brings Water
To my Eyes.

Phaex. Joy had the like Conception in my Eyes.

Apem. Ho, ho, ho——I laugh to think that it conceiv'd
a Bastard.

Tim. What dost thou laugh for?

Apem. To hear these Smell-sealts lye and fawn so, not
only flattering thee, but thy Matton and thy Partridge;
These Flies, who at one Cloud of Winter-showers would
drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence the Dog.

Phaex. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile Earth, of what mean Dirt a Lord
is kneaded!

Tim. The Man, I think, is honest, and his Humour hurts
us not.

Apem. I would my Reason wou'd do thee good, *Timon*.

Mel. This is an odd snarling Fellow! I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying, I'd say the same of
thee.

Mel. Why, Pr'ythee what dost thou think of me?

Tim. He'll snarl at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Apem. I think thou art a Piece of white and red Earth,
The Picture of Vanity drawn to th' Life;
I'm thinking how handsomethat Skull will be,
When all the Flesh is off; that Face thou art
So proud of, is a poor, vain, transitory Thing,
And shortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor Fellow!

Tim. No more of this, be not so fullen; I'll be kind to
thee, and better thy Condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail at thee, and then thou'dst sin the faster: *Timon*, thou givest so long, thou't shortly give thy self away.

Tim. I'll hear no more: let him have a Table by himself.

Apem. Let me have some Roots and Water, such as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink, before eating and drinking grew into an Art.

[*The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.*]

Tim. Sit, dear *Melissa*; this is your Feast:

And all you see is yours,

And all, that you can wish for, shall be so.

Come, sit, Lords; no Ceremony;

That was devis'd at first to set a gloss

On feigned Deeds, and hollow-hearted Welcomes,

Recanting Goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shown:

True Friendship needs 'em not: you're more welcome

To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me. [*They sit.*]

Will you not have some Meat, *Apemantus*?

Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I should Ne'er flatter ye. Ye Gods, what a number of Men Eat *Timon*! and yet he sees 'em not.

It grieves me to see so many dip their Meat

In one Man's Blood, and all the Madness is,

He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:

I wonder Men dare trust themselves with Men;

Methinks they should invite them without Knives,

'Twere safer far. That Fellow, that sits next him,

Now parts Bread with him, pledges his Breath

In a divided Draught, may next Day kill him;

Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man

I shou'd be afraid to drink at Meals,

Lest they shou'd spy my Wind-Pipe's dang'rous Places:

Great Men should drink with Harness on their Throats.

Tim. Now, my Lords, let *Melissa's* Health go round.

Elius. Let it flow this Way——

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound.*]

Apem.

Apem. How this Pomp shews to a little Oyl and Roots!
 These Heals will make thee and thy State look

Phae. Peace, Villain!

Apem. Here's that, which is too weak to be a Sinner;
 Here's honest Water ne'er left Man i'th' Mire,
 This, and my Root, will still keep down
 My sawcy and presumptuous Flesh,
 That it shall never get the better of me——

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf;
 I pray for no Man but my self:
 Grant, I may never be so fond
 To trust Man on his Oath or Bond;
 Or a Harlot for her weeping,
 Or a Dog that seems a sleeping,
 Or a Goaler with my Freedom,
 Or my Friends, if I shou'd need 'em.
 Amen, Amen, and so fall to't;
 Great Men sin, and I eat Root.

Much good may't do thee, good *Apemantus*.

Nici. Our noble Lord *Timon's* Health; let it go round,
 And Drums and Trumpets sound. [Kettle-Drums, &c.]

Apem. What Madness is the Pomp, the Noise, the Splen-
 The frantick Glory of this foolish Life! [dor,
 We make our selves Fools, to disport our selves,
 And vary a thousand antick ugly Shapes
 Of Folly and of Madness; these fill up
 The Scenes and empty Spaces of our Lives,
 Life's nothing but a dull Repetition,
 A vain fantastick Dream, and there's an End on't.

Tim. Now, my good Lords and Friends, I speak to you,
 You that are of the Council of four hundred,
 In the Behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One Word of yours must govern all the Council,
 And any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I speak chiefly

To you, my Lord and Father, and to *Phaax*.

Phaax. My good Lord, command me to my Death, and

Tim. I have receiv'd Notice from *Alcibiades*, [I'll obey.
(Whose Enemies you've been, and whose Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*;

Not openly, because he will not trust
The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble;

If he solicits his Recallment with you;

There lives not on this Earth a Man, that has
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility;

He has preserv'd ev'n *Athens* in his Exile;

By *Tissaphernes*' Pow'r he 'has kept us from

The *Lacedaemonian* Rage, and other Foes,

That might have laid this City low in Ashes.

How many famous Battels has he won?

But, which is more, by his Advice and Pow'r,

Ev'n in his Absence, he has wrested

The Government from the insulting Vulgar;

(Whose Wisdom's Blindness, and whose Pow'r is Madness:)

And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks,

You in Return should take off his hard Sentence

Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.

Phaax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us,
That we would disobey?

Nici. I'm absolutely yours in all Commands.

Aelius. How proud am I, that I can serve Lord *Timon*!

Apem. Think'st thou thy self thy Country's Friend now,
His foul Riot, and his inordinate Lust, [Timon?

His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,

His selfish Principles, his Contempt of others,

His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonness,

The Rage and Madness of his Luxury

Will make th' *Athenians* Hearts ache; as thy own

Will soon make thine.

Isid. Hang him! we never mind him.

Isid. When will he speak well of any Man?

Apem. When I can find a Man, that's better than a Beast,
will fall down and worship him.

Tim.

Or, the MAN-HATER. 135

Tim. Thou'rt an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the Masque ready?

Post. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish Folly Slaves find out,
To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites!
They spend their Flatteries, to devour those Men,
Upon whose Age they'll void it up again
With poysonous Spite and Envy.
Who lives, that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
Who die, that bear not some Spurns to their Graves
Of their Friend's giving? I should fear that those,
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one Day stamp on me; it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more——be gone.

Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
Thy Folly any longer; fare thee well; remember
Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thyself for't.

Tim. I do not think so——fare thee well.

[Exit Apemantus,

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd desire
Admittance.

Tim. Have not my Doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me Honour.
Wait on 'em in; were I not bound to do
My Duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the Opportunity
To deliver this till now; it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades*!

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*! how I shall love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country!
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him first of any Man.
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding!

Enter Evandra with Ladies masqu'd.

Tim. Ladies, you do my House and me great Honour;
I shall be glad you would unmask, that I
Might see to whom I owe the Obligation.

1 Lad.

326 TIMON OF ATHENS:

1 *Lad.* We ask your Pardon, we are stol'n out upon Curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your Pleasure, Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay Thing so much admir'd,
That's born to rob me of my Happiness,
And of my Life; her Face is not her own,
Nor is her Love, nor Speech, nor Motion so:
Her Smiles, her amorous Looks, she puts on all;
There's nothing natural: She always acts,
And never shews her self; how blind is Love,
That cannot see this Vanity! [*Masque begins*]

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph.

Hark, how the Songsters of the Grove
Sing Anthems to the God of Love!

Hark, how each ardent winged Pair
With Love's great Praises fill the Air!

Chorus.

On ev'ry Side the charming Sound
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.

Retornella.

Nymph.

Love in their little Veins inspires
Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires:
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
These pretty Couples love and sing.

Chorus with Flutes.

But Winter puts out their Desire,
And half the Year they want Love's Fire.

Retornella.

Full Chorus.

But Ah! how much are our Delights more dear!
For only Humane Kind love all the Year.

Enter

Or, the MAN-HATER. 327

Enter the Maenades and Ægipanes.

1 Bacch.

Hence with your trifling Deity,
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, who always keeps us free
From that blind Childish Power.

2 Bacch.

Love makes you languish and look pale,
And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
But over us no Griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.

Chorus with Haut-boys.

Then hang the dull Wretch, who has Care in his Soul,
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controll,
If within his right Hand he can have a full Bowl.

1 Nymph.

Go, drivell and snore with your fat God of Wine,
Your swell'd Faces with Pimples adorning;
Soak your Brains over Night, and your Senses resign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.

2 Nymph.

With dull aching Noddles live long in a Mist,
And never discover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist;
The Empire he fights, he'd destroy.

1 Bacch.

Better our Heads, than Hearts should ache;
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.

2 Bacch.

Wine sweetens all the Cares of Peace,
And takes the Terroure off from War;
To Love's Affliction it gives Ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph.

Nymph.

*'Tis Love, that makes great Monarchs fight,
The End of Wealth and Pow'r is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.*

Retornella of Haut-boys.

Bacch.

*'Tis Wine, that revels in their Veins,
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty Strains;
And makes the Young Love's Chains despise.*

Retornella.

Nymphs and Shepherds.

Love rules the World.

Mænades and Ægipanes.

'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.

Nymphs and Shepherds.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love.

Mænades and Ægipanes.

'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus.

*Hold, hold; our Forces are combin'd,
And we together rule Mankind.*

General Chorus.

*Then we wish our Pipes, and our Voices will join,
To sound the loud praises of Love and good Wine;
Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down:
And by Love, and good Drinking, all the World is our own.*

Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd! and I'll reward you well: let us retire into my next Apartment, where I've devis'd new Pleasures for you, and where I will distribute some small Presents, to testify my Love and Gratitude.

Phaax. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it self!

Tim.

Tim. Thus, my *Melissa*, will we always spend
Our time in Pleasures; but who-e'er enjoys thee,
Has all this Life affords summ'd up in that.

Evan. These Words did once belong to me; but Oh!
My stubborn Heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies, I hope you'll honour me with your Pre-
sence, and accept of a Collation.

I Lad. We ask your Pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. *Demetrius*, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleas'd, Madam, to retire with your Father,
I'll wait on you instantly. [To *Melissa*.

[Exeunt all but *Timon* and *Evandra*.

Who are you, Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of you.

Tim. *Evandra*! What Confusion am I in!

Evan. I'm sorry, in the midst of all your Joys,
I should disturb you thus: I had a mind
To see you once before I dy'd; I ne'er
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing Words.

Evan. They'll be my last, and therefore give'em room;
I'm hastning to my Death, then you'll be happy;
I ne'er shall interrupt your Joys again,
Unless the Memory of me should make
You drop some Tears upon my Dust: I know,
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you so, that she cou'd dye to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra*! that would make
Me wretched far below all Misery;
I'd rather kill my self, than hear that News:
I call the Gods to witness, there's not one
On Earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem! alas!

It is too weak a Cordial to preserve
My fading Life; I see your Passion's grown
Too headstrong for you. Oh my dearest *Timon*!

330 TIMON of ATHENS:

I, while I've any Breath, must call you so;
Had you once struggled for my sake,
And striven to oppose the raging Fury of
Your fatal Love, I should have dy'd contented.
But Oh! false to your self, to all my Hopes
And me; you suckt the subtile Poyson in
So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly; I have found from her
The truest and the tenderest Love, that e'er
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the Disease,
T'admit a Cure: I will perswade no longer;
Death is my Remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk not of Death: I'll love you still:
I can love two at once; trust me, I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*; I will have you whole, or nothing:
I love you so, I cannot live to see
That dear, that most ador'd Person in another's Arms:
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with Crumbs,
And broken Meat, that falls from your *Melissa*.
No, dear false Man, you soon shall be at rest;
I came but to receive a parting Kiss:
You'll not deny me that?

Tim. I'll not part with you; we'll be Friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be; forgive this Trouble,
Since 'tis the last: I'll never see you more;
And may *Melissa* ever love you as
Th' Excellence of your Form deserves; and may
She please you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Gods! Why should I not love this Woman best?
She has deserv'd beyond all Measure from me;
She's Beautiful, and good as Angels are;
But I have had her Love already.

Oh most accursed Charm, that thus perverts me! [*Aside.*
You've made a Woman of me. [*To her.*

Evan. I'll have but one last Look of that
Bewitching Face, that ruin'd me.

Oh! I could devour it with my Eyes: but I'll

Remove

Or, the MAN-HATER. 331

Remove them from thee. I ne'er
Shall die contented, while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient, till I give thee Satisfaction.

Evan. No, dearest Enemy, I'll remove the Guilt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

[*Offers to stab her self.*]

Tim. Hold, dear *Evandra*! if thou lov'st my Life,
Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that Minute
When thou attempt'st thy Life, I will lose mine.
Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here, my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take you care
Sh' attempts not any Mischief on her self.
She's agitated by a dang'rous Passion.——
My Dear! let *Diphilus* wait on thee home;
As soon as e'er my Company is gone,
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evan. No, no: I cannot Hope——farewell for ever.

[*Ex. Diph. and Evan.*]

Tim. I must resolve on something for her Comfort;
For th' Empire of the Earth I would not lose her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty.——

O miserable State of humane Life!
We slight all the Enjoyments which we have,
And those things only value which we have not:
Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?

Dem. It is here, my Lord: I beg your Lordship, hear me
I've Business that concerns you nearly—— [speak;

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex me
Each Moment with the hateful Name of Business,
That Mortal Foe to Pleasure; I'll not hear it.

[*Exit Timon.*]

Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great Gifts,
And all out of an empty Coffer.

His

332 TIMON of ATHENS :

His Promises fly so beyond his State,
That what he speaks is all in Debt; he owes
For every Word; His Land is all engag'd,
His Money gone; 'would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office; lest he shou'd borrow all
I've gotten in his Service. Well!

*Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,
Than such who do ev'n Enemies exceed.*

[Exit.]



ACT III SCENE I.

Enter Timon and Demetrius.

Tim. **D**^{Demetrius!} ^[ter'd] How comes it that I have been thus encount-
With clamorous Demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjust Detention of Money long since due?
I knew I was in Debt, but did not think
I had gone so far; wherefore before this Time
Did you not lay my State fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me.
At many Times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid 'em before you—you would throw 'em off,
And say, you found 'em in my Honesty.
I have, beyond good Manners, pray'd you often
To hold your Hand more close, and was rebuk'd for't.

Tim. You should have prest it further.

Dem. What-e'er I durst I did; it was my Interest;
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
And let my Life lie on the Proof.
Oh my good Lord! the World is but a World;
If it were yours to give it in a Breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no Money in the Treasury?

Dem.

Or, the MAN-HATER. 333

Dem. Not enough to supply the Riot of two Meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;

And some's already forfeited and gone;
That which remains will scarce pay present Dues;
The future comes apace.

Tim. To Lacedamon did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to!

Tim. Pr'ythee! no more; I know thou'rt honest.

Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongst what Parasites
And Trencher Friends your Wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad Reflection:
When every Word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles, I never could be heard.

Tim. Come, preach no more; thou soon shalt find that I
Have not misplac'd my Bounty. Why dost weep?
I'm rich in Friends, and can use all their Wealth
Freely, as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my Fortune.
Now I shall try my Friends. Who waits there?

Enter three Servants.

1 Serv. My Lord!

Tim. Go you to Phaux and to Cleon, you to Isander
And Aelius, you to Isidore and Thraxillus:
Commend me to their Loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my Occasions make me use 'em
For a Supply of Money. Let the Request
Be fifty Talents from each Man.

1 Serv. We will, my Lord.

Tim. Thou, Demetrius, shalt go to the Senate, from whom
Ev'n to the State's best Health I have deserv'd
This Hearing: Petition them to send me 500 Talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next Room's full of impor-
tunate Slaves and hungry Creditors; go not to 'em.

[Exit Dem.]

Tim.

334 TIMON of ATHENS:

Tim. What! must my Doors b' oppos'd against my Passage?
Have I been ever free, and those been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own Pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne'er kept Man out, but smil'd, and did invite
All, that pass'd by it, in; and must he be
My Gaoler, and my House my Prison! no,
I'll not despair: My Friends will never fail me. [Exit.]

SCENE is the Porch or Cloyster of the Stairs.

Apemantus speaking to the People and several Senators.

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base Diseases of
Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
Behold the poorest miserable Wretch,
Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
Diseases, Rags, Want, Infamy and Slavery,
The Fool will find out something to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all Railings. [Em;]

Apem. When you deserve my Precepts, you shall have
Mean while, if I'll be honest, I must rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk; hang him! hear him not rail.

Phaam. Our Government is too remiss in suffering the
Licence of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Shew me a mighty Lordling, who's pufft up,
And swells with the Opinion of his Greatness;
He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself so,
But to make others do it? wretched Ass!
By the same Means he seeks Respect he loses it.
Mean thing! does he not play the Fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his Excrements, and stink,
Like other Men; and die, and rot so too?
What then shoud' it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
And that's a Word some other Men cannot
Prefix before their Names: What then? a Word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
Or if 'twas made a Lord, perhaps it was

Enter Timon's three Servants.

By Blindness or Partiality i'th' Government.

If

If for Desert, he loses it in Pride:
Whoever's proud of his good Deeds, performs
Them for himself; himself shou'd then reward 'em,
Oh but perhaps he's rich; 'tis a Million to one
There was Villainy in the getting of that Dirt,
And he has the Nobility to have
Knaves for his Ancestors.

Phaex. Hang thee, thou snarling Rascal! the Govern-
ment's to blame in suffering thee to rail so long.

Apem. The Government's to blame in suffering the
Things I rail at: In suffering Judges without Beards, or
Law; Secretaries, that can't write; Generals, that durst not
fight; Ambassadors, that can't speak Sense; Block-heads to
be great Ministers, and lord it over witty Men; suffer-
ing great Men to sell their Country for filthy Bribes, old
limping Senators to sell their Soule for vile Extortion;
Matrons to turn incontinent, and Magistrates to pimp for
their own Daughters. Ruin of Orphans, Treachery,
Murther, Rapes, Incests, Adulteries and unnatural Sins
fill all your Dwellings. Here's the Shame of Government,
and not my Railing. Men of harden'd Foreheads, and
fear'd Hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government, that
is so froward it cannot bear Men's Words.

Elius. Well, babbling Philosophical Rascal, we shall
make you tremble one Day.

Apem. Never.

Sordid great Man! it is not in your Power.
I fear not Man, no more than I can love him.
'Twere better for us, that wild Beasts possess
The Empire of the Earth, they'd use Men better,
Than they do one another. They'd ne'er prey
On Man, but for Necessity of Nature:
Man undoes Man in Wantonness and Sport.
Brutes are much honestier than he, my Dog.
When he fawns on me, is no Courtier,
He is in earnest; but a Man shall smile,
And with my Throat cut.

Cleon. Mony of me, say'st thou?

Serv. Yes! he says he's proud he has Occasion to
make use of you.

Cleon.

336 TIMON of ATHENS:

Cleon. Is't come to that?

[*Aside.*

Unfortunate Man! I have not half a Talent by me! But here are other Lords can do it. I honour him so, that, if he will, I'll sell my Land for him; but pr'ythee excuse me to him, I am in great Haste at this Time. [*Exit Cleon.*

Serv. 'Tis as I thought. How monstrous and deform'd a Thing is base Ingratitude! Here's *Phaax*—My Lord!

Phaax. Oh! one of Lord *Timon's* Men! a Gift, I warrant you. Why this hits right. I dreamt of a silver Basin and Ewer to-Night. How does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

Serv. Well in his Health, my Lord.

Phaax. I am heartily glad; what hast thou under thy Cloak, honest Youth?

Serv. An empty Box, which, by my Lord's Command, I come to entreat your Honour to supply with fifty Talents he has instant need of. He bids me say, he does not doubt your Friendship.

Phaax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord! He's a noble Gentleman! Had he not kept so good a House, 'twould have been better: I've often din'd with him, and told him of it, and came again to Supper for that Purpose, to have him spend less, but 'twould not do: I am sorry for't. But, good Lad, thou art hopeful, and of good Parts.

Serv. Your Lordship speaks your Pleasure.

Phaax. A prompt Spirit! to give thee thy due. Thou know'st what's Reason, and canst use thy Time well, if the Time use thee well——'Tis no Time to lend Money. Thou art wise, here's Money for thee——good Lad, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not.

Serv. Is't possible the World should differ so, And we alive that liv'd in it?

Apem. What, art thou sent to invite those Knaves again to feast with thy luxurious Lord?

Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him, and this Lord has given me this, to say I did not see him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?

Base slavish *Phaax*! thou of the Nobility!
Let melted Coin be thy Damnation.

Phaax.

Phox. Peace, Dog!

Apem. Thou Worm! thou Trencher-fly, thou Flatterer! Thou hast *Timon's* Meat still in thy gluttonous Paunch; And dost deny him Money. Why should it thrive, And turn to Nutriment, when thou art Poison?

2 Serv. My noble Lord!

Isan. Oh, how does thy brave Lord, my noblest Friend?

2 Serv. May it please your Honour, he has sent——

Isan. Ha——what has he sent? I am so much oblig'd to him; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him? hah, what has he sent?

2 Serv. He has sent me to tell you he has Occasion to use your Friendship; he has instant need of fifty Talents——

Isan. Is that the Business? hah!

I know his Honour is but merry with me, He cannot want as many Hundreds.

2 Serv. Yes, he wants fifty; But is assur'd of your Honour's Friendship.

Isan. Thou art not sure in earnest?

2 Serv. Upon my Life, I am.

Isan. What an unfortunate Wretch am I, to disfurnish My self upon so good a Time,

When I might have shown how much I love And honour him! This is the greatest Affliction

E'er fell upon me: the Gods can witness for me,

I was just sending to my Lord my self:

I have no power to serve him, my Heart bleeds for't.

I hope his Honour will conceive the best.

Beast that I am, that the first good Occasion

Shou'd not be in my Pow'r to use! I beg

A thousand Pardons.——Tell him so——

Apem. Thou art an excellent Summer Friend!

How often hast thou dipt i'th' Dish with him?

He 'has been a Father to thee with his Purse,

Supported thy Estate; whene'er thou drink'st,

His Silver kisses thy base Lips; thou rid'st upon

His Horses, ly'st on his Beds.

Isan. Peace! or I'll knock thy Brains out. [Exit Isan.]

3 Serv. My Lord, *Thrasillus*——

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Thra.

338 TIMON of ATHENS:

Thra. He's come to borrow; I must shun him. [*Aside.*]
I hope your Lord is well.

2 *Serv.* Yes, my Lord, and has sent me——

Thra. To invite me to Dinner? I am in great haste—
But I'll wait on him, if I can possible. [*Exit Thra.*]

Apem. Good Fool, go home. Dost think to find a
grateful Man in *Athens*?

3 *Serv.* If my Lord's Occasions did not press him very
much, I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he send to me? I am poor. There's
Phaax, *Cleon*, *Isidore*, *Thrasillus*, and *Isander*, and many
Men, that owe their Fortunes to him.

3 *Serv.* They have been toucht, and found base Mettle;

Ælius. Have they deny'd him; and must you come to me?
Must I be his last Refuge? 'tis a great Slight.
Must I be the last sought to? he might have
Consider'd who I am.

3 *Serv.* I see he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the first that e'er receiv'd Gift from him;
And I will keep it for his Honour's sake;
But at present I cannot possibly supply him:
Besides, my Father made me swear upon
His Death, I never should lend Money.
I've kept the Oath e'er since. Fare thee well.

[*Exit Ælius.*]

3 *Serv.* They all fly us!

Apem. The barbarous Herd of Mankind shun
One in Affliction, and turn him out,
As Deer do one that's hunted;——Go, go home
To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curse himself,
That would not hear me: Bid him live on Roots
And Water, and know himself; he had better
Have shunn'd Mankind, than be deserted by them.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i'th' World?
With what Amazement will the news of this so sudden
Alteration be receiv'd by all *Athenians*!

Chloe. Is it for certain true?

Mel.

Mel. Certain-as Death or Fate! my Father has assur'd me of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all his ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will swallow him: 'Tis well I am inform'd; I'll stand upon my Guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires Admittance.

Mel. See, *Chloe*; if it be Lord *Timon*, or any one from him, say I am not well. I will not be seen: be sure I be not.

Chloe. I warrant you.

[*Exit Chloe.*]

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no: base Poverty shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades* recall'd, he would adore me still, and wou'd be rich too.

Enter Alcibiades in Disguise, and Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in Disguise; I know him not.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does.

[*Pulls off his Disguise.*]

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!

The Gods have hearken'd to my Vows for thee,
And have crown'd all my Wishes. Thou'rt more welcome
To me, than the Return of the Sun's Heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the Year with Snow and Darkness.

Alcib. My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my Soul, my Liberty,
And all that's precious in the Earth, I have
Within my Arms: This Treasure far outweighs
The Joys of Conquest, or Deliverance
From Banishment or Slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy Victories!
'Twas thou that conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee;
All Day I sigh'd, and wisht, and pray'd for thee,
And in the Night thou entertain'dst my Sleeps;
And whensoe'er I dreamt thou wert in Danger,
I cry'd out, My *Alcibiades*! and in my Dreams
Was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy Love
Is of so strong a Spirit, 'twill o'ercome me.
One Kiss, and take my Soul; another, and
'Twill fall out. Oh! I could fix whole Ages on
Thy tender Lip, and pity all the Fools

340 TIMON of ATHENS.

That keep a senseless Pother in the World for Pow'r,
And Pomp, and Noise, and lose substantial Bliss.

Mel. There is no Bliss but Love; and but for that
The World would fall in Pieces. Oh, with what a Grief
Have I sustain'd thy Absence! had not my Father
Prevented my Escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens'* Safety that thou did'st not;
I had neglected all my Conquests, which
Preserv'd this base ungrateful Town; for I
In thee shou'd have all that I fought for; Thou
Would'st have been Life, Liberty, Country, and Estate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my Hopes and Wishes,
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They soon would call me home to thee.

It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul;
At every Stroke, the Memory of *Melissa*
Gave Vigour to my Arm, and made me conquer.

Mel. Oh! let Ambition never more disturb
Thy noble Mind; let Love in Peace possess it,
Let not the Noise of Drums, and Trumpet's clangor,
Clashing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and Groans
Of bleeding Men entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee;
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toss their usurious Bags about their Ears,
Rifle their Houses, devour their Wives and Daughters,
And dash their Brains out of their doating Heads.
But, dear *Melissa*, since our Hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for Friends,
For Ceremony; but come, compleat our Joys:
True Love's above senseless Formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my Virtue
Without my Life: But on my Knees, I vow,
No other Man, though crown'd the Emperor
Of all the World, should ever have my Love;
And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.

Alcib.

Alcib. And here

I swear, that could I conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy Feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear;
An Oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities, which knavish Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire; my Father has not yet
Forgot his Enmity; the breaking of the
Peace with the *Lacedaemonians*, and his Foil,
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
He'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all Sufferance,
I would forgive him, for begetting thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Timon and Servant.

Tim. Is't possible? deserted thus! what large Profess-
ions did all these make but Yesterday! did they all refuse
to lend, say you?

Serv. The Rumour of your borrowing was soon
Dispers'd, and then at Sight of one of us
They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;
And who suspected not, when they were mov'd,
Came off with base Excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon*! I'll go to
'em my self; they will not have the Face to use me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius*! what News bring'st thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate Voice,
That now they are at Ebb, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry; you are honourable;
But yet they would have wish'd; they knew not,
Something has been amiss; a noble Nature
May catch a Wrench; 'would all were well; 'tis pity;
And so intending other serious Matters,

342 TIMON of ATHENS:

After distasteful Looks, and these hard Fractions,
With certain half Caps, and cold careless Nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villainy! Old Men,
Have their Ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their Blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis want of kindly Warmth, which makes 'em cruel:
And Nature, as it grows again tow'rds Earth,
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a Blessing to be mad?
Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again;
You'll find 'em in the Senate-House. [Exeunt]

*Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers, Re-enter
Demetrius.*

Dem. How now! what makes this swarm of Rascals
here? Each looking big, and with the Visage of demand.

1 *Cred.* We wait for certain Sums of Money due.

Dem. If Money were as certain as your waiting, —
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds,
When your false Masters eat of my Lord's Meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon him,
And swallow th' Interest down their greedy Throats.

Enter Timon and Servants.

Tim. If *Melissa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her
suddenly.

1 *Cred.* Now, let's put in; — My Lord, my Bill.

2 *Cred.* Here's mine.

3 *Cred.* And mine.

4 *Cred.* My Master's.

Tim. Hold, hold, my Wits! Knock me down; cleave
me to the Waste. What would you have, you Harpyes?

1 *Cred.* We ask our due.

Tim. Cut my Heart in Pieces, and divide it.

4 *Cred.* My Master's is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my Blood.

2 *Cred.* Five thousand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.
What's yours, and yours?

3 *Cred.*

3 Cred. My Lord!

1 Cred. My Lord!

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in Pieces, will you?
The Gods consume, confound, and rot you all!

1 Cred. What a Devil! is he mad?

2 Cred. Mercy on us! let us be gone.

3 Cred. Let's go; he'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my Breath from me. Slaves!
Creditors! Dogs! preserve my Wits, you Gods!

Dem. My Lord, be patient; Passion mends it not.

[Lampridius crosses the Stage, and shuns Timon.]

Tim. See, Lampridius, whom I redeem'd out of Prison;
His Father dead since, and he rich. Now the Villain
shuns me.

Enter Phœax.

Oh, my good Friend Phœax!

Phœax. Oh my Lord!—I am glad to see your Lordship;
I have a sudden Occasion calls me hence,
I'll wait on you instantly. [Exit Phœax.]

Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord!

Cleon. Oh my good Lord! I am going to see:
If I can serve your Lordship, in the Command:
I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [Exit Cleon.]

Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has
A Jewel at this Moment on, which I presented him,
Cost me three thousand Crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.

Tim. There are not many sure so bad.
How have I lov'd these Men, and shewn 'em Kindness,
As if they'd been my Brothers, or my Sons!

Enter Diphilus, seeing Timon, muffles his Face and
turns away.

Look! is not that my Servant Diphilus, whom I marry'd
to the old Man's Daughter, and gave him an Estate too?
and now he hides himself, and steals from me. How
much is a Dog more generous than a Man? oblige him
once,

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once, he'll keep you Company, ev'n in your utmost Want and Misery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius?* my Lord———*Ælius!*

Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would speak.

With him——— [*Dem. goes to him, he turns back.*]

Do you not know me, *Ælius?*

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon*!

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then?

Ælius. I shun you? I'd serve your Lordship with my Life.

Tim. I'll not believe he, who would refuse me Money, wou'd venture his Life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power to supply you; but I am going to the Forum to a Debtor; if I receive any, your Lordship shall command it. [*Exit Ælius.*]

Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Kices of th' *Athenians*, and is't come to this! Brains, hold a little.

Enter Thrafillus.

Thra. Who's there? *Timon?*

Tim. There's another Villain! [*Runs back.*]

Enter Ifander.

How is't, *Ifander?*

Ifan. Oh Heaven! *Timon!*

Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become so dreadful an Object? is Poverty contagious?

Ifan. Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me. It makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you, When you sent your Servant. I'm expected at the Senate. I humbly ask your Pardon; I'll sell all I have, But I'll supply you soon. [*Exit Ifander.*]

Tim. Smooth-tongu'd, dissembling, weeping Knave, farewell! And farewell all Mankind! It shall be so———
Demetrius, Go to all these Fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no Need of 'em. Set out my Condition to be

be as good as formerly it has been; that this was but a Tryal; and invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean? [Exit Demetrius.]

Tim. I have one Reserve can never fail me;
And while *Melissa's* kind, I can't be miserable
She has a vast Fortune in her own Disposal.
The Sun will sooner leave his Course, than she
Desert me.

Enter first Servant.

Is *Melissa* at home?

1 Serv. She is, my Lord; but will not see you.

Tim. What does the Rascal say? Damn'd Villain!
To bely her so? [Strikes him.]

1 Serv. By Heaven, 'tis Truth. She says she will not
see you. Her Woman told me so first; and when I
would not believe her, she came and told me so her self;
that she had no Business with you; desir'd you would not
trouble her; she had Affairs of Consequence; &c.

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art fallen indeed; fallen from
all thy Hopes of Happiness! Earth, open and swallow
the most miserable Wretch that thou didst ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

1 Serv. My Lord! *Melissa's* passing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Melissa*!

Mel. Is he here? what luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not see your *Timon*?
And did not you send me Word so?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy, and am so now; I must obey
my Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not *Melissa* said; If *Timon* were
Reduc'd to Rags and Misery, and she
Were Queen of all the Universe, she would
Not change her Love?

Mel. We can't command our Wills;
Our Fate must be obey'd.

[Exit *Mel.*
Tim.

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Tim. Some Mountain cover me, and let my Name,
My odious Name, be never heard of more.
O straggling Senses! whither are you going?
Farewell, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! how does the Sight of her perplex me!
I've been ungrateful to her; why should I
Blame Villains, who are so to me?

Evan. *Timon!* I've heard and felt all thy Afflictions;
I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more;
Nor ever would, had'st thou continu'd Prosp'rous.
Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that coarse Stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man!

Evan. No; since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They have been fixt upon thee present; and when absent,
I have each Moment view'd thee in my Mind,
And shall they now remove?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif, who
Has such a load of Misery, beyond
The Strength of humane Nature to support?

Evan. I am no base *Athenian* Parasite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em;

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accursed *Athens!* Forest of two-legg'd Beasts!
Plague, civil War, and Famine be thy Lot:
Let Propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious Brood may spring
T' infect and damn succeeding Generations;
May every Infant, like the Viper, gnaw
A Passage through his Mother's cursed Womb,
And kill the Hag; or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers, like fell rav'nous Bitches,
Devour their own base Whelps.

Evan *Timon!* compose thy Thoughts; I know thy Wants;
And that thy Creditors, like wild Beasts, wait
To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has,
To its eternal Infamy, deserted thee.
But thy unwearied Bounty to *Evandra*

Has

Has so enrich'd her, she in Wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it all before thy Feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing Generosity o'erwhelms me;
It covers me all o'er with Shame and Blushes.
Thou hast oblig'd a Wretch too much already,
And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra!*
I've Rage and Madness, and I shall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on Fire!

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this Sight will break my Heart!
Take Comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their Maws full; we have yet enough.
Let us retire together, and live free
From all the Smiles and Frowns of humane Kind;
I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Tim. My Senses are not sound. I never can
Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not.
Comfort thy self; if thou hast been unkind,
Forgive thy self, and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be oblig'd to one,
I've treated so injuriously as her.

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive to compose
Your self. All that I have was and is yours; I wish
It ne'er had been, that yet I might have shewn
By stronger Proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Most Excellent of all the whole Creation!
Thou art too good, that thou should'st e'er partake
Of my Misfortunes——

And I'm resolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [*Aside.*
Pr'ythee, *Evandra*, go to thy own House:
I am once more to give my flatt'ring Rogues
An Entertainment, but such a one as shall besit 'em;
And then I'll see thee.

Evan. Heav'n ever bless my Dear.

[*Ex. Timon and Evandra*

Enter

348. TIMON of ATHENS:

Enter Phaax, Cleon, Isander, Isidore, Thrasillus, Ælius.

Phaax. I think, my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my Life, it was no more: His Steward assur'd me his Condition was near as good as even.

Isand. That I doubt — but 'tis well at present, by his new Feasting,

Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd, when he sent to me.

Isid. I am sick of that Grief, now I see how all things go.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. Oh! my kind Friends! how is't with you all? How I rejoyce to see you! Come, serve in Dinner.

Phaax. My noble Lord! never so well as when your Lordship is so.

Ælius. I am sick with Shame, that I should be so unfortunate a Beggar, when you sent to me.

Tim. No more, no more; I did but make Tryal: I have no need of any Sums; my Estate is in good Health still.

Phaax. Tryal, my good Lord! Would any one refuse your Lordship, were it in his Power? Command half my Estate! I am sorry I was so in haste, I could not stay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now; Pray use me — I hope he will not take me at my Word. [*Aside.*

Isan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could not serve you. Now, my Lord, command me — I am able.

Tim. I beseech you, do not think on't: I know ye love me, all of ye.

Phaax. Equally with our selves, my dear Lord.

Thras. If you had sent but two Hours before to me —

Cleon. Now I have Money, pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav'n's sake; think you I distrust My kind good Friends! you are the best of Friends. My Fortune ne'er shall drive me from you, and should Mine fail, which I hope it never will, I know, I may command all yours.

Phaax.

Phaax. I shall think my self happy enough, if you would but command my utmost *Duties*.

Ælius. That were Honour indeed, to serve Lord *Timon*, I would with Life and Fortune.

Isan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Isid. Not a Man in *Athens*.

Cleon. There's no Foot of my Estate your Lordship may not call your own.

Thras. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends, Who has such kind, such hearty Friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Dishes!

Isan. Royal Cheer, I warrant you.

Phaax. Doubt not of that; if Money or the Season can afford it.

Isid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's fit: make it not a City Feast, to let the Meat cool e'er we agree upon our Places.

THE GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your own Gifts; base ungrateful Men will not do it of himself: reserve still to give, lest your *Deities* be despis'd; wear your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would forsake ye: make the Meat belov'd more than the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be twelve Women, let a Dozen of 'em be—as they are. Confound, I beseech you, all the Senators of *Athens*, together with the common People. What is amiss make fit for Destruction; for these my present Friends, as they are to me nothings, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes! A Feast fit for such venomous Knowers.

Phaax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad, I think,

Tim.

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Tim. May you a better Feast never behold,
You Knot of Mouth-Friends, Vapours, lukewarm Knaves,
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-Friends, Time-Flies,
Cap and Knee-Slaves! an everlasting Leprosie
Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou steal away?
Soft, take thy Physick first; and thou, and thou;
Stay, I will lend thee Money — borrow none.

Phaax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.

Cleon. And I. He'll murder us.

Elmus. This is raging Madness; fly, fly! *[They run off.]*

Tim. What, all in Motion! henceforth be no Feast,

Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Guest.

Burn House, sink Athens; henceforth hated be,

Of Timon, Man and all Humanity.]Ex. Timon.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Timon solus.

Tim. LET me look back upon thee! Oh thou Wall,
That girdlest in those Wolves, Sink in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens* longer, that vile Den
Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons, all turn Whores;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And Minister in their stead: To general Filths
Convert o'th' instant green Virginity;
Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters Throats. Bound Servants, steal;
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maid, to thy Master's Bed;

Mistress,

Mistress, to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
 Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
 And with it beat his Brains out. Piety, Fear,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestick Awe, Night Rest, and Neighbourhood,
 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
 Degrees, Observations, Customs and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding Contraries;
 And let Confusion live. Plagues incident to Men,
 Your potent and infectious Feavers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for Vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
 Cripple the Senators, that their Limbs may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the Minds and Marrows of your Youth;
 That 'gainst the Stream of Virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in Riot. Itches, Blains,
 Sow all th' *Athenians* Bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosie. Breath infect Breath;
 That their Society, as their Friendship, may
 Be meerly Poison. Nothing; nothing I bear from thee:
 Farewell, thou most detested Town, and sudden
 Ruin swallow thee. [Ex. Timon.

SCENE the Senate House, all the Senate sitting.

Enter Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
 Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?

Alcib. You see, my reverend Lords, what Confidence
 I place in you, that durst expose my Person,
 Before my Sentence be recall'd: I am not now
 Petitioner for my self; I leave my Case
 To your good and generous Natures, when you shall
 Think I've deserv'd your Favour for my Service.
 I am an humble Suitor to your Virtue,
 (For Mercy is the Virtue of the Law,
 And none but Tyrants use it cruelly:)

'Tis

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"Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine,
As brave a Man as e'er drew Sword for *Athen*;

"Tis *Thrasibulus*, who, in Heat of Blood,
Has stept into the Law above his Depth,

Nic. True, he has kill'd a Man,

Alcib. I've been before
The *Areopagus*, and they refuse
All Mercy. He is a Man

(Setting his Fate aside) of comely Virtues;
Nor did he soil the Fact with Cowardise,
But with a noble Fury did revenge
His injur'd Reputation.

Phaax. You strive to make an ugly Deed look fair;

Nic. As if you'd bring Man-slaughter into Form,
And Valour did consist in quarrelling.

Elmus. That is a base and illegitimate Valour:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer.

Isan. All single Combates are detestable;
And Courage, that's not warranted by Law,
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpunish'd.

Isid. If Injuries be evil, Death is most ill;
And then what Folly is't, for the less ill
To hazard Life, the chiefest Good?

Cleon. There's no such Courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be such Valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more valiant,
That stay at home; and the Ass a better Captain
Than is the Lion; the Malefactor, that is
Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross Sins look clean
With Eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond Men expose themselves to Battle,
And not endure all Threats, and sleep upon 'em,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats?
Come, my Lords——be pitiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost Law is downright Tyranny;
To kill, I grant, is the extreamest Guilt;
But, in Defence of Honour——

Phaax.

Phaax. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for,
But th' Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no Anger judge him;
How many in their Anger would commit
This Captain's Fault, — had they but Courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime, consider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His Services at *Lacedaemon* and *Byzantium*
Are Bribes sufficient for his Life.

Nic. He did his Duty, and was rewarded with his
Pay; and if he had not done it, he should be punish'd.

Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the Return
For Soldiers Toils, fasting and watching;
The many cruel Hardships which they suffer;
The Multitude of Hazards, Blood, and Loss
Of Limbs?

Isan. Come, you urge it too far; he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in Fight Hundreds of Enemies.
How full of Valour did he bear himself
In the last Conflict! what Death and Wounds he gave!

Isid. H'has given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter; he has a Sin
That often drowns him; in that beastly Fury
He has committed Outrages.

Phaax. Such as we shall not name, since others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nic. In short,
His Days are foul, and Nights are dangerous;
And he must die.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in Fight,
And done you Service: If not for his Deserts;
Consider all my Actions, Lords, and join 'em
With his ——— your reverend Ages love Security,
And therefore should cherish those that give it you.

Phaax. You are too bold — he dies. — No more —

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Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?
Cleon. What says he?

Alcib. Call me to your Remembrances.
Isao. Consider well the Place, and who we are.

Alcib. I cannot think but you've forgotten me.
 Must I sue for such common Grace,
 And be deny'd? my Wounds ake at you!

Nic. Y'are insolent! we've not forgotten yet
 Your Riot, and destructive Vices; Whoredoms,
 Prophaness, giddy-headed Passions.

Phaax. Your breaking *Mercury's* Statues, and mocking
 The Mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*.

Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I'm vext to see
 Your private Malice vented in a Place,
 Where honest Men would only think
 On publick Interest. 'Tis base; and in another Place
 You would not speak thus.

Nic. How say you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury*,
 And the Rites of *Proserpine*,
 Had only been the Favourites o' th' Rabble;
 These Things are Mockery to Men of Sense.
 What Folly 'tis to worship Statues, when
 You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Phaax. Howdare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel.
Alcib. Could any but the basest of Mankind
 Urge that to me, by whom he keeps that Head,
 That utters this against me? my Rebellion!
 It was 'gainst the common People; And you all
 Are Rebels against them.

Nic. Cease your Insolence! we sided not with *Spartans*,
Alcib. What means had I to humble th' *Athenian*
 Rabble, but that?

Phaax. It was well done, to get your Friend King *Agis*
 His Wife with Child, in his Absence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his Breed for
 him. —
 But what is that to th' Matter now in hand?

You

You have provok'd me, Lords, and I must tell you,
It is by me you sit in Safety here.

Phaax. By you, bold Man?

Alcib. Yes, by me! fearful Man!

You have incens'd me now beyond all Patience,
And I must tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
'Twas I, that kept great *Tissaphernes* from
The *Spartans* Aid, by which *Athens* by this
Had been one Heap of Rubbish; I stopt
A hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phoenicia*,
Which would have fall'n upon you; 'Twas I made
This *Tissaphernes* *Athens*' Friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common People, and take
The Government into the best Mens Hands;
Would you were so: I sent *Pisander* then
To form this Aristocracy, and promis'd
The *Persian* General's Forces to assist you;
And when you had this Pow'r, you cast me off,
That got it you.

Nic. My Lords! let him be silenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard; and then your Pleasure, Lords!
Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuse me General?
And would have march'd to your Destruction,
Which I diverted? in that time your Foes
Would soon have won the Country of *Ionis*,
Of th' *Hellepont*, and all the other Isles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept some back by Force,
And by fair Words others; in which *Dracontides*,
This Man of *Siria*, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudest Voice of all th' *Athenians*,
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you, Lords; and now
Athens a second time was sav'd by me.

Phaax. 'Tis a shame that we shou'd suffer this!

Alcib.

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Alcib. 'Tis a Shame these Things are unrewarded;
 'Another time I kept five hundred Sail
 Of the *Phoenicians* from the Aid
 Of the *Lacedaemonians*; won from 'em a Sea Battle,
 Before the City of *Abydos*;
 In spite of *Pharnabazus*' mighty Power.
 Think on my Victory at *Cixium*, where I
 Slew *Mendotus* in the Field, and took the City;
 I brought then the *Bithynians* to your Yoke,
 Won *Silibraea* on the *Hellepont*;
 And then *Byzantium*: Thus, not only I
 Diverted the Torrent of the Army's Fury
 From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies;
 And all the while you safely told your Meny,
 And let it out upon extorted Interest;
 Must I be, after all, poorly deny'd
 His Life, who has so often ventur'd it for you?

Phaax. He dies; and you deserve it; but our Sentence
 Is, for your Insolence, we banish you;
 If you be two Hours more within these Walls,
 Your Head is forfeited. Do you all consent?

All Sen. All, All!

Alcib. All, all! I'm glad I know you all!
 Banish me! Banish your Dorage; your Extortion;
 Banish your foul Corruptions, and self Ends;
 Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth!
 One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
 The worst of Kings would be asham'd of this;
 I'm only rich in my large Hurts for you.
 Is this the Balsame the ill-natur'd Senate
 Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Banishment?
 A good Man would not stay with you. I embrace
 My Sentence; 'Tis a Cause that's worthy of me.

[Exit Alcibiades]

Nic. Was ever heard such daring Insolence?
 Shall we break up the Senate?

All Sen. Ay, ay.

[Exit]

Timon

Timon in the Woods, digging.

Tim. Oblest breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
The Bogs and muddy Marshes, and from
Corrupted standing Lakes, rotten Humidity
Enough t' infect the Air with dire consuming Pestilence,
And let the poisonous Exhalations fall
Down on th' *Athenians*; they're all Flatterers,
And so is all Mankind.
For every Degree of Fortune's smooth'd
And sooth'd by that below it; the learned Pate
Ducks to the golden Fool: There's nothing level
In our Conditions, but base Villainy;
Therefore be abhor'd each Man and all Society.
Earth, yield me Roots; thou common Whore of Mankind,
That putt'st such odds amongst the rout of Nations,
I'll make thee do thy right Office. Ha, what's here!
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious Gold! enough
To purchase my Estate again! Let me see further;
What a vast mass of Treasure's here! There lye,
I will use none; 'twill bring me Flatterers.
I'll send a Pattern on't to the *Athenians*,
And let 'em know what a vast Mass I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I see a Passenger
Not far off, I'll send it by him to the Senate.

[*Exit Timon.*]

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him, or will lose my Life.
Oh base and shameful Villainy of Man!
Amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his Afflictions!
Ha! here's a Spade! sure this belongs to some one
Who's not far off; I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there? what Beast art thou, that com'st
To trouble me?

Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to seek
The poor distressed *Timon*; did you see him?

Tim.

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Tim. If thou be'st born of wicked humane Race,
Why com'st thou hither to disturb his Mind?
He has forsworn all Company!

Evan. Is this my Lord! oh dreadful Transformation!
My dearest Lord, do you not know me?

Tim. Thou walk'st upon two Legs, and hast a Face
Erect t'wards Heav'n; and all such Animals
I have abjur'd; they are not honest;
Those Creatures that are so, walk on all Four.
Pr'ythee be gone.

Evan. He's much distracted, sure! Have you forgotten
Your poor *Evandra*?

Tim. No! I remember there was such a one,
Whom I us'd ill: why dost thou follow Misery,
And add to it? pr'ythee be gone.

Evan. These cruel Words will break my Heart; I come
Not to encrease thy Misery, but mend it.
Ah, my dear *Timon*, why this Slave-like Habit?
And why this Spade?

Tim. 'Tis to dig Roots, and earn my Dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my Estate
To Money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em,
To lay 'em at thy Feet; and the Remainder
Thou soon shalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I shall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy self, and quit this savage Life;
We have enough, in spite of all the Baseness
Of the *Athenians*; let not those Slaves
Triumph o'er thy Afflictions; we'll live free.

Tim. If thou dissuad'st me from this Life, thou hat'st
For all the Principalities on Earth, [me;
I would not change this Spade. Pr'ythee be gone;
Thou tempt'st me but in vain.

Evan. Be not so cruel:
Nothing but Death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my Life: what would'st thou do
With me?

Evan.

Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a Time or Place,
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?

Tim. You must not stay with me.

Evan. Oh too unkind!

I offer'd thee all my Prosperity——
And thou most niggardly deny'st me Part
Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evandra*? is not the bleak Air
Too boisterous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or dost thou think these reverend Trees, that have
Outliv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee,
And skip where thou appoint'st 'em? Will the Brook,
Candid with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I'm Savage as a Satyr, and my Temper
Is much unsound; my Brain will be distracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still; that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a Comfort to me, when I thought
That thou wert prosperous; thou art too good
To suffer with me the tough boisterous Weather,
To mortifie thy self with Roots and Water;
'Twill kill thee. Pr'ythee be gone.

Evan. To Death, if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all humane Conversation.

Evan. And so have I, but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be Misery indeed, to see
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my Knees, I beg it.
If thou refus'st me, I'll kill my self,
I swear by all the Gods.

Tim. Rise, my *Evandra*!

I now pronounce to all the World, there is
One Woman honest; if they ask me more,
I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll shew thee Wealth enough I found with digging
To purchase all my Land again, which I
Will hide from all Mankind.

Evan.

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Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well said, *Evan.* I look, here is enough
To make black white, foul fair, wrong right,
Base noble, old young, Cowards valiant.
Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Priests
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the hoar'd Leprosie ador'd; place Thieves,
And give 'em Title, Knee and Approbation;
This makes the toothless, warp'd and wither'd Widow
Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten
Such as the Spittie-House and ulcerous Creatures
Would cast the Gorge at: this can defile
The purest Bed, and make divorce twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let th' Earth, that breeds it, hide it; there 'twill
And do no hired Mischief. [sleep,

Tim. Now, Earth, for a Root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all;
And of such vile corrupting Mercie, as
Man, her proud, arrogant Child is made of, does
Engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the gilded Newt,
And Eye-less venom'd Worm, with all
The loathsome Births the quickning Sun does shine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,
From out thy plenteous Bosom, some poor Roots;
Scar up thy fertile Womb to all things else;
Dry up thy Marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and Pasture,
Whereof ungrateful Man, with liquorish Draughts
And unctuous Morfels, greases his pure Mind,
That from it all Consideration slips.

But hold a while—I'm faint and weary;
My tender Hands, not us'd to toil, are gaul'd.

Evan. Repose your self, my dearest Love, thus—your
Upon my Lap; and when thou hast refresh'd [head
Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more Man! retire into my Cave.

[Exit Evan.]

Apem. I was directed hither, — Men report
That thou affect'st my Manners, and dost use 'em,

Tim. 'Tis then because I would not keep a Dog
Should imitate thee.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy, sprung
From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? this Place?
This slave-like Habit, and these Looks of Care?
Thy sordid Flatt'ers yet wear Silk, lye soft,
Hug their diseas'd Perfumes. and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee,
And let each great Man's Breath blow off thy Cap.
Praise his most monstrous Deformities,
And call his foulest Vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?

Apem. No; but thou shouldst hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech, and spit at thee.

Apem. Do not assume my likeness, to disgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy
As the Original thou'd be us'd.

Apem. How should it be us'd?

Tim. It should be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-man, now a Fool.
Art thou proud still? call any of those Creatures,
Whose naked Natures live in all the spight
Of angry Heav'n, whose bare un-housed Trunks,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
Answer meer Nature; bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou shalt find——

Tim. An Ass of thee——

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did——

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Tim. I hate thee worse——

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatter'st Misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch——

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villain's Office, or a Fool's.

Apem. If thou didst put on this four Life and Habit
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it inforc'dly; wert thou not a Beggar,
Thou'dst be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave, thou ly'st; 'tis, next thee, the last thing
Which I would be on Earth.

Apem. How much does willing Poverty excel
Uncertain Pomp! for this is filling still,
Never compleat; that always at high with;
But thou hast a contentless wretched Being;
Thou shoudst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his Advice that is more miserable.

Apem. I am contented with my Poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'st. Thou wouldst not snarl so, if thou
But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee, [wert.
For thou hast been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortune's tender Arms
With Favour never clasp'd, but bred a Dog;
Hadst thou, like me, from thy first Swath proceeded
To all the sweet Degrees, that this brief World
Afforded me; thou wou'dst have plung'd thy self
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Lust, and never learnt
The icy Precepts of Morality,
But hadst pursu'd th' alluring game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'st—— I would have liv'd just as I do.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self! thou well
Can'st bear what thou hast been bred to; but for me,
Who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the Hearts of all Men,
At Duty, more than I cou'd frame Employments for,

That

That numberless upon me stuck; as Leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winter's Breath
Faln from their Boughs, and left me open, bare
To every Storm that blows: for me to bear this,
Who never knew but better, is a great Burthen;
Thy Nature did commence in Suffrance, Time
Hath made thee hard i't. Why shouldst thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt Curse,
Curse then thy Father, who in spite put stuff
To some She-Beggar, and compounded thee
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Ass!
The middle of Humanity thou ne'er
Didst know, but the Extremity of both Ends;
When thou wert in thy Gilt and thy Perfumes,
Men mockt thee for thy too much Curiosity;
Thou in thy Rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating Fool
That the whole Life of *Athen* went in this
One Root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feast.

Tim. Mend my Condition; take thy self away.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to *Athen*?

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do, I'll see thee.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self, again.

Thou shouldst not even then be welcome to me;

I had rather be a Beggar's Dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miserable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curse: no Misery

That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone, thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy

Apem. Fescovell-Beast.

Tim. Be gone, Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou hast found a Mass of Treasure; they'll find thee out: The Plague of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my Sight. [*Exit Apem.* Choler will kill me, if I see Mankind!

Come forth, *Evandra*: Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canst thou eat Roots, and drink at that fresh Spring?

Our Feasting's come to this.

Evan. Whate'er I eat

Or drink with thee, is Feast enough to me;

Wouldst thou compose thy Thoughts and be content,

I shou'd be happy. [*Brook,*

Tim. Let's quench our Thirst at yonder murmur'ing

And then repose a while. [*Exeunt,*

Enter Poet, Painter and Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the Place, it cannot be far off where he abides.

Mus. Does the Rumour hold for certain, that he's so full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! H' has found an infinite store of Gold,

He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate;

You will see him a Palm again in *Athens*,

And flourish with the highest of 'em all.

Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd Distress,

We tender all our Services to him.

Paint. If the Report be true, we shall succeed.

Mus. If we shou'd not—

Re-enter Timon and Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint Labours: You is he,

I know by the Description,

Mus. Let's hide our selves, and see how he will take it.

[A Symphony.]

Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods; whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues, who have heard that I have Gold; but that their Disappointment would be greater, in taking Pains for nought, I'll send 'em back—

[Exit Poet.]

Poet. Hail, worthy *Timon*!——

Mus. Our most noble Master!——

Paint. My most excellent Lord!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest Men?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your Bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your Friends fall'n off,
For whose ungrateful Natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of so base a Mold, we should
Desert our noble Patron.

Tim. Most honest Men! oh, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold Water?

Poet. What-e'er we can, we will, to do you Service.

Tim. Good Men! come, you are honest, you have heard
That I have Gold enough: speak Truth; y'are honest.

Poet. So it is said: but therefore came not we.

Mus. Not we, my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are good Men; but have one monstrous Fault:

Poet. I beseech your Honour, what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why, one another, and each trusts himself.
Ye base Knaves Tripartite! begone! make haste!
Or I will use you so like Knaves.

Poet. Fly! fly!——

Tim. How sick am I of this false World! I'll now
Prepare my Grave, to lie where the light Foam
Of the outrageous Sea may wash my Corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon* do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together must determine.

Tim. There is no Rest without it; prythee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy.
Without thy *Timon*. There is Wealth enough.

Evan. I have no Wealth but thee; let us lie down to rest;
I am very faint and heavy——

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Enter Melissa and Chloë.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there. It is most certain he has found a Mass of Money, and he has sent Word to the Senate he's richer than ever.

Chloë Sure were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my Love I'll charm him back to *Athens*. 'Twas my deserting him has made him thus Melancholy.

Chloë If he be not, you'll promise Love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my Promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To Interest and to my self.—There Lord *Timon* lies!

Tim. What Wretch art thou, come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her Arms
Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa*! prythee, listen not
To her destructive Syren's Voice.

Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*?
To whom thou mad'st such Vows!

Tim. O yes, I know that piece of Vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant, foolish Thing.
I do remember, once upon a Time
She swore eternal Love to me, soon after
She would not see me, shunn'd me, slighted me.

Mel. Ah! now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*.
That was a Tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didst love me: if thou hadst
Thou wouldst have born it: I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World—but thou art false, I see,
And any little change can drive thee from me;
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that Crocodile's Tears:
She would betray thee.

Mel.

Mel. Is there no Truth among Mankind? had I
So much Ingratitude, I had left

Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er seen thee more:

Ah, *Tim.* I couldst thou have been kind, I could

Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd

With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;

But thou art lost, and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why should you strive t'invade another's right?

He's mine, for ever mine: These Arms

Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has Marriage made him

No,—Thou art his Concubine, dishonest Things: [for

I would enjoy him honestly.

Tim. Peace, Screech-owl! There is much more honesty

In this one Woman, than in all thy Sex

Blended together; our Hearts are one;

And she is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen

Of all the Universe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my deard Lord! this is a better Cordial

Than all the World can give.

Tim. False! proud! affected! vain! fantastick Thing!

Be gone; I would not see thee, unless I were

A Basilisk: thou boast'st that thou art honest of thy Body.

As if the Body made one honest: Thou hast a vile

Corrupted, filthy Mind——

Mel. I am no Whore, as she is.

Tim. Thou ly'st; she's none: But thou art one in thy

Be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing unmanly,

And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewell, Beast.——

Evan. Let me kiss thy Hand, my dearest Lord,

If it were possible, more dear than ever.

Tim. Let's now go seek some Rest within my Cave.

If any we can without the Grave.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Timon and Evandra.

Tim. NOW, after all the Follies of this Life,
Timon has made his Everlasting Mansion
 Upon the beached Verge of the salt Flood;
 Where every Day the swelling Surge shall wash him;
 There he shall rest from all the Villanies,
 Betraying Smiles, or the oppressing Frowns
 Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of Death; I cannot lose thee yet;
 Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy.
 Oh! couldst thou love as I do, thou'dst not have
 Another Wish but me. There is no state on Earth
 Which I can envy, while I've thee within
 These Arms——take comfort to thee, think not yet
 Of Death——leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'st thou in Death we shall not think,
 And know, and love, better than we can here?
 Oh yes, *Evandra*! There our Happiness
 Will be without a Wish——I feel my long Sickness
 Of Health, and living now begin to mend,
 And nothing will bring me all things: thou, *Evandra*,
 Art the Thing alone on Earth would make me wish
 To play my Part upon the troublesome Stage,
 Where Folly, Madness, Falshood, and Cruelty,
 Are the only Actions represented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully,
 Without one erring Thought, the Gods can witness;
 And as my Life was true, my Death shall be.
 If I one Minute after thee survive,

The

The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be
Melissa's Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!

Thy Kindness covers me with Shame and Grief;
I have deserv'd so little from thee;
Were't not for thee, I'd wish the World on Fire.

Enter *Nicias*, *Phaax*, *Isidore*, *Isander*, *Cleon*, *Thrassilus*,
and *Elius*.

More Plagues yet!

Nici. How does the Worthy *Timon*?

It grieves our Hearts to see thy low Condition;
And we are come to mend it.

Phaax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee.
Cast from thee this sad Grief, most noble *Timon*;
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their Love, and do with one consenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em, and would send 'em back the Plague;
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Elius. The Gods forbid! they love thee most sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same Love they bear me.

Nici. Forget, most noble *Timon*: they are sorry
They shou'd deny thee thy Request; they do.
Confess their Fault; the publick Body,
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us——

Tim. A very scurvy Sample of that Body.

Phaax. Oh my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you best
Of all Mankind.

Thra. And equal with our selves.

Isid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Isan. We would stake our Lives for you.

Phaax. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our best Loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good Men, you much surpris me, even to Tears;
Lend me a Fool's Heart and Women's Eyes.

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And I'll bewEEP these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nici. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

Phaax. The Senate has reserv'd some special Dignities,
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain;
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nici. Will *Alcibiades* approaches Athens
With all his Force; and like a Savage Bear
Roots up his Country's Peace; we humbly beg
Thy just Assistance.

Phaax. We all know thou'rt Worthy;
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælim. Therefore, good noble Lord—

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving up purest Virgins to the Scull
Of beauly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In pity of the aged and the young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
And let him take it at worst; for their Swords care not,
While you have Throats to answer: For my self,
There's not a Knife in all th' unruly Camp,
But I do love and value, more than the
Most reverend Throat in Athens, tell em so:
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phaax. Oh my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælim. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nici. He'll neer return; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Phaax. You have Gold, my Lord; will you not save
Your Country with some of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant;
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my Advice, they shall be welcome.

Nici.

Nici. I am sure they will, my noble Lord.

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their Griefs.
Their fears of hostile Strokes, their Aches, Losses,
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes
That Nature's fragile Vessels must sustain
In Life's uncertain Voyage.

Phaen. How, my good Lord! this kind Case is noble?

Tim. Why, even thus——

I will point out the most convenient Trees
In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon,
And so farewell: Ye covetous, sawning Slaves, be gone!
Let me not see the Face of Man more, I
Had rather see a Tiger fasting——

Nici. He's lost to all our Purposes.

Phaen. Let's send a Party out of Athens to him;
To force him to confess his Treasures,
And put him to the Torture, if he will not.

Nici. It will do well; let's away. [Drums.]

Alci. What Drums are those?

Phaen. They must belong to Alcibiades!
To Horse and fly, or we shall chance be taken. [Drums.]

Tim. Go fly, Evander, to my Cave; or thou
Mayst suffer by the Rage of lustful Villains.

Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais, and Whore.

Alci. Command a Halt, and send a Messenger
To summon Athens from me.

What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A two-legg'd Beast, as thou art; Cankers gnaw thee
For shewing me the Face of Man again.

Alci. Is Man so hateful to thee! what art thou?

Tim. I am Misanthropos! I hate Mankind;
And for thy Part, I wish thou wert a Dog,
That I might love thee something.
But now I think on't, thou art going
Against yon cursed Town: go on! it is
A worthy Cause.

Alci. Oh Timon! now I know thee; I am sorry
For thy Misanthropy; and hope a little time

Will

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Will give me Occasion to redress 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my Condition,
For all you e'er shall conquer; no, go on,
Paint with Man's Blood the Earth: die it well.
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
What then must War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this Change?

Tim. As the Moon does, by wanting Light to give;
And then renew I could not like the Moon;
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What Friendship shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promise me Friendship, and perform none;
If thou wilt not promise, thou art no Man:
If thou dost perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to see thy Misery.

Tim. Thou saw'st it, when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots.
What, dost thou fight with Women by thy Side?

Alcib. No; but after all the Toils and Hazards of the Day
with Men, I refresh my self at Night with Women.

Tim. These false Whores of thine have more Destruction
in 'em than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain, to say so.

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion?

A snarling Rascal.

Tim. Be Whores still; they love you not that use you;
Employ all your fair Hours to ruin Youth,
Softens their Manners into a Lethargy
Of Sense and Action.

Phry. Hang thee, Monster; we are not Whores, we
Are Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. The right Name is Whore, do not miscall it;
Ye have been so to many.

Thais. Out on you, Dog!

Alcib. Pray pardon him;

His Wits are lost in his Calamities;
I have but little Gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim.

Tim. Keep it; I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athen* with me?

Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye;
But I'll not herd with Men: yet I love thee
Better than all Men, because thou wert born
To ruine thy base Country.

Alcib. I've sent to summon *Athen*; if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a Heap.

Tim. It were a glorious Act; go on, go on!
Here's Gold for thee; stay, I'll fetch thee more.

Alcib. What Mystery is this! Where should he have this?

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,
Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one; spare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Usurer: strike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her Habit only that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgin's Check
Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-paps giving suck;
Spare not the Babe, whose dimpled Smiles
From Fools exhaust their Mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or Whore e'er long, if thou should'st spare it,
Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears, whose Proof,
Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babies,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Phryn. Hast thou more Gold, good *Timon*? give us some.

Thais. What Pity 'tis he should be thus melancholy!
He is a fine Person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you will
Do store of Mischief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be sure you be Whores still,
And who with pious Breath seeks to convert ye,
Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead,
Some that were hang'd, no Matter,
Wear them! betray with them, Whore still;
Paint 'till a Horse may mire upon your Faces
A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.

Thais,

Thais. Well, more Gold; say what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Consumptions in the Bones of Men;
Dry up their Marrowe, pain their Shins
And Shoulders; Crack the Lawyer's Voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead false Tide more;
Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests,
That scold against the Quality of Flesh,
And not believe themselves. — I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores,
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Phry. More Council and more Money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More Whore! more Mischief first;
I've given you Earnest.

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewell;
If I thrive well I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er shall see thee more!
I feel Death's happy Struck upon me now,
He has laid his icy Hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again, Farewell.
Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. [*Ex. Timon.*]

Alcib. Now march, sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
And let the Terror of the Noise invade
Th' ungrateful, cowardly, usurious Senate. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Nicias, *Aelius*, *Cleon*, *Thrasyllus*, *Isidore*, *Isander*,
upon the Works of Athens.

Nic. What shall we do to appease his Rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.

Pha. We must e'en humbly bow our Necks, that he
May tread on 'em.

Aelius. He is a Man of easy Nature, soon won by
Soothings.

Nic. I tremble lest he should revenge our Sentence,

Isid. If we shoud resist he'll level *Athens*.

Isan. And then woe to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.

Nic. What will become of you and me, *Phaux*?
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Phaux.

Phoenix. Let us appear most forward in delivering up the Town to him.

Nic. If we resist, he'll use a Conqueror's Power. And nothing then will scape the Fury of The Headstrong Soldiers; we must all submit. See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets Strike Terror in me: Heav'n help all!

Enter Herald, then Alcibiades and his Army.

Alcib. What Answer make they to my Summons?

Herald. They are on the Works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach. Ho! you on the Works! give me and my Army Entrance, Or I'll let loose the Fury of my Soldiers, And make you all a Prey to Spoil and Rapine; And such a Flame I'll light about your Ears, Shall make Greece tremble.

Nic. My noble Lord? we mean nothing less.

Phoenix. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.

Nic. We've been ungrateful, and are much ashamed on't; Your Lordship shall tread upon our Necks if you think good;

We cannot but condemn our selves; But we appeal to your known Mercy and Your Generosity.

Phoenix. March, noble Lord, into our City With all the Banners spread; we are thy Slaves.

Ælius. Your Footstools.

Isid. Whatever you will make us.

Thras. Enter our City, noble *Alcibiades*: But leave Your Rage behind you.

Isan. Set but your Foot against our Gates, and they Shall open——so you'll enter like a Friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations, For if I set my battering Rains to work, You must expect no Mercy.

Nic. We will, my good Lord——

[They all come down. *Nicias* presents *Alcibiades* the Keys upon his Knees.

Our

Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy Hands;
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.

Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you show'd
To *Thrasibulus*; such monstrous Ingratitude
Will make your villainous Names grow odious
To all the Race of Men, but to your selves,
To whom Virtue is so.

Phaax. 'Twas the whole Senate's Voice.

Alcib. A Senate! a Den of Thieves! I little thought,
When I wrested the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the Ostracism:

Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet.

Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our Necks, but pardon us.

Phaax. We'll be your Slaves, if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibulus*, when he's dead?
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards, and
Our Toils, hard weary marching! watching! fasting!
Such dreadful Hardships, lying out such Nights,
A Beast could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purisy-lazy Knaves, that snore
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Must we, the Bulwarks of our Country, be
Thus us'd?

Phaax. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thras. We heartily repent.

Isid. We'll kiss thy Feet, good Lord.

Isan. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me
In the *Αγορᾷ*, where I'll order the *Πλειστάρχες*
To assemble all the People

And on your Knees present your selves
With Halters 'bout your Necks.

Phaax. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not; for, by the Gods, if you
Fail in this Point, I'll hang ye all,

Rise

Rifle your Houses, and extirpate all
Your Race — March on.

Give Order that not a Man shall break his Ranks,
Or shall offend the regular Course of Justice,
On Penalty of Death — March on — [Ex. Omnes.]

Enter Timon and Evandra coming out of the Cave.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and bend
Like Flowers o'er-charg'd with Dew, whose yielding Stalks
Cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial, which
Will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*,
I've taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him; he comforts me at Heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon*! must we then part?
That I should live to see this fatal Day!
Had Death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*! lead me to my Grave!
Left Death o'ertake me — he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last Office thou
Can'st do for *Timon*.

Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me, that court thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my last Tenement. Death's the truest Friend;
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So: now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almost finish'd! Now, my best *Evandra*,
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves,
Live! and live happy after me: and if
A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,
And brings a Tear from thee, let some Diversion
Banish it quickly, — strive to forget me.

Evan. Oh, *Timon*! think'st thou I am such a Coward,
I will not keep my Word? Death shall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Refrain my Life in Peace; I will be with thee

After

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After my Death; my Soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from
All harm.

Evam. Life is the greatest Harm; when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon*, who involv'd
Thee in his sad Calamities?

Evam. It is a Blessing to share any thing
With thee. Oh thou look'st pale! thy Countenance changes!
O whither art thou going?

Tim. To my last Home. I charge thee live, *Evandra*!
Thou lov'st me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only! dearest! kind! constant Thing on Earth.
Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Evam. He's gone! He's gone! would all the World were so.
I must make haste, or I shall not o'er-take
Him in his Flight. *Timon*, I come; stay for me.
Farewell, base World.

[*Stabs her self. Exit.*]

Enter Alcibiades, Phinias, and Thais, his Officers and Soldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees assembling.

Enter Melissus.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conquest ever bless thee.
Wonder and Terror of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind! Now thy *Melissa*'s happy:
She has liv'd to see the utmost Day she wish'd for,
Her *Alcibiades* return with Conquest
O'er this ungrateful City; and but that
I every Day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e'er this.

Alcib. What gay, vain, prating Thing is this?

Mel. Hew, my Lord! do you question who *Melissa* is?
And give her such foul Titles?

Alcib. I know *Melissa*, and therefore give her such Titles:
For when the Senate banish'd me,
She would not see me; tho' upon her Knees

Before

Before she had sworn Eternal Love to me;
I see thy Snares too plain, to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witness!
Whoever told you so, betray'd me basely:
Not see you! sure there's not a Sight on Earth
I'd chuse before you: You make me astonish'd!

Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon*; and next Day
Despis'd him.—I have been inform'd
Of all your Falshood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honest faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes against thy Poison——Love;
Thy base false Love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful loving Whore, much better than
A thousand base, ill-natur'd, honest Women?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep;
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee:
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this Score!——Farewell;
I'll never see you more.

Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Soldiers with down Swords being in Agreement.

How now! What means this Violence?

Sold. My Lord, this scolding villainous Philosopher
with open Mouth rais'd at the Army, he said the Gene-
ral was a Villain: Shall we cut his Throat?

Alcib. Not touch him not! unhand him!
Why, *Apemantus*, dost thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always speak my Thoughts: Not all
The Swords o'th' Army bent against my Throat
Can fright me from the Truth——

Alcib. Why dost thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, that this base Town deserves thy
And all the Terror and the Punishment
Thou canst inflict upon it: The Deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private Revenge;

Base

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Base Passion, headstrong Lust, incite thee to it;
Had they not banish'd thee, thou wouldst have suffer'd
Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their Oppression,
And wouldst have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher. [thee.]

Atem. Nay frown not, Lord; I fear thee not, nor love
All thy good Parts thou drown'st in Vice and Riot,
In Passion and Vain-Glory: How proud art thou
Of all thy Conquests!—When a poor Rabble
Of idle Rogues, who else had been in Jails,
Perform'd 'em for thee; how false is Soldiers Honour
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of Day
With daring Impudence Men go to murder Mankind.
But in the greatest Actions of their Lives,
The getting Men, they sneak and hide themselves
I'th' Dark, I scorn your Folly and your Madness.

Alcib. Thou art a snarling Cur.

a Sold. Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Atem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honour'd *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his sake I spare thee.

Atem. How much did *Socrates* lose his Pains in thee?
Hadst thou observ'd his Principles, thou'dst been honest.
Enter Nicias, Thrasillus, Phaeax, Isidore, Isander, Alius,
and Cleon, with Halberds about their Necks;

Nic. We come, my Noble Lord, at thy Command;
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy.

Phaeax. Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you're ungrateful Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have us'd me basely?

All. We have; but we are very sorry.

Alcib. I should do well to hang you, for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but thousand such base Lives
As yours would not weigh with his. Go, ye have

Your

Your Liberty. And now the People are assembled,
I will declare my Intentions towards them.

[He ascends the Pulpit.]

My Fellow-Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You, for the unjust Sentence past upon me;
In the return of which, I have subdu'd
Your Enemies, and all revolted Places,
Made you victorious both at Land and Sea,
And with continual Toil, and numberless Dangers
Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions, far
Above your Hopes or Expectations.
I'll not recount the many Enterprizes,
No Grecian can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther shou'd declare my self. I come
First to free you, good Citizens of Athens,
From the most insupportable Yokes
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next
To claim my own Estate, which has unjustly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
I do confess, I, in Revenge of your Decree
Against me, set up them, but never thought
They would have been such cursed Tyrants to you;
Till now they have gone on and fill'd the time
With most licentious Acts; making their Wills,
Their base corrupted Wills, the Scope of Justice,
While you in vain groan'd under all your Suff'rings.
Thus when a few shall Lord it o'er the rest,
They govern for themselves and not the People:
They rob and pill from them, from thence t'increase
Their private Stores: But when the Government
Is in the Body of the People, they
Will do themselves no harm; therefore henceforth
I do pronounce the Government shall devolve
Upon the People; and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

[People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Long live
Alcibiades! Liberty! Liberty! &c. [Alcibiades descends.]

Enter

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Mess. My Noble Lord, I went as you commanded,
And found Lord Timon dead; and his *Evandra*
Stab'd, and just by him lying in his Tomb,
On which was this Inscription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

*Here lies a wretched Corpse, of wretched Soul bereft;
Timon my Name; a Plague consume you Calfs left.*

Poor Timon! I once knew thee the most flourishing Man
Of all th' *Athenians*, and thou still hadst been so,
Had not these smiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
And murder'd thee with base ingratitude.

His Death pull'd on the poor *Evandra's* too;
That Miracle of Constancy in Love.

Now all repair to their respective Homes,
Their several Trades, their Business and Diversions;
And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battles, be you secure at home.

*May Athens flourish with a lasting Peace;
And may its Wealth and Power e'er increase.*

[All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Li-
berty! Liberty! &c.]



EPILOGUE.

IF there were Hopes that ancient solid Wit
Might please within our new fantastick Pie:
This Play might then support the Greek's Share,
This Scion grafted upon Shakespear's Stock,
For, join'd with his, our Poet's Part might thrive,
Kept by the Virtue of his Sap alive.
Though now no more substantial English Plays,
Than good old Hospitality, you praise,
The Time shall come when true old Sense shall rise
In Judgment over all your Vanities.
Slight Kickshaw-Wits o'er Stages, French Menus as Feasts,
Now daily tantalize the hungry Gasts;
While the old English Chime us'd to remain,
And many hungry Onsets would sustain.
At these thin Feasts each Morsel's swallow'd down,
And ev'ry thing but the Guest's Stomach's gone.
At these new-fashion'd Feasts you've but a Taste,
With Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast.
This Jantee Slighthead to the French we owe,
And that makes all slight Wits admire 'em so.
They're of our Level, and with Rusty Poets,
The frothy Poet good Reception gains;
But to hear English Wit there's use of Brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit,
In Want of Learning, Affectation, Wit,
And which is most, in Clouts; we'll ne'er submit.
Their Ships or Plays o'er ours shall ne'er advance,
For our Third Rates shall match the First of France.
With English Judges this may bear the Test,
Who will for Shakespear's Part forgive the rest.

EPILOGUE.

The Sparks judge but as they hear others say;
They cannot think enough, to mind a Play.
They to catch Ladies (which they dress as) come;
Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;
Each here doux yeux and am'rous Looks imparts,
Levels Cravats and Perriwigs at Hearts:
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And out for Vanity wou'd have 'em kind.

No Passion,

But for their own dear Persons, them can move;

Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.

Nor Wit, nor Beauty, their hard Hearts can strike,

Who only their own Sense or Persons like.

But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,

To save him from Wit's mortal Enemies.

Since for his Friends he has the best of those,

Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.

And with each Mistress we must Favour find,

They, for Evandra's Sake, will sure be kind;

At least all those to constant Love inclin'd.

The End of the Second Volume.

